This was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time
Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refind
From youths Drosse, Mirth, & wit; as thy pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise
Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.
Wimes this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins
With Love; but endes, with Sighes, & Teares for sins.

Will: Marshall, sculpsit. IZ: WA:

POEMS,

Swett.

By J.D.

WITH

ELEGIES

ON

THE AUTHORS DEATH.

LONDON
Printed by *M. F.* for JOHN MARRIOT,
and are to be sold at his shop in St *Dunstans*
Church-yard in *Fleet-street*.
1649.

Harvard College Library
Norton Collection
May 4, 1905.

THE PRINTER TO THE UNDERSTANDERS.

FOr this time I muſt ſpeake onely to you: at another, Readers *may perchance ſerve my turne: and I think this a way very free from exception, in hope that very few will have a mind to confeſſe themſelves ignorant.*

If you looke for an Epiſtle, as you have before ordinary publications, I am ſorry that I muſt deceive you; but you will not lay it to my charge, when you ſhall conſider that this is not ordinary, for if I ſhould ſay it were the beſt in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet ſeen; he that would doubt of it, muſt goe out of the Kingdome to informe himſelf, for the beſt judgements, within it, take it for granted.

You may imagine (if it pleaſe you) that I could endeare it unto you, by ſaying, that importunity drew it on; that had it not been pre-

ſented here, it would have come to us from beyond the Seas; (which perhaps is true enough,) That my charge and pains in procuring of it hath been ſuch, and ſuch. I could adde hereto, a promiſe of more correctneſſe or inlargement in the next Edition, if you ſhall in the meane time content youwith this. But theſe things are ſo common, as that I ſhould profane this Peece by applying them to it; a Peece which who ſo takes not as he findes it, in what manner ſoever, he is unworthy of it, ſith a ſcattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiableneſſe in it, in the eye of a diſcerner, than a whole body of ſome other; Or, (to expreſſe him beſt by himſelfe)

——A hand, or eye, In the Storme.
By *Hilyard* drawne, is worth a hiſtory
By a worſe Painter made.—

If any man (thinking I ſpeak this to enflame him for the vent of the Impreſſion) be of another opinion, I ſhall as willingly ſpare his money as his judgement. I cannot loſe ſo much by him as he will by himſelfe: For I ſhall ſatisfie my ſelfe with the conſcience of well doing,

doing, in making ſo much good, common.

Howſoever it may appear to you, it ſhall ſuffice me to enforme you, that it hath the beſt warrant that can be, publique Authority, and private friends.

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counſell, and that is, That whereas it hath pleaſed ſome, who had ſtudyed and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the Author, not long after his deceaſe, I have thought I ſhould do you ſervice in preſenting them unto you now; onely whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might have ſerv'd for ſo many Encomiums of the Author (as is uſuall in other works, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digeſt ſuch ſtuffe as followes after,) you ſhall here find them in the end, for whoſoever reads the reſt ſo far, ſhall perceive that there is no occaſion to uſe them to that purpoſe; yet there they are, as an atteſtation for their ſakes that knew not ſo much before, to let them ſee how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by thoſe that are capable to give it. Farewell.

Hexaſtichon Bibliopolæ.

I See in his laſt preach'd, and printed Booke,
His Picture in a ſheet; in Pauls *I looke,*
And ſee his Statue in a ſheet of ſtone,
And ſure his body in the grave hath one:
Thoſe ſheets preſent him dead, theſe if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.

JO. MAR.

Hexaſtichon ad Bibliopolam.
Incerti.

IN thy Impreſſion of Donnes *Poems rare,*
For his Eternitie thou haſt ta'ne care:
'Twas well, and pious; And for ever may
He live: Yet ſhew I thee a better way;
Print but his Sermons, and if thoſe we buy,
He, We, and Thou ſhall live t' Eternity.

Songs

SONGS AND SONETS.

The Flea.

MArke but this flea, and marke in this,
How little that which thou deny'ſt me is;
It ſuck'd me firſt, and now ſucks thee,
And in this flea, our two blouds mingled be;
Thou know'ſt that this cannot be ſaid
A ſinne, nor ſhame, nor loſſe of Maidenhead,
Yet this enjoyes before it wooe,
And pamper'd ſwels with one bloud made of two,
And this, alas, is more then we would doe.

Oh ſtay, three lives in one flea ſpare,
Where we almoſt, yea more then maryed are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is;
Though Parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloyſterd in theſe living walls of Jet.
Though uſe make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that, ſelfe-murder added be,
And ſacriledge, three ſins in killing three.

Cruell and ſodaine, haſt thou ſince
Purpled thy Nayle, in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it ſuck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'ſt and, ſaiſt that thou
Find'ſt not thy ſelfe, nor me the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learne how falſe, feares be;
Iuſt ſo much honour, when thou yeeldſt to me,
Will waſt, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

The good-morrow.

I Wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
But ſuck'd on countrey pleaſures, childiſhly?
Or ſnorted we in the ſeven-ſleepers den?
'Twas ſo; But this, all pleaſures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did ſee,
Which I deſir'd, and got, 'twas but a dreame of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking ſoules,
Which watch not one another out of feare;
For love, all love of other ſights controules,
And makes one little roome, an every where.
Let ſea-diſcoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have ſhowne,
Let us poſſeſſe one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces reſt,
Where can we finde two better hemiſpheares
Without

Without ſharp North, without declining Weſt?
What ever dies was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love juſt alike in all, none of theſe loves can die.

Song.

GOe and catch a falling ſtarre,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all paſt yeares are,
Or who cleft the devils foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaids ſinging,
Or to keep off envies ſtinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honeſt minde.

If thou be'ſt borne to ſtrange ſights,
Things invisible to ſee,
Ride ten thouſand dayes and nights,
Till age ſnow white haires on thee,
Thou, when thou return'ſt, wilt tell me
All ſtrange wonders that befell thee,
And ſweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou find'ſt one, let me know,
Such a Pilgrimage were ſweet,
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore we might meet,

Though ſhe were true when you met her,
And laſt, till you write your letter,
Yet ſhe
Will be
Falſe, ere I come, to two or three.

Womans conſtancy.

NOw thou haſt lov'd me one whole day, (ſay?
To morrow when thou leav'ſt, what wilt thou
Wilt thou then Antedate ſome new made vow?
Or ſay that now
We are not juſt thoſe perſons which we were?
Or, that oaths made in reverentiall feare
Of love, and his wrath, any may forſweare?
(For, as true deaths, true mariages untie,
So lovers contracts, images of thoſe,
Binde but till ſleepe, deaths image, them unlooſe?)
Or, your owne end to juſtifie,
For having purpos'd change, and falſehood; you
Can have no way but falſehood to be true?
Vaine lunatique, againſt theſe ſcapes I could
Diſpute, and conquer, if I would,
Which I abſtaine to doe,
For by to morrow, I may thinke ſo too.

The undertaking.

I Have done one braver thing
Than all the *Worthies* did;

And

And yet a braver thence doth ſpring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madneſſe now t'impart
The skill of ſpecular ſtone,
When he which can have learn'd the art,
To cut it can finde none.

So, if I now ſhould utter this,
Others (becauſe no more
Such ſtuffe to worke upon, there is,)
Would love but as before:

But he who lovelineſſe within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skin,
Loves but their oldeſt clothes.

If, as I have, you alſo doe
Vertue in woman ſee,
And dare love that, and ſay ſo too,
And forget the Hee and Shee;

And if this love, though placed ſo,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this beſtow,
Or, if they doe, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing
Then all the *Worthies* did,
And a braver thence will ſpring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

The Sunne Rising.

BUſie old foole, unruly Sunne,
Why dſt thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains call on us?
Muſt to thy motions Lovers ſeaſons runne?
Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide
Late Schoole-boyes, and ſowre-prentices,
Goe tell Court-huntſmen, that the King will ride,
Call Countrey Ants to harveſt offices;
Love, all alike, no ſeaſon knowes nor clime,
Nor hours, daies, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beames ſo reverend, and ſtrong
Doſt thou not thinke
I could eclipſe and cloud them with a winke,
But that I would not loſe her ſight ſo long?
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Looke, and to morrow late, tell me,
Whether both th'India's of ſpace and Myne
Be where thou left them, or lie here with me.
Aske for thoſe Kings whom thou ſaw'ſt yeſterday,
And thou ſhalt heare, All here in one bed lay.

She's all States, and all Princes, I,
Nothing elſe is,
Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,
All honour's mimique; All wealth alchymy;
Thou Sunne art halfe as happy as we,
In that the world's contracted thus.

Thine

Thine age asks eaſe, and ſince thy duties be
To warme the world, that's done in warming us,
Shine here to us, and thou art every where,
This bed thy center is, theſe wals, thy ſpheare.

The indifferent.

I Can love both faire and browne, (betrayes,
Her whom abundance melts, & her whom want
Her who loves lonenes beſt, her who masks & plaies;
Her whom the country form'd, & whom the town,
Her who beleeves, and her who tries;
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpungie eies,
And her who is dry Corke, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Wil it not ſerve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
Or have you al old vices ſpēt, & now would find out
Or doth a feare, that men are true, tor- (others?
Oh we are not, be not you ſo, (ment you?
Let me; and doe you, twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me goe.
Muſt I, who came to travell thorow you,
Grow your fixt ſubject, becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſigh this ſong,
And by Loves ſweeteſt Part, Variety, ſhe ſwore,
She heard not this till now; it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,

And ſaid, alas, Some two or three
Poore Heretiques in love there be,
Which thinke to ſtabliſh dangerous conſtancy,
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them who'are falſe to you.

Loves Vſury.

For every houre that thou wilt ſpare me now,
I will allow,
Uſurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my browne, my gray haires equall be;
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travell, ſojourne, match, plot, have, forget,
Reſume my laſt yeares relict: thinke that yet
We'had never met.

Let me thinke any rivals letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnights promiſe; miſtake by the way
The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
Onely let me love none, no not the ſport
From countrey graſſe, to comfitures of Court,
Or cities Quelque choſes, let not report
My minde tranſport.

This bargain's good; if when I'm old, I bee
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine owne honour, or my ſhame and paine,
Thou covet moſt at that age thou ſhalt gaine,
Doe thy will then, then ſubject and degree,

And

And fruit of love, Love I ſubmit to thee,
Spare me till then, I'le beare it, though ſhe be
One that loves me.

Canonization.

FOr Godſake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palſie, or my gout,
My true gray haires, or ruin'd fortune flout, (prove,
With wealth your ſtate, your minde with Arts im-
Take you a courſe get you a place,
Obſerve his honour, or his grace,
Or the Kings reall, or his ſtamped face
Contemplate, what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love;
What Merchants ſhips have my ſighs drown'd?
Who ſaies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward ſpring remove?
When did the heats which my veines fill
Adde one more to the plaguie Bill?
Soldiers find warres, and Lawyers find out ſtill
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though ſhe and I doe love.

Call us what you will, we are made ſuch by love;
Call her one, me another flie,
We'are Tapers too, and at our owne coſt die,
And we in us find th' Eagle and the Dove,
The Phœnix riddle hath more wit

By

By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit,
We dye and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can dye by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombes and hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no peece of Chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonets pretty roomes;
As well a well wrought urne becomes
The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,
And by those hymnes all shall approve
Us *Canoniz'd* for love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole worlds soul contract, & drove
Into the glasses of your eyes
So made such mirrours, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize,
Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
A patterne of our love.

The triple Foole.

I Am two fooles, I know,
For loving and for saying so
In whining Poetry,
But where's that wise man, that would not be I,

If

If ſhe would not deny ?
Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes
Doe purge ſea waters fretfull ſalt away,
I thought, if I could draw my paines,
Through Rimes vexation, I ſhould them allay.
Griefe brought to numbers cannot be ſo fierce,
For, He tames it, that fetters it in verſe.

But when I have done ſo,
Some man his art and voice to ſhow,
Doth Set and ſing my paine,
And, by delighting many, frees againe
Griefe, which Verſe did reſtraine.
To love, and griefe tribute of Verſe belongs,
But not of ſuch as pleaſes when'tis read,
Both are increaſed by ſuch ſongs :
For both their triumphs ſo are publiſhed,
And I, which was two fooles, doe ſo grow three,
Who are a little wiſe, the beſt fooles be.

Lovers infinitneſſe.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
Deare, I ſhall never have it all,
I cannot breathe one other ſigh to move;
Nor can intreat one other teare to fall;
And all my treaſure, which ſhould purchaſe thee,
Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have ſpent,
Yet no more can be due to me,
That at the bargaine made was ment :
If then thy gift of love were partiall,

That

That ſome to me, ſome ſhould to others fall,
Deare, I ſhall never have It All.

Or if then thou gaveſt me All,
All was but All, which thou hadſt then:
But if in thy heart, ſince, there be or ſhall,
New love created be by other men,
Which have their ſtocks intire, and can in teares,
In ſighs, in oathes, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new feares,
For this love was not vowed by thee.
And yet it was thy gift being generall,
The ground, thy heart was mine what ever ſhall
Grow there, deare, I ſhould have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more,
And ſince my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou ſhouldſt have new rewards in ſtore;
Thou canſt not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canſt give it, then thou never gaveſt it:
Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It ſtayes at home, and thou with loſing ſaveſt it:
But we will have a way more liberall,
Then changing hearts, to joyne them, ſo we ſhall
Be one, and one anothers All.

Song.

SWeeteſt Love, I doe not goe,
For wearineſſe of thee,
Nor in hope the world can ſhow

A fitter Love for me;
But ſince that I
At the laſt muſt part, 'tis beſt,
Thus to uſe my ſelfe in jeſt
By fained deaths to dye;

Yeſternight the Sunne went hence,
And yet is here to day,
He hath no deſire nor ſenſe,
Nor halfe ſo ſhort a way:
Then feare not me,
But beleeve that I ſhall make
Speedier journeys, ſince I take
More wings and ſpurres than he.

O how feeble is mans power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another hower,
Nor a loſt houre recall?
But come bad chance,
And we joine to it our ſtrength,
And we teach it art and length,
It ſelfe o'r us t'advance.

When thou ſigh'ſt, thou ſigh'ſt no wind,
But ſigh'ſt my ſoule away,
When thou weep'ſt, unkindly kind,
My lifes bloud doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'ſt me as thou ſay'ſt,
If in thine my life thou waſte,
That art the beſt of me.

Let

Let not thy divining heart,
Forethinke me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And make thy feares fulfill,
But thinke that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleepe:
They who one another keepe
Alive, ne'r parted be.

The Legacy.

WHen I dyed last, and, Deare, I die
As often as from thee I goe,
Though it be but an houre agoe,
And lovers houres be full eternity,
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which meant me, I should be
Mine owne executor, and legacy.

I heard me say, Tell her anon,
That my selfe, that is you, not I,
Did kill me, and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone,
But I alas could there finde none,
When I had ripp'd, & search'd where hearts should lye
It kill'd me againe, that I who still was true
In life, in my last Will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heare,
For colours it and corners had,

It

It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part:
As good as could be made by art
It ſeem'd, and therefore for our loſſes ſad,
I meant to ſend that heart in ſtead of mine,
But oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

A Feaver.

OH doe not die, for I ſhall hate
All women ſo, when thou art gone,
That thee I ſhall not celebrate,
When I remember thou waſt one.

But yet thou canſt not die, I know,
To leave this world behinde, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt goe,
The whole world vapours with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds ſoule, goeſt,
It ſtay, 'tis but thy Carcaſſe then,
The faireſt woman, but thy ghoſt,
But corrupt wormes, the worthieſt men.

O wrangling ſchooles, that ſearch what fire
Shall burne this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aſpire,
That this her feaver might be it!

And yet ſhe cannot waſt by this
Nor long beare this torturing wrong,

For

For more corruption needfull is
To fuell ſuch a feaver long.

Theſe burning fits but meteors be,
Whoſe matter in thee is ſoone ſpent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are unchangeable firmament.

Yet 'twas of my minde, ſeiſing thee,
Though it in thee cannot perſever.
For I had rather owner bee
Of thee one houre, then all elſe ever.

Aire and Angels.

TWice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, ſo in a ſhapeleſſe flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worſhip'd be,
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did ſee,
But ſince, my ſoule, whoſe child love is,
Takes limbes of fleſh, and elſe could nothing doe;
More ſubtile than the parent is,
Love muſt not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who
I bid love aske, and now,
That it aſſume thy body, I allow,
And fixe it ſelfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilſt thus to ballaſt love, I thought,
And ſo more ſteddily to have gone,

With

With wares which would ſinke admiration,
I ſaw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
Thy Every haire for love to worke upon
Is much too much, ſome fitter muſt be ſought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreame, and ſcattering bright, can love inhere;
Then as an Angell, face, and wings
Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
So thy love may be my loves ſpheare;
Iuſt ſuch diſparitie
As is 'twixt Aire and Angels puritie,
'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever be.

Breake of day.

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore riſe from me?
Why ſhould we riſe, becauſe 'tis light?
Did we lie downe, becauſe 'twas night?
Love which in diſpight of darknes brought us hither,
Should in diſpight of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could ſpeake as well as ſpie,
This were the worſt that it could ſay,
That being well, I faine would ſtay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour ſo,
That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Muſt buſineſſe thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worſt diſeaſe of love,

The poore, the foule, the falſe love can
Admit, but not the buſied man.
He which hath buſineſſe, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a married man ſhould woo

The Anniverſary.

ALL Kings, and all their Favorites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun it ſelfe, which makes times, as theſe paſſe,
Is elder by a yeare now, then it was
When thou and I firſt one another ſaw:
All other things to their deſtruction draw;
Onely our love hath no decay:
This no to-morrow hath, nor yeſterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his firſt, laſt, everlaſting day.

Two graves muſt hide thine and my coarſe;
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas, as well as other Princes, we,
(Who Prince enough in one another be,)
Muſt leave at laſt in death, theſe eyes, and eares,
Oft fed with true oathes, and with ſweet ſalt teares:
But ſoules where nothing dwels but love;
(All other thoughts, being inmates, then ſhal prove
This or a love increaſed there above,
When bodies to their graves, ſouls from their graves (remove.

And then we ſhall be throughly bleſt;
But now no more than all the reſt.

Here

Here upon earth, we are Kings, and none but we
Can be ſuch Kings, nor of ſuch ſubjects be;
Who is ſo ſafe as we? where none can doe
Treaſon to us, except one of us two.
True and falſe feares let us refraine,
Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe
Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attain
To write threeſcore, this is the ſecond of our raign.

A Valediction of my name, in the window.

I.

MY name ingrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmneſſe to this glaſſe,
Which ever ſince that charme, hath been
As hard as that which grav'd it, was,
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that Glaſſe ſhould be
As all confeſſing, and through-ſhine as I,
'Tis more that it ſhewes thee to thee,
And cleare reflects thee to thine eye.
But all ſuch rules, loves magique can undoe,
Here you ſee mee, and I am you.

III.

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,
The showers and tempest can outwash,
So shall all times finde me the same;
You this intirenesse better may fulfill,
Who have the patterne with you still.

IIII.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It as a given deaths-head keep,
Lovers mortality to preach,
Or thinke this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous Anatomy.

V.

Then as all my soules bee,
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see,)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Veine,
Which tile this house, will come againe.

VI.

Till my returne, repaire
And recompact my scattered body so,

As

As all the vertuous powers which are
Fix'd in the ſtarres, are ſaid to flow
Into ſuch characters as graved be
When thoſe ſtarres have ſupremacie.

VII.

So ſince this name was cut,
When love and griefe their exaltation had,
No doore 'gainſt this names influence ſhut,
As much more loving, as more ſad,
'Twill make thee; and thou ſhouldſt, till I returne,
Since I die daily, daily mourne.

VIII.

When thy inconſiderate hand
Flings ope this caſement, with my trembling name,
To looke on one, whoſe wit or land,
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'ſt my Genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lovers gold, and page,
His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
Diſputed it, and tam'd thy rage,
And thou begin'ſt to thaw towards him, for this,
May my name ſtep in, and hide his.

X.

And if this treaſon goe
To an overt act, and that thou write againe:
In ſuperſcribing, this name flow
Into thy fancy from the Pen,
So, in forgetting thou remembreſt right,
And unaware to me ſhalt write.

XI.

But glaſſe, and lines muſt be
No meanes our firme ſubſtantiall love to keep;
Neare death inflicts this lethargie,
And thus I murmure in my ſleep;
Impute this idle talke to that I goe,
For dying men talke often ſo.

Twicknam Garden.

BLaſted with ſighs, and ſurrounded with teares,
Hither I come to ſeeke the ſpring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,
Receive ſuch balme as elſe cures every thing:
But O, ſelfe-traitor, I doe bring
The ſpider love, which tranſubſtantiates all,
And can convert Manna to gall,
And that this place may throughly be thought
True Paradiſe, I have the Serpent brought.

'Twere

Twere wholſomer for me, that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave froſt did forbid
Theſe trees to laugh, and mock me to my face;
But that I may not this diſgrace
Indure nor leave this garden, Love let me
Some ſenſleſſe peece of this place bee;
Make me a mandrake, ſo I may grow here,
Or a ſtone fountaine weeping out the yeare.

Hither with Cryſtall vials, lovers come,
And take my teares, which are loves wine,
And try your Miſtreſſe Teares at home,
For all are falſe, that taſte not juſt like mine;
Alas, hearts doe not in eyes ſhine,
Nor can you more judg womens thoughts by tears,
Then by her ſhadow, what ſhe wears.
O perverſe ſexe, where none is true but ſhe,
Who's therefore true becauſe her truth kils me.

Valediction to his Booke.

I'LL tell thee now (deare Love) what thou ſhalt doe
To anger Deſtiny, as ſhe doth us.
How I ſhall ſtay, though ſhe eſloigne me thus,
And how poſterity ſhall know it too;
How thine may out-endure
Sibyls glory, and obſcure
Her who from *Pindar* could allure,
And her, through whoſe help *Lucan* is not lame,
And her, whoſe book (they ſay) *Homer* did find, & (name.

Study our manuſcripts, thoſe Myriades
Of letters, which have paſt twixt thee and me,
Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee
To all whom loves ſublimiug fire invades,
Rule and example found;
There, the faith of any ground
No ſciſmatique will dare to wound,
That ſees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to uſe, to be theſe his Records.

This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,
Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved to me
In cypher writ, or new made Idiome;
We for Loves clergy, onely are inſtruments,
When this book is made thus,
Should againe the ravenous
Vandals and the Goths invade us,
Learning were ſafe in this our Univerſe,
Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Muſick,
(Angels Verſe.
Here Loves Divines, (ſince all Divinitie
Is love or wonder) may finde all they ſeeke,
Whether abſtracted ſpirituall love they like,
Their ſoules exhal'd with what they doe not ſee,
Or loath ſo to amaze,
Faiths infirmitie, they chuſe
Something which they may ſee and uſe;
For though Mind be the heaven, where love doth ſit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their bookes may Lawyers find,
Both by what titles Miſtreſſes are ours,

And

And how prerogative theſe ſtates devours,
Transferr'd from Love himſelfe, to womankinde.
Who though from heart, and eyes,
They exact great ſubſidies,
Forſake him who on them relies;
And for the cauſe, honour, or conſcience give;
Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative.

Here Stateſmen, (or of them, they which can read,)
May of their occupation find the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to conſider what'tis, one proceed,
In both they doe excell
Who the preſent governe well,
Whoſe weakneſſe none doth, or dares tell;
In this thy booke, ſuch will their nothing ſee,
As in the Bible ſome can finde out Alchymie.

Thus went thy thoughts: abroad I'll ſtudy thee,
As he removes farre off, that great heights takes;
How great love is, preſence beſt triall makes,
But abſence tries how long this love will be;
To take a latitude
Sunne or ſtarres, are fitlieſt view'd
At their brighteſt, but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we,
But to marke when, & where the dark eclipſes be?

Community.

GOod we muſt love, and muſt hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good ſtill,

But

But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate, nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As we shall finde our fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some we might hate, and some chuse,
But since she did them so create,
That we may neither love, nor hate,
Onely this rests, All, all may use.

If they were good, it would be seen,
Good is as visible as green,
And to all eyes it selfe betrayes:
If they were bad, they could not last,
Bad doth it selfe, and others waste,
So they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours,
Hee that but tastes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well,
Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meate;
And when he hath the kernell eate,
Who doth not fling away the shell?

Loves growth.

I Scarce beleeve my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it do thendure
Vicissitude,

Viciſſitude, and ſeaſon, as the graſſe;
Me thinkes I lied all winter, when I ſwore,
My love was infinite, if ſpring make'it more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all ſorrow
With more, not onely be no quinteſſence,
But mixt of all ſtuffes, vexing ſoule, or ſenſe,
And of the Sunne his active vigour borrow,
Love's not ſo pure, and abſtract, as they uſe
To ſay, which have no Miſtreſſe but their Muſe,
But as all elſe being elemented too,
Love ſometimes would contemplate, ſometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the ſpring is growne;
As in the firmament,
Starres by the Sunne are not inlarg'd, but ſhowne,
Gentle love deeds, as bloſſomes on a bough,
From loves awakened root doe bud out now.
If, as in water ſtirr'd more circles be
Produc'd by one, love ſuch additions take,
Thoſe like ſo many ſpheares, but one heaven make,
For, they are all concentrique unto thee,
And though each ſpring doe adde to love new heat,
As Princes doe in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter ſhall abate this ſprings encreaſe.

Loves exchange.

Love, any devill elſe but you,
Would for a given Soule give ſomething too,

At

At Court your fellowes every day,
Give th'art of Riming. Huntſmanſhip or play,
For them which were their owne before;
Onely I have nothing, which gave more,
But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.

I aske no diſpenſation now
To falſifie a teare, or ſigh, or vow,
I doe not ſue from thee to draw
A *Non obſtante* on natures law,
Theſe are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine; none ſhould forſweare
Except that he *Loves* minion were.

Give mee thy weakeneſſe, make me blinde,
Both wayes, as thou and thine; in eyes and minde;
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or that love childiſh is.
Let me not know that others know
That ſhe knowes my paines, leſt that ſo
A tender ſhame make me mine owne new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou art juſt,
Becauſe I would not thy firſt motions truſt:
Small townes which ſtand ſtiffe, till great ſhot
Enforce them, by warres law, *condition* not,
Such in loves warfare is my caſe,
I may not article for grace,
Having put love at laſt to ſhew this face,

This face, by which he could command
And change the Idolatry of any Land,

This

This face, which, whereſoe'r it comes,
Can cal vow'd men frō cloyſters, dead from tombes,
And melt both Poles at once, and ſtore
Deſerts with Cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, than Quarries were before.

For, this love is inrag'd with mee,
Yet kils not: if I muſt example be
To future Rebels: If th'unborne
Muſt learne, by my being cut up, and torne:
Kill and diſſect me, Love: for this
Torture againſt thine owne end is,
Rack't carcaſſes make ill Anatomies.

Confined Love.

SOme man unworthy to be poſſeſſor
Of old or new love, himſelfe being falſe or weake,
Thought his paine and ſhame would be leſſer
If on womankinde he might his anger wreake,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures ſo?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden
To ſmile where they liſt, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their meate, or lie abroad a night?
Beaſts doe no joyntures loſe
Though they new lovers chooſe,
But we are made worſe than thoſe.

Who

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbours,
And not to seek lands, or not to deale with all?
Or build faire houses, set trees, and arbors,
Onely to lock up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good unlesse
A thousand it possesse,
But doth waste with greedinesse.

The Dreame.

Deare love, for nothing lesse then thee
Would I have broke this happy dreame,
It was a theame
For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
My dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,
Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreames truths; and fables histories;
Enter these armes, for since thou thought'st it best,
Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noyse wak'd me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'st truth) an Angell, at first sight;
But when I saw thou sawst my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st
Excesse of joy would wake me, & cam'st then,
I must confesse, it could not chuse but be
Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee.

Comming

Comming and ſtaying ſhew'd thee, thee,
But riſing makes me doubt, that now,
Thou art not thou.
That love is weake, where feare's as ſtrong as he;
'Tis not all ſpirit, pure, and brave,
If mixture it of *Feare*, *Shame*, *Honour* have;
Perchance as torches which muſt ready be,
Men light and put out, ſo thou deal'ſt with me,
Thou cam'ſt to kindle, goeſt to come: Then I
Will dreame that hope againe, but elſe would die.

A Valediction of weeping.

LEt me powre forth
My teares before thy face, whil'ſt I ſtay here,
For thy face coynes them, & thy ſtampe they beare;
And by this Mintage they are ſomething worth,
For thus they bee
Pregnant of thee,
Fruits of much griefe they are, emblems of more,
When a teare falls, that thou fal'ſt which it bore,
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers ſhore.

On a round ball
A workman that hath copies by can lay
An Europe, Afrique, and an Aſia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All*:
So doe each teare,
Which thee doth weare,
A globe, yea world by that impreſſion grow,

Till

Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven
(dissolved so.
O more then Moone,
Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare,
Weep me not dead, in thine armes, but forbeare
To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone,
Let not the winde
Example finde,
To doe me more harme, then it purposeth,
Since thou and I sigh one anothers breath, (death.
Who e'r sighs most, is cruellest, and hasts the others

Loves Alchymie.

SOme that have deeper digg'd Loves Mine than I,
Say, where his centrique happinesse doth lie:
I have lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell till I were old,
I should not finde that hidden mysterie;
Oh, 'tis imposture all:
And as no chymique yet th'Elixar got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall,
So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summers night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we, for this vaine Bubles shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can

Can be as happy as I can; if he can
Endure the ſhort ſcorne of a Bridegroomes play?
That loving wretch that ſweares,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
Which he in her Angelique findes,
Would ſweare as juſtly, that he heares,
In that dayes rude hoarſe minſtrelſey, the ſpheares.
Hope not for minde in women; at their beſt,
Sweetneſſe, & wit they are, but *Mummy*, poſſeſt.

The Curſe.

WHo ever gueſſes, thinks, or dreams, he knows
Who is my Miſtris, wither by this curſe;
His onely, and onely his purſe
May ſome dull heart to love diſpoſe,
And ſhe yeeld then to all that are his foes:
May he be ſcorn'd by one whom all elſe ſcorne,
Forſweare to others, what to her he hath ſworn,
With feare of miſſing, ſhame of getting torn;

Madneſſe his ſorrow, gout his cramp, may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made him ſuch:
And may he feel no touch
Of conſcience, but of fame, and be
Anguiſh'd, not that 'twas ſin, but that 'twas ſhe:
Or may he for her vertue reverence
One that hates him only for impotence,
And equall Traitors be ſhe and his ſenſe.

May he dreame Treaſon, and beleeve, that he
Meant to performe it, and confeſſe, and die,

And no record tell why :
His ſonnes, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy :
Or may he ſo long Parafites have fed,
That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath
And at the laſt be circumcis'd for bread. (bred,

The venome of all ſtepdames, gameſters gall,
What tyrants, and their ſubjects interwiſh,
What Plants, Myne, Beaſts, Fowle, Fiſh,
Can contribute, all ill, which all
Prophets, or Poets ſpake ; And all which ſhall
Be annex'd in ſchedules unto this by mee,
Fall on that man ; For if it be a ſhee,
Nature before-hand hath out-curſed me.

The Meſſage.

SEnd home my long ſtraid eyes to me,
Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee,
Yet ſince there they have learn'd ſuch ill,
Such forc'd faſhions,
And falſe paſſions,
That they bee
Made by thee
Fit for no good ſight; keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmeleſſe heart againe,
Which no unworthy thought could ſtaine,
But if it be taught by thine
To make jeſtings

Of

Of proteſtings,
And breake both
Word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet ſend me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and ſee thy lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguiſh,
And doſt languiſh
For ſome one
That will none,
Or prove as falſe as thou art now.

A Nocturnall upon S. Lucies *day, being the ſhorteſt day.*

'Tis the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucies, who ſcarce ſeven hours her ſelf unmaſks,
The Sunne is ſpent, and now his flaſks
Send forth light ſquibs, no conſtant rayes;
The worlds whole ſap is ſunk:
The generall balme th'hydroptique earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the beds-feet life is ſhrunk,
Dead and enterr'd; yet all theſe ſeem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who ſhall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:
For I am a very dead thing,

In whom love wrought new Alchymie.
For his art did expreſſe
A quinteſſence even from nothingneſſe,
From dull privations, and leane emptineſſe
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of abſence, darkneſſe, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, ſoule, forme, ſpirit, whence they being have,
I, by loves limbeck, am the grave
Of all that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and ſo
Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow,
To be two Chaoſſes, when we did ſhow
Care to ought elſe; and often abſences
Withdrew our ſoules, and made us carcaſſes.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
Of the firſt nothing, the Elixer growne;
Were I a man, that I were one,
I needs muſt know; I ſhould preferre,
If I were any Beaſt, (teſt,
Some ends, ſome meanes; Yea plants, yea ſtones de-
And love, all, all ſome properties inveſt.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As ſhadow, a light, and body muſt be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunne renew,
You lovers, for whoſe ſake, the leſſer Sunne
At this time to the Goat is runne
To fetch new luſt, and give it you,
Enjoy your Summer all,

Since

Since ſhe enjoyes her long nights feſtivall,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This houre her Vigill, and her Eve, ſince this
Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is.

Witchcraft by a picture:

I Fixe mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a tranſparent teare,
When I looke lower I eſpie,
Hadſt thou the wicked skill
By pictures made and mard, to kill;
How many waies mightſt thou performe thy will?

But now I have drunk thy ſweet ſalt teares,
And though thou powre more, I'll depart:
My picture vaniſhed, vaniſh all feares,
That I can be endammag'd by that art:
Though thou retaine of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

The Baite.

COme live with me, and be my love,
And we will ſome new pleaſures prove
Of golden ſands, and cryſtall brookes:
With ſilken lines and ſilver hookes.

There will the river whiſpring runne
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the Sunne.
And there th'inamour'd fiſh will ſtay,
Begging themſelves they may betray.

When thou wilt ſwimme in that live bath,
Each fiſh, which every channell hath,
Will amorouſly to thee ſwim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be ſo ſeene, beeſt loth,
By Sunne, or Moone, thou darkneſt both,
And if my ſelfe have leave to ſee,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freez with angling reeds,
And cut their legs, with ſhels and weeds,
Or treacherouſly poore fiſh beſet,
With ſtrangling ſnare, or windowy net.

Let coarſe bold hands, from ſlimy neſt
The bedded fiſh in banks out-wreſt,
Or curious traitors, ſleave ſilke flies
Bewitch poore fiſhes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needſt no ſuch deceit.
For thou thy ſelfe art thine owne bait,
That fiſh, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas, is wiſer farre than I.

The Apparition.

VVHen by thy ſcorne, O murdreſſe, I am dead,
And that thou think'ſt thee free
From al ſolicitation from mee,
Then ſhall my ghoſt come to thy bed,
And thee fain'd Veſtall in worſe armes ſhall ſee;
Then thy ſicke taper will begin to winke,
And he, whoſe thou art then, being tyr'd before,
Will if thou ſtirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
Thou call'ſt for more,
And in falſe ſleep from thee ſhrinke,
And then poore Aſpen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quickſilver ſweat wilt lie
A veryer ghoſt than I;
What I will ſay, I will not tell thee now,
Leſt that preſerve thee: and ſince my love is ſpent,
I'had rather thou ſhouldſt painfully repent,
Than by my threatnings reſt ſtill innocent.

The broken heart.

HE is ſtarke mad, who ever ſayes,
That he hath been in love an houre,
Yet not that love ſo ſoone decayes,
But that it can ten in leſſe ſpace devoure;
Who will beleeve me, if I ſweare
That I have had the Plague a yeare?

Who would not laugh at me if I ſhould ſay,
I ſaw a flaſh of *Powder burne a day?*

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into loves hands, it come?
All other griefes allow a part
To other griefes, and aske themſelves but ſome,
They come to us, but us love drawes,
He ſwallowes us and never chawes:
By him, as by chain'd ſhot, whole ranks doe die,
He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frie.

If 'twere not ſo, what did become
Of my heart, when I firſt ſaw thee?
I brought a heart into the roome,
But from the roome I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to ſhow
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
At one firſt blow did ſhiver it as glaſſe.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I thinke my breſt hath all
Thoſe peeces ſtill, though they be not unite:
And now as broken glaſſes ſhow
A hundred leſſer faces, ſo
My ragges of heart can like, wiſh, and adore,
But after one ſuch love, can love no more.

A Valediction forbidding mourning.

AS vertuous men paſſe mildly away,
And whiſper to their ſoules, to goe,
Whilſt ſome of their ſad friends doe ſay,
The breath goes now, and ſome ſay, no.

So let us melt, and make no noyſe,
No teare-flouds, nor ſigh-tempeſts move,
'Twere prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layitie our love.

Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
Men reckon what it did, and meant,
But trepidation of the ſpheares,
Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull ſublunary lovers love
(Whoſe foule is ſenſe) cannot admit
Abſence, becauſe it doth remove
Thoſe things which elemented it.

But we by a love ſo much refin'd,
That our ſelves know not what it is,
Inter-aſſured of the mind,
Careleſſe, eyes, lips, hands to miſſe.

Our two ſoules therefore, which are one,
Though I muſt goe, indure not yet
A breach, but an expanſion,
Like gold to ayery thinneſſe beat.

If

If they be two, they are two ſo
As ſtiffe twin Compaſſes are two,
Thy ſoule the fixt foot, makes no ſhow
To move, but doth, if th'other doe.

And though it in the center ſit,
Yet when the other farre doth rome,
It leanes, and hearkens after it,
And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who muſt
Like th'other foot, obliquely runne.
Thy firmneſſe makes my circles juſt,
And makes me end where I begun.

The Extaſie.

WHere, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant banke ſwell'd up, to reſt
The violets reclining head,
Sat we two, one anothers beſt;
Our hands were firmely cimented
By a faſt Balme, which thence did ſpring,
Our eye-beames twiſted, and did thred
Our eyes upon one double ſtring,
So to engraft our hands, as yet
Was all the meanes to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
Suſpends uncertaine victory,

Our

Our ſoules, (which to advance our ſtate,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whil'ſt our ſoules negotiate there,
We like ſepulchrall ſtatues lay,
All day, the ſame our poſtures were,
And we ſaid nothing, all the day.
If any, ſo by love refin'd,
That he ſoules language underſtood,
And by good love were growne all minde,
Within convenient diſtance ſtood,
He (though he knew not which ſoule ſpake,
Becauſe both meant, both ſpake the ſame)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part farre purer than he came.
This extaſie doth unperplex
(We ſaid) and tell us what we love,
We ſee by this, it was not ſex
We ſee, we ſaw not what did move:
But as all ſeverall ſoules containe
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love, theſe mixt ſoules, doth mixe againe,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A ſingle violet tranſplant,
The ſtrength, the colour, and the ſize
(All which before was poore, and ſcant,)
Redoubles ſtill, and multiplies.
When love, with one another ſo
Interanimates two ſoules,
That abler ſoule, which thence doth flow,
Defects of lonelineſſe controules.
We then, who are this new ſoule, know,
Of what we are compos'd and made:

For,

For, the'Atomies of which we grow,
Are ſoule, whom no change can invade,
But O Alas, ſo long, ſo farre
Our bodies why doe we forbeare?
They are ours, though not we, We are
The Intelligences, they the ſpheares,
We owe them thankes, becauſe they thus
Did us, to us, at firſt convey,
Yeelded their ſenſes force to us,
Nor are droſſe to us, but allay.
On man heavens influence workes not ſo,
But that it firſt imprints the ayre,
For ſoule into the ſoule may flow,
Though it to body firſt repaire.
As our bloud labours to beget
Spirits, as like ſoules as it can,
Becauſe ſuch fingers need to knit
That ſubtle knot, which makes us man:
So muſt pure lovers ſoules deſcend
T'affections, and to faculties,
Which ſenſe may reach and apprehend,
Elſe a great Prince in priſon lies,
To'our bodies turne we then, that ſo
Weake men on love reveal'd may looke;
Loves myſteries in ſoules doe grow,
But yet the body is his booke,
And if ſome lover, ſuch as wee,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him ſtill marke us, he ſhall ſee
Small change when we are to bodies growne.

Loves Deitie.

I Long to talke with ſome old lovers ghoſt,
Who dyed before the god of Love was borne:
I cannot thinke that he, who then lov'd moſt,
Sunke ſo low, as to love one which did ſcorne.
But ſince this god produc'd a deſtiny,
And that vice-nature, cuſtome, lets it be;
I muſt love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not ſo much,
Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to Paſſives. Correſpondency
Onely his ſubject was; it cannot be
Love, if I love, who loves not me.

But every moderne god will now extend
His vaſte prerogative as farre as *Jove*,
To rage, to luſt, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlew of the God of Love.
Oh were we wak'ned by this Tyranny
To ungod this childe againe, it could not be
I ſhould love her, who loves not me.

Rebell and Atheiſt too, why murmure I,
As though I felt the worſt that love could doe?
Love may make me leave loving, or might trie
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,

Which

Which, ſince ſhe loves before, I'm loth to ſee;
Falſhood is worſe then hate; and that muſt be,
If ſhe whom I love, ſhould love me.

Loves diet.

TO what a comberſome unwieldineſſe
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown,
But that I did, to make it leſſe,
And keepe it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon
That which love worſt indures, *diſcretion.*

Above one ſigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
And if ſometimes by ſtealth he got
A ſhe ſigh from my miſtreſſe heart,
And thought to feaſt on that, I let him ſee
'Twas neither very ſound, nor meant to me:

If he wrung from me a teare, I brin'd it ſo
With ſcorne or ſhame, that him it nouriſh'd not;
If he ſuck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a teare, which he had got.
His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat;
For, eyes which rowle towards all, weep not, but ſweat.

What e'r might him diſtaſt I ſtill writ that,
But burnt her letters when ſhe writ to me;
And if that favour made him fat,
I ſaid, if any title be

Con-

Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,
To be the fortieth name in an entaile?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flie
At what, and when, and how, and where I chuſe;
Now negligent of ſport I lie,
And now as other Fawkners uſe,
I ſpring a miſtreſſe, ſweare, write, ſigh and weep:
And the game kill'd, or loſt, goe talke or ſleepe.

The Will.

BEfore I ſigh my laſt gaſpe, let me breath,
Great Love, ſome Legacies; Here I bequeath
Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can ſee,
If they be blind, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to'Embaſſadours mine eares;
To women or the ſea, my teares;
Thou, Love, haſt taught me heretofore
By making me ſerve her who'had twenty more,
That I ſhould give to none, but ſuch, as had too much before.
My conſtancy I to the Planets give,
My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
Mine ingenuitie and openneſſe,
To Jeſuits; to Buffones my penſiveneſſe;
My ſilence to'any, who abroad hath been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou Love taught'ſt me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Onely to give to ſuch as have an incapacitie.

My

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
All my good workes unto the Schiſmaticks
Of Amſterdam; my beſt civilitie
And Courtſhip, to an Univerſitie:
My modeſtie I give to Souldiers bare:
My patience let gameſters ſhare.
Thou Love taughtſt me, by making me
Love her that holds my love diſparitie,
Onely to give to thoſe that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to thoſe
Which were my friends: Mine induſtry to foes:
To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulneſſe:
My ſickneſſe to Phyſitians, or exceſſe:
To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ:
And to my company my wit:
Thou Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taughtſt me to make, as though I gave, whé I do but reſtore.

To him for whom the paſſing-bell next tolls,
I give my phyſick bookes: my written rolls
Of Morall counſels, I to Bedlam give:
My Brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread: To them which paſſe among
All forainers, mine Engliſh tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinkes her friendſhip a fit portion
For yonger lovers, doſt my gift thus diſproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undoe
The world by dying: becauſe love dies too.

Then

Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Thē gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth
And all your graces no more uſe ſhall have,
Then a Sun dyall in a grave.
Thou Love taughtſt me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me & thee, (three
To invent and practiſe this one way, to annihilate al.

The Funerall.

WHo ever comes to ſhroud me, do not harme
Nor queſtion much
That ſubtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arme;
The myſterie, the ſigne you muſt not touch,
For 'tis my outward Soule,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to controule, (tion.
And keep theſe limbes, her Provinces, from diſſolu-

For if the finewie thred my braine lets fall
Through every part,
Can tye thoſe parts, and make me one of all;
Thoſe haires which upward grow, & ſtrength & art
Have from a better braine,
Can better do't: except ſhe meant that I
By this ſhould know my pain, (demn'd to die,
As priſoners then are manacled, when they are con-

What ere ſhe meant by it burie it with me,
For ſince I am
Loves martyr, it might breed Idolatry,

If into others hands these Reliques came;
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soule can doe,
So 'tis some bravery,
That since you would have none of me, I bury some (of you.

The Blossome.

Little think'st thou, poore flower,
Whom I have watch'd six or seven dayes,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hower
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To morrow finde thee falne, or not at all.

Little think'st thou (poore Heart
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffnesse by long siege to bow:)
Little think'st thou,
That thou to morrow, ere the Sunne doth wake,
Must with this Sunne, and me a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to be
Subtle to plague thy selfe, wilt say,
Alas, if you must goe, what's that to me?
Here lies my businesse, and here I will stay:
You goe to friends, whose love and means present

Various content
To your eyes, eares, and taſte, and every part,
If then your body goe, what need your heart?

Well then, ſtay here; but know,
When thou haſt ſtaid and done thy moſt;
A naked thinking heart, that makes no ſhow,
Is to a woman but a kind of Ghoſt:
How ſhall ſhe know my heart: or having none,
Know thee for one?
Practiſe may make her know ſome other part,
But take my word, ſhe doth not know a Heart.

Meet me at *London*, then,
Twenty dayes hence and thou ſhalt ſee
Me freſher, and more fat, by being with men,
Then if I had ſtaid ſtill with her and thee.
For Gods ſake, if you can, be you ſo too:
I will give you
There, to another friend, whom we ſhall finde
As glad to have my body, as my minde.

The Primroſe, being at Mountgamery Caſtle, upon the hill, on which it is ſituate.

UPon this Primroſe hill,
Where, if Heaven would diſtill
A ſhowre of raine, each ſeverall drop might goe
To his owne Primroſe, and grow Manna ſo:
And where their form, and their infinitie
Make a terreſtriall Galaxie,

As the ſmall ſtarres doe in the skie:
I walke to find a true Love; and I ſee
That'tis not a meer woman, that is ſhee,
But muſt or more or leſſe than woman bee.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wiſh; a ſixe, or foure;
For ſhould my true-Love leſſe than woman be,
She were ſcarce any thing; and then, ſhould ſhe
Be more than woman, ſhe would get above
All thought of ſexe; and thinke to move
My heart to ſtudy her and not to love;
Both theſe were monſters; Since there muſt reſide
Falſhood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than Nature falſify'd.

Live Primroſe then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth repreſent,
With this myſterious number be content;
Ten is the fartheſt number, if halfe ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take halfe us men:
Or if this will not ſerve the turne, Since all
Numbers are odde, or even, ſince they fall
Firſt into five, women may take us all.

The Relique.

When my grave is broke up againe
Some ſecond ghеſt to entertaine,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To

To be to more than one a Bed)
And he that digs it, ſpies
A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And thinke that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be ſome way
To make their ſoules at the laſt buſie day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little ſtay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where miſ-devotion doth command,
Then, he that digs us up, will bring
Us to the Biſhop, and the King,
To make us Reliques, then
Thou ſhalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A ſomething elſe thereby;
All women ſhall adore us, and ſome men;
And ſince at ſuch time, miracles are ſought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmeleſſe Lovers wrought.

Firſt we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why,
Difference of Sex we never knew,
No more than Gardian Angels doe,
Comming and going we,
Perchance might kiſſe, but not between thoſe meales
Our hands ne'r touch the ſeales,
Which nature injur'd by late law, ſets free:
Theſe miracles we did; but now alas,
All meaſure, and all language, I ſhould paſſe,
Should I tell what a miracle ſhe was.

The Dampe.

WHen I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
And my friends curiosity
Will have me cut up to survay each part,
When they shall finde your Picture in mine heart,
You thinke a sodaine dampe of love
Will through all their senses move,
And worke on them as me, and so preferre
Your murder, to the name of Massacre.

Poore victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in your conquest have,
First kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Disdaine*,
And let the enchantresse *Honor*, next be slaine;
And like a Goth and Vandall rise;
Deface Records, and Histories
Of your own arts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up as well as you
My Gyants, and my Witches too,
Which are vaste *Constancy*, and *Secretnesse*,
But these I neither looke for nor professe,
Kill me as Woman, let me die
As a meere man; doe you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall finde than,
Naked you have odds enough of any man.

The

The Dissolution.

SHee's, dead; And all which die
To their first Elements resolve;
And we were mutuall Elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth hersinvolve,
And those things whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of Passion, sighes of ayre,
Water of teares, and earthy sad despaire,
Which my materials be,
But neere worne out by loves securitie,
She, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,
And I might live long wretched so
But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.
Now as those Active Kings
Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break.
This (which I am amaz'd that I can speak)
This death, hath with my store
My use encreas'd.
And so my soule more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip hers; As bullets flowne before
A latter bullet may o'rtake, the powder being more.

A Jeat Ring sent.

THou art not so black, as my heart,
Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art;

What wouldſt thou ſay? ſhall both our properties by
Nothing more endleſſe, nothing (thee be ſpoke,
(ſooner broke?
Marriage rings are not of this ſtuffe;
Oh, why ſhould ought leſſe precious, or leſſe tough
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it
I'm cheap, & nought but faſhiõ, fling me away. (ſay

Yet ſtay with me ſince thou art come,
Circle this fingers top, which didſt her thombe,
Be juſtly proud, and gladly ſafe, that thou doſt dwell
She that, oh, broke her faith, would ſoon (with me
(breake thee.

Negative love.

I Never ſtoop'd ſo low, as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldome to them which ſoare no higher
Then vertue, or the minde to'admire;
For ſenſe, and underſtanding may
Know what gives fuell to their fire:
My love, though ſilly, is more brave,
For may I miſſe, when ere I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be ſimply perfecteſt
Which can by no way be expreſt
But *Negatives*, my love is ſo.
To All, which all love, I ſay no,
If any who deciphers beſt,

What

What we know not, (our ſelves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my eaſe, and comfort is,
Though I ſpeed not, I cannot miſſe.

The prohibition.

TAke heed of loving me,
At leaſt remember, I forbade it thee;
Not that I ſhall repaire my unthrifty waſt,
Of Breath and Bloud, upon thy ſighes, and teares:
By being to thee then what to me thou waſt,
But, ſo great Joy, our life at once outweares:
Then, leſt thy love, by my death fruſtrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the Victory,
Not that I ſhall be mine owne officer,
And hate with hate againe retaliate:
But thou wilt loſe the ſtile of conquerour,
If I, thy conqueſt, periſh by thy hate:
Then, leſt my being nothing leſſen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet, love and hate me too,
So, theſe extreames ſhall ne'r their office doe:
Love me, that I may dye the gentler way:
Hate me, becauſe thy love is too great for me:
Or let theſe two, themſelves, not me decay:
So ſhall I live thy Stage, not triumph be:

Then

Then left thou thy love hate, and me thou undoe,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

The Expiration.

So, so, breake off this last lamenting kisse,
Which sucks two soules, and vapors both away,
Turne thou ghost that way, and let me turne this,
And let our selves benight our happiest day,
We aske none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any, so cheape a death, as saying, Goe;

Goe; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me goe too.
Or, if it have, let my word worke on me,
And a just office on a murderer doe.
Except it be too late, to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

The Computation.

For my first twenty yeares, since yesterday,
I scarce beleev'd, thou couldst be gone away,
For forty more I fed on favours past,
And forty on hopes, that thou wouldst they might last.
Tears drown'd one hundred, & sighs blew out two,
A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
Or not deem'd, all being one thought of you:
Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I
Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghosts die?

The

The Paradox.

NO Lover ſaith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect Lover;
He thinkes that elſe none can or will agree,
That any loves but hee:
I cannot ſay I lov'd, for who can ſay
He was kill'd yeſterday?
Love with exceſſe of heat, more young than old,
Death kils with too much cold:
We die but once, and who lov'd laſt did die,
He that ſaith twice, doth lie:
For though he ſeem to move, and ſtirre a while,
It doth the ſenſe beguile.
Such life is like the light which bideth yet
When the lifes light is ſet,
Or like the heat, which, fire in ſolid matter
Leaves behinde, two houres after.
Once I love and dyed; and am now become
Mine Epitaph and Tombe.
Here dead men ſpeake their laſt, and ſo doe I;
Love-ſlaine, loe, here I die.

Song.

SOules joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,

Sinc

Since I muſt leave my ſelfe with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Abſence denyes
Each others ſight,
And makes to us a conſtant night,
When others change to light:
"O give no way to griefe,
"But let beliefe
" Of mutuall love,
" This wonder to the vulgar prove
" Our Bodies, not we move,
Let not thy wit beweep
Words but ſenſe deep,
For when we miſſe
By diſtance our hopes joyning bliſſe,
Even then our ſoules ſhall kiſſe:
Fooles have no meanes to meet,
But by their feet,
Why ſhould our clay,
Over our ſpirits ſo much ſway,
To tie us to that way?
" O give no way to griefe, &c.

Farewell to Love,

WHilſt yet to prove
I thought there was ſome Deitie in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worſhip, as Atheiſts at their dying houre

Call,

Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
As ignorantly did I crave:
Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so
As they waxe lesser, fall, as they size grow.

But, from late Faire
His highnesse (sitting in a golden Chaire,)
Is not lesse cared for after three dayes
By children, then the thing which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship wooe:
Being had, enjoying it decayes:
And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behinde
A kinde of sorrowing dulnesse to the minde.

Ah cannot we,
As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
After such pleasures, unlesse wise
Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)
This; as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And onely for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my minde
Shall not desire what no man else can finde,
I'll no more dote and runne

To

To purſue things which had indammag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men doe when the ſummer Sunne
Growes great,
Though I admire their greatneſſe, ſhun their heat,
Each place can afford ſhadowes. If all faile,
'Tis but applying worme-ſeed to the Taile.

Song.

DEare Love continue nice and chaſte,
For, if you yeeld, you doe me wrong,
Let duller wits to loves end haſte,
I have enough to wooe thee long.

All paine and joy is in their way;
The things we feare bring leſſe annoy
Then feare; and hope brings greater joy:
But in themſelves they cannot ſtay.

Small favours will my prayers increaſe:
Granting my ſuit you give me all,
And then my prayers muſt needs ſurceaſe,
For, I have made your Godhead fall.

Beaſts cannot will, nor beauty ſee,
They, mans affections onely move:
Beaſts other ſports of love doe prove,
With better feeling farre then wee.

Then Love prolong my ſuite, for thus
By loſing ſport, I ſports doe win:

And

And that doth vertue proue in us,
Which ever yet hath been a ſin,

My comming neare may ſpie ſome ill,
And how the world is given to ſcoffe:
To keep my Love, (then) keep me off,
And ſo I ſhall admire thee ſtill.

Say I have made a perfect choice,
Satiety our ſelves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and eare thou canſt not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poore,
Give me not all, yet ſomething lend,
So I ſhall ſtill my ſuite commend,
And you at will doe leſſe or more.
But, if to all you condeſcend,
My love, our ſport, your Godhead end.

A Lecture upon the ſhadow.

STand ſtill, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in loves philoſophy.
Theſe three houres that we have ſpent,
Walking here: Two ſhadowes went
Along with us, which we our ſelves produc'd.
But now the Sunne is juſt above our head,
We doe thoſe ſhadowes tread:
And to brave clearneſſe all things are reduc'd.
So whilſt our infant lovesdid grow,

Diſguiſes

Diſguiſes did, and ſhadowes, flow,
From us, and our cares: but, now 'tis not ſo.

That love hath not attain'd the high'ſt degree,
Which is ſtill diligent leſt others ſee.
Except our loves at this noone ſtay,
We ſhall new ſhadowes make the other way.
As the firſt were made to blinde
Others; theſe which come behinde
Will worke upon our ſelves, and blinde our eyes.
If our loves faint, and weſtwardly decline;
To me thou, falſly, thine,
And I to thee mine actions ſhall diſguiſe.
The morning ſhadowes weare away,
But theſe grow longer all the day,
But oh, loves day is ſhort, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full conſtant light:
And his ſhort minute, after noone, is night.

The end of the Songs and Sonets.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and *Leander.*

BOth rob'd of ayre, we both lye in one ground,
Both who one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Pyramus and *Thisbe.*

Two, by themselves, each other love and feare
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

Niobe.

By childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

A burnt ship.

Out of a fired ship, which by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Neare the foes ships, did by their shot decay:
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship drown'd.

Fall of a wall.

Under an undermin'd, and ſhot-bruis'd wall
A too-bold Captaine periſh'd by the fall,
Whoſe brave misfortune happieſt men envi'd,
That had a towre for tombe, his bones to hide.

A lame begger.

I am unable, yonder begger cries,
To ſtand, or move; if he ſay true, he *lies*.

A ſelf-accuſer.

Your miſtris, that you follow whores ſtil taxeth you;
'Tis ſtrange that ſhe ſhould thus confeſſe it, though 'it be true.

A licentious perſon.

Thy ſinnes and haires may no man equall call,
For, as thy ſinnes increaſe, thy haires doe fall.

Antiquary.

If in his ſtudie he hath ſo much care
To'hang all old ſtrange things, let his wife beware.

Diſinherited.

Thy father all from thee, by his laſt Will
Gave to the poore; Thou haſt good title ſtill.

Phryne

Phryne.

Thy flattering Picture, *Phryne*, is like to thee;
Onely in this, that you both painted bee.

An obscure writer.

Philo, with twelve yeares study hath been griev'd,
To' be understood, when will he be beleev'd?

Klockius so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come
In bawdie house, that he dares not goe home.

Raderus.

Why this man gelded *Martiall* I muse,
Except himselfe alone his tricks would use,
As *Katherine*, for the Courtsake, put down Stews.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

Like *Esops* fellow slaves, O *Mercurie*,
Which could doe all things, thy faith is; and I
Like *Esops* selfe which nothing; I confesse
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst lesse;
Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sinne to doe,
In this case as thou wouldst be done unto,
To beleeve all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercurie in stealing, but lyest like a *Greeke*.

Compassion in the world againe is bred:
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

The end of the Epigrams.

ELEGIES.

Elegie I.

Jealoſie.

FOnd woman, which wouldſt have thy husbād die,
And yet complain'ſt of his great jealouſie:
If ſwoln with poyſon, he lay in his laſt bed,
His body with a ſere-barke covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and ſhort, as can
The nimbleſt crocheting Muſitian,
Ready with loathſome vomiting to ſpue
His ſoule out of one hell into a new,
Made deafe with his poore Kindreds howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd teares, great legacies,
Thou would'ſt not weep, but jolly, and frolick bee,
As a ſlave, which to morrow ſhould be free,
Yet weepſt thou, when thou ſeeſt him hungerly
Swallow his own death, hearts-bane jealouſie.
O give him many thankes, he is courteous:
That in ſuſpecting kindly warneth us,
We muſt not as we us'd, flout openly,
In ſcoffing riddles his deformity:
Nor at his boord together being ſat,
With words, nor touch, ſcarce lookes adulterate.
Nor when he ſwoln, and pamper'd with great fare
Sits down and ſnorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,

Muſt

Muſt we uſurpe his own bed any more,
Nor kiſſe and play in his houſe as before.
Now I ſee many dangers; for, it is
His realme, his caſtle, and his dioceſſe.
But if as envious men, which would reviſe
Their Prince, or coyn his Gold, themſelves exile
Into another countrey and doe it there,
We play in another houſe, what ſhould we feare?
There we will ſcorne his houſhold policies,
His ſeely plots, and penſionary ſpies,
As the inhabitants of Thames right ſide
Doe Londons Major; or Germans, the Popes pride.

Eleg. II.

The Anagram.

MArry, and love thy *Flavia*, for, ſhe
Hath all things, whereby others beauteous be;
For, though her eyes be ſmall, her mouth is great,
Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,
Though they be dimme, yet ſhee is light enough,
And though her harſh haire fall, her skin is tough;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red,
Give her thine, and ſhe hath a Maidenhead.
Theſe things are beauties elements, where theſe
Meet in one, that one muſt, as perfect, pleaſe.
If red and white, and each good qualitie
Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lie.
In buying things perfum'd, we aske, if there
Be muske and amber in it, but not, where.

Though all her parts be not in th'usuall place,
She hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that leane dearth of words what could we say?
When by the Gamut some Musitians make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it.
Things simply good, can never be unfit;
Shee's faire as any, if all be like her,
And if none be, then she is singular.
All love is wonder; if we justly doe
Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, soone as beauty, dies,
Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like Angels; the faire be
Like those which fell to worse: but such as she,
Like to good Angels nothing can impaire:
'Tis lesse griefe to be foule, then to have been faire.
For one nights revels, silk and gold we chuse,
But, in long journeys, cloth, and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say
There is best land, where there is foulest way.
Oh what a Soveraigne plaister will she be,
If thy past sinnes have taught thee jealousie!
Here needs no spies, nor eunuchs her commit
Safe to thy foes, yes, to a Marmosit.
When Besieged Cities the round countreys drown,
That dusty foulnesse guards and armes the town:
So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,
Which fear'd by leanenesse, absent oft must be,
She, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night,
Who, mightier then the Sea, makes Moores seem white,

Who

Who, though seven years, she in the Stewes had laid,
A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a Maid,
And though in childbeds labour she did lie,
Midwifes would sweare, 'twere but a tympanie,
Whom, if she accuse her selfe, I credit lesse
Than witches, which impossibles confesse,
One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were,
For, things in fashion every man will weare.

Elegie III.

Change.

Although thy hand and faith, & good works too
Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undoe,
Yea though thou fall back, that Apostasie
Confirme thy love, yet much, much I feare thee.
Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd if unknowne.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another Fouler using these meanes, as I,
May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,
Women are made for men, not him nor me.
Foxes & goates all beasts change when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,
Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
Idly make them apter to'endure than men?
They are our clogges, not their owne; if a man be
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley is free.
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should beare;

Though Danuby into the sea must flow;
The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po,
By nature, which gave it, this libertie.
Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and me?
Likenesse glues love: and if that thou so doe,
To make us like and love, must I change too?
More then thy hate, I hate it, rather let me
Allow her change, then change as oft as she,
And so not teach, but force my opinion,
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land, is captivity,
To runne all countries, a wild rogery;
Waters stinke soone, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more purified:
But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this
Never looke backe but the next banke doe kisse,
Then are they purest; Change is the nurserie
Of musick, joy, life, and eternitie.

ELEG. IV.

The Perfume.

ONce, and but once found in thy company,
All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on me;
And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there
By all the men that have been rob'd that yeare,
So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd)
By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes
As though he came to kill a Cocatrice,

Though

Though he hath oft ſworn, that he would remove
Thy beauties beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were ſeen,
Yet cloſe and ſecret, as our ſoules, we have been,
Though thy immortall mother which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to ſleep out day light,
And watch thy entries, and returnes all night,
And, when ſhe takes thy hand, and would ſeem kind
Doth ſearch what rings, and armelets ſhe can find,
And kiſſing notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing leſt thou art ſwoln, doth thee imbrace;
And to trie if thou long, doth name ſtrange meates,
And notes thy paleneſſe, t luſhing, ſighs, and ſweats;
And politiquely will to thee confeſſe
The ſinnes of her own youths ranke luſtineſſe;
Yet love theſe ſorceries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like Fairy Sprights
Oft skipt into our chamber, thoſe ſweet nights,
And kiſt, and ingled on thy fathers knee,
Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did ſee:
The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound ſerving-man
That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,
He that to barre the firſt gate doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Coloſſus ſtride,
Which, if in hell no other paines there were,
Makes me feare hell, becauſe he muſt be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witneſſe any touch or kiſſe,
But Oh, too common ill, I brought with me
That, which betray'd me to mine enemy:

A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
Even at thy fathers noſe, ſo were we ſpied,
When, like a Tyran King, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch ſhivered;
Had it been ſome bad ſmell, he would have thought
That his own feet, or breath, that ſmel had wrought.
But as we in our Ile impriſoned,
Where cattell onely, and divers dogs are bred,
The precious Unicornes, ſtrange monſters, call,
So thought he good, ſtrange, that had none at all,
I taught my ſilkes their whiſtling to forbeare,
Even my oppreſt ſhooes, dumb & ſpeechleſſe were,
Onely, thou bitter-ſweet, whom I had laid,
Next me, me traiterouſly haſt betraid,
And unſuſpected haſt inviſibly
At once fled unto him, and ſtaid with me.
Baſe excrement of earth, which doſt confound
Senſe, from diſtinguiſhing the ſick from ſound;
By thee the ſeely Amorous ſucks his death
By drawing in a leprous harlots breath,
By thee the greateſt ſtaine to mans eſtate
Fals on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
There, things that ſeem, exceed ſubſtantiall.
Gods, when yee ſum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Becauſe you were burnt, not that they lik'd your ſmel
You are loathſome all, being taken ſimply alone,
Shall we love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth ſoone decay;
And you are rare, that, takes the good away.
All my perfumes, I give moſt willingly
To embalme thy fathers corſe; What? will he die?

ELEG.

Eleg. V.

His Picture.

Here take my Picture: though I bid farewell:
Thine, in my heart, where my ſoule dwels, ſhall
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
When we are ſhadowes both, than 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come backe: my hand,
Perhaps with rude oares torn, or Sun-beams tann'd,
My face and breaſt of haire cloth, and my head
With cares harſh ſodaine hoarineſſe o'rſpread,
My body'a ſack of bones, broken within,
And powders blew ſtaines ſcatter'd on my skinne:
If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,
So foule, and coarſe, as, Oh, I may ſeem than,
This ſhall ſay what I was: and thou ſhalt ſay,
Doe his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
Or doe they reach his judging minde, that he
Should now love leſſe, what he did love to ſee?
That which in him was faire and delicate,
Was but the milke, which in loves childiſh ſtate
Did nurſe it: who now is growne ſtrong enough
To feed on that, which to weake taſts ſeems tough.

Eleg. VI.

O, let me not ſerve ſo, as thoſe men ſerve,
Whom honors ſmoaks at once fatten & ſterve:
Poorely

Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes:
Nor ſo write my name in thy loving bookes
As thoſe Idolatrous flatterers, which ſtill
Their Princes ſtiles, which many Realmes fulfill
Whence they no tribute have, and where no ſway.
Such ſervices I offer as ſhall pay
Themſelves. I hate dead names: Oh then let me
Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite be.
When my ſoule was in her own body ſheath'd;
Nor yet by oathes betroth'd nor kiſſes breath'd
Into my Purgatory, faithleſſe thee,
Thy heart ſeem'd waxe, and ſteele thy conſtancy:
So careleſſe flowers ſtrow'd on the waters face,
The curled whirlepooles ſuck, ſmack, and embrace,
Yet drown them; ſo, the tapers beamy eye
Amorouſly twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
Yet burnes his wings; and ſuch the Devill is,
Scarce viſiting them who are intirely his.
When I behold a ſtreame, which, from the ſpring,
Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
Or in a ſpeechleſſe ſlumber calmely ride
Her wedded channels boſome, and there chide
And bend her browes, and ſwell, if any bough,
Doe but ſtoop down to kiſſe her utmoſt brow:
Yet if her often gnawing kiſſes win
The traiterous bankes to gape, and let her in,
She ruſheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long-kept courſe,
And roares, and braves it, and in gallant ſcorne,
In flattering eddies promiſing return,
She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is drie;
Then ſay I; that is ſhe, and this am I.

Yet

Yet let not thy deep bitterneſſe beget
Careleſſe deſpaire in me, for that will whet
My minde to ſcorn; and Oh, love dull'd with pain
Was ne'r ſo wiſe, nor well arm'd as diſdaine.
Then with new eyes I ſhall ſurvey thee, and ſpie
Death in thy cheeks, and darkneſſe in thine eye;
Though hope breed faith & love thus taught, I ſhall
As nations doe from Rome, from thy love fall,
My hate ſhall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the Recuſant, in that reſolute ſtate
What hurts it me to be 'excommunicate?

ELEG. VII.

NAtures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that ſophiſtry, Oh, thou doſt prove
Too ſubtle: Foole thou didſt not underſtand
The myſtique language of the eye nor hand:
Nor couldſt thou judge the difference of the ayre
Of ſighes, and ſay, this lies, this ſounds deſpaire:
Nor by the'eyes water know a malady
Deſperately hot, or changing feverouſly.
I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
Of flowers, how they deviſefully being ſet
And bound up, might with ſpeechleſſe ſecrecy
Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.
Remember ſince, all thy words us'd to be
To every ſuitor, *I, if my friends agree.*
Since, houſhold charms, thy husbands name to teach
Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach:

And

And ſince, an houres diſcourſe could ſcarce have
One anſwer in thee, and that ill arraid (made
In broken proverbs, and torne ſentences,
Thou art not by ſo many duties his,
That from the worlds Comon having ſever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be ſeen, nor ſee,
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee into a bliſ-full Paradiſe.
Thy graces and good words my creatures be,
I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee:
Which, Oh, ſhall ſtrangers taſte? Muſt I alas
Frame and enamell Plate, and drink in glaſſe?
Chaſe wax for others ſeales? breake a colts force
And leave him then, being made a ready horſe?

Eleg. VIII.

The Compariſon.

As the ſweet ſweat of Roſes in a Still, (trill,
As that which from chaf'd Muskats pores doth
As the Almighty Balme of th'early Eaſt,
Such are the ſweat drops of my Miſtris breaſt,
And on her neck her skin ſuch luſtre ſets,
They ſeem no ſweat drops, but pearle coronets,
Ranke ſweaty froth thy Miſtreſſes brow defiles,
Like ſpermatique iſſue of ripe menſtruous boyles,
Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawleſſe law
Enforc'd, Sanſerra's ſtarved men did draw
From parboyl'd ſhoos and boores, and all the reſt
Which were with any ſoveraigne fatneſſe bleſt,

And

And like vile lying stones in saffrond tin,
Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her skin.
Round as the world's her head, on every side,
Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,
Or that whereof God had such jealousie,
As for the ravishing thereof we die.
Thy *head* is like a rough-hewn statue of jeat, (see:
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce
Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her imbrace.
Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,
Or Joves best fortunes urne, is her faire brest.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks, cloth'd in seals
Or grave, that's dust without, & stink within. (skin
And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands,
Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the russet skin
Of men late scourg'd for madnesse, or for sin;
Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tann'd skinnes lamentable state:
And like a bunch of ragged carrots stand
The short swoln fingers of thy gouty hand;
Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire,
Which in the Lymbecks warm womb doth inspire
Into th'earths worthlesse durt a soule of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.
Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna
Where round-about the grasse is burnt away,
Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
As a worme sucking an invenom'd soare?

Doth

Doth not thy fearfull hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowres, ſtill feares a ſnake?
Is not your laſt act harſh, and violent,
As when a plough a ſtony ground doth rent?
So kiſſe good Turtles, ſo devoutly nice
Are Prieſts in handling reverent ſacrifice,
And nice in ſearching wounds the Surgeon is,
As we, when we embrace, or toueh, or kiſſe;
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She and compariſons are odious.

ELEG. IX.

The Autumnall.

NO *Spring*, nor *Sũmers* Beauty hath ſuch grace,
As I have ſeen in one *Autumnall* face.
Young *Beauties* force your love, and that's a *Rape*,
This doth but *counſaile*, yet you cannot ſcape.
If 'twere a *ſhame* to love, here 'twere no *ſhame*:
Affections here take *Reverences* name.
Were her firſt years the *Golden Age*; That's true,
But now ſhe's *gold* oft tryed, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her habitable *Tropique clime*.
Faire eyes, who askes more heat than comes from hence,
He in a feaver wiſhes peſtilence.
Call not theſe wrincles *graves*: if *graves* they were
They were *Loves graves*: or elſe he is no where.
Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth ſit
Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*,

And

And here, till hers, which must be his *death*, come,
He doth not digge a *Grave*, but build a *Tombe*.
Here dwels he, though he sojourne ev'ry where,
In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here.
Here, where still *Evening* is, not *noone*, nor *night*;
Where no *voluptuousnesse*, yet all *delight*.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at *Revels*, you at *counsaile*, sit.
This is loves timber; youth his under-wood;
There he as wine in *June*, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonablest, when our taste
And appetite to other things, is past.
Xerxes strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being so old as shee,
Or else because, being young, nature did blesse
Her youth with ages glory, *Barrennesse*.
If we love things long sought, *Age* is a thing
Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.
If transitory things which soone decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
But name not *Winter-faces*, whose skin's slack,
Lanke, as an unthrifts purse; but a fooles sack;
Whose eyes seeke light within, for all here's shade;
Whose *mouthes* are holes, rather worne out, than
Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone, made
To vexe their soules at *Resurrection*.
Name not these living *Death-heads* unto me,
For these, not *Ancients*, but *Antiques* be:
I hate extreames: yet I had rather stay
With *Tombes* than *Cradles*, to weare out a day,
Since such loves naturall station is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill,

Not panting after growing beauties, ſo,
I ſhall ebbe on with them, who homeward goe.

Eleg. X.

The Dreame.

IMage of her whom I love, more than ſhe,
Whoſe faire impreſſion in my faithfull heart,
Makes me her *Medall*, and makes her love me,
As Kings doe coyns, to which their ſtamps impart
The value: goe, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me:
Honours oppreſſe weake ſpirits, and our ſenee
Strong objects dull; the more, the leſſe we ſee.
When you are gone, and *Reaſon* gone with you,
Then *Fantaſie* is Queen and Soule, and all;
She can preſent joyes meaner than you doe;
Convenient, and more proportionall.
So, if I dreame I have you, I have you:
For, all our joyes are but fantaſticall.
And ſo I ſcape the paine, for paine is true;
And ſleep which ſhuts up ſenſe, doth ſhut out all.
After a ſuch fruition I ſhall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing ſhall repent;
And ſhall to love more thankfull Sonets make,
Then if more *honour*, *teares*, and *paines* were
But deareſt heart, and dearer Image ſtay;
Alas, true joyes at beſt are *dreame* enough;
Though you ſtay here, you paſſe too faſt away:
For even at firſt lifes *Taper* is a ſnuffe.

Fill'd

Fill'd with her love, may I be rather growne
Mad with much *heart*, then *idiot* with none.

Eleg. XI.

Death.

LAnguage thou art too narrow, and too weak
To eaſe us now, great ſorrowes cannot ſpeak.
If we could ſigh out accents, and weep words,
Griefe weares, & leſſens, that teares breath affords;
Sad hearts, the leſſe they ſeem, the more they are,
(So guiltieſt men ſtand muteſt at the barre)
Not that they know not, feele not their eſtate,
But extreme ſenſe hath made them deſperate;
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be;
Tyran, in the firſt and greateſt Monarchy,
Was't that ſhe did poſſeſſe all hearts before,
Thou haſt kill'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'ſt thou ſome would, that knew her not, lament
As in a deluge periſh th'innocent?
Was't not enough to have that palace wonne,
But thou muſt raze it too, that was undone?
Hadſt thou ſtaid there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies,
For they let out more light than they tooke in,
They told not when, but did the day begin;
She was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee
Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
Alas, ſhe was too pure, but not too weak;
Who e'r ſaw Cryſtall Ordinance but would break?

And if we be thy conqueſt, by her fall
Th'haſt loſt thy end, in her we periſh all:
Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
That know her better now, who knew her well.
If we ſhould vapour out, and pine and die;
Since ſhe firſt went, that were not miſery:
She chang'd our world with hers: now ſhe is gone,
Mirth and and proſperity is oppreſſion:
For of all morall vertues ſhe was all,
That Ethickes ſpeake of vertues cardinall:
Her ſoule was Paradiſe: the Cherubin
Set to keep it was grace, that kept out ſin:
She had no more than let in death for we
All reape conſumption from one fruitfull tree:
God cooke her hence, leſt ſome of us ſhould love
Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above:
And when we teares, he mercy ſhed in this,
To raiſe our mindes to heaven, where now ſhe is:
Who if her vertues would have let her ſtay
We had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that ſtrange buſh, where, ſacred fire,
Religion, did not conſume, but 'inſpire
Such piety, ſo chaſte uſe of Gods day,
That what we turne to feaſt, ſhe turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here, in devout taſte,
The reſt of her high Sabbath, which ſhall laſt.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For ſhe was of that order whence moſt fell)
Her bodie's left with us, leſt ſome had ſaid,
She could not die, except they ſaw her dead;
For from leſſe vertue, and leſſe beauteouſneſſe,
The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddeſſes.

The

The ravenous earth that now woo's her to be
Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree
That wraps that Cryſtall in a wooden Tombe,
Shall be tooke up ſpruce, fill'd with diamonds:
And we her ſad glad friends all beare a part
Of griefe, for all would breake a Stoicks heart.

ELEG. IV.

Vpon the loſſe of his Miſtreſſes Chaine, for which he made ſatisfaction.

NOt that in colour it was like thy haire,
For Armelets of that thou maiſt let me weare:
Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kiſt,
For ſo it had that good, which oft I miſt:
Nor for that ſilly old morality,
That as theſe linkes were knit, our love ſhould be:
Mourne I that I thy ſeavenfold chaine have loſt:
Nor for the luck ſake; but the bitter coſt.
O, ſhall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile ſoder did admit,
Nor yet by any way have ſtraid or gone
From the firſt ſtate of their Creation,
Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithfull guide,
To gaine new friends, t'appeaſe great enemies:
To comfort my ſoule, when I lie or riſe,
Shall theſe twelve innocents, by thy ſeverer
Sentence (dread Iudge) my ſins great burden bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,

And punish for offences not their own?
They save not me, they doe not ease my paines,
When in that hell they're burnt & tyed in chains;
Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,
For, most of these, their Countreys naturall rot
I thinke possesseth, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous.
And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Jewishly;
Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,
That are become as Catholique as their King,
Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
That (more than Cannon shot Javailes or lets;
Which negligently left unrounded, looke
Like many angled figures, in the booke
Of some great Conjurer that would enforce
Nature, as these doe justice, from her course.
Which, as the soule quickens head, feet, and heart,
As streames like veines run through th'earth's every part,
Visit all Countries, and have silly made
Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd,
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day;
And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*:
Or were it such gold as that wherewithall
Almighty *Chymiques* from each minerall,
Having by subtile fire a soule out-pull'd,
Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:
I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
For, they are guilty of much hainous sin.
But, shall my harmlesse angels perish? Shall
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
Much hope which they should nourish will be dead.

Much of my able youth, and lusty head
Will vanish, if thou Love let them alone,
For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone,
And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer
Well pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groat, for hire,
May like a devill roare through every street,
And gall the finders conscience, if he meet.
Or let me creep to some dread Conjurer,
That with phantastique scenes fils full much paper:
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuft his rents
So full, that though he passe them all in sin,
He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent,
He say 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;
Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of destiny.

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine,
Though it be chang'd and put into a chaine,
So in the first false angels, resteth still
Wisdome and knowledge: but 'tis turn'd to ill:
As these should do good works, and should provide
Necessities: but now must nurse thy pride,
And they are still bad angels; Mine are none:
For forme gives being: and their forme is gone:
Pity these Angels yet: their dignities
Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities.

But, thou art resolute: Thy will be done:
Yet with such anguish, as her only sonne
The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Vnto the fire these Martyrs I betray.
Good soules, (for you give life to every thing)

Good Angels, (for good meſſages you bring)
Deſtin'd you might have been to ſuch an one,
As would have lov'd and worſhip'd you alone:
One that would ſuffer hunger, nakedneſſe,
Yea death, ere he would make your number leſſe.
But I am guilty of your ſad decay;
May your few-fellowes longer with me ſtay.

But ô thou wretched finder whom I hate
So, that I almoſt pity thy eſtate,
Gold being the heavieſt metall amongſt all:
May my moſt heavy curſe upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
Firſt mayſt thou be, then chaind to helliſh paines:
Or be with forraine gold brib'd to betray
Thy Countrey, and faile both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing thou ſtoop'ſt to reach, containe
Poyſon, whoſe nimble fume rot thy moiſt braine:
Or libels, or ſome interdicted thing,
Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.
Luſt-bred diſeaſes rot thee: and dwell with thee
Itching deſire, and no abilitie.
May all the evils that gold ever wrought;
All miſchiefe that all devils ever thought:
Want after plenty: poore and gouty age:
The plagues of travellers: love: marriage
Afflict thee, and at thy lives laſt moment,
May thy ſwolne ſinnes themſelves to thee preſent.

But, I forgive: repent thee honeſt man:
Gold is Reſtorative, reſtore it then:
But if from it thou beeſt loath to depart,
Becauſe 'tis cordiall, would 'twere at thy heart.

ELEG.

Eleg. XIII.

COme, Fates; I feare you not. All whom I owe
Are paid, but you. Then reſt me ere I goe.
But, Chance from you all ſoveraignty hath got,
Love woundeth none but thoſe whom death dares not:
Elſe, if you were, and juſt in equitie,
I ſhould have vanquiſh'd her as you did me.
Elſe Lovers ſhould not brave death's pains, and live:
But 'tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve.*
Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay'd
So deep in Lovers, they make death afraid?
Or (the leaſt comfort) have I company?
Or can the Fates love death, as well as me?
Yes, Fates doe ſilke unto her diſtaffe pay,
For ranſome, which taxe they on us doe lay:
Love gives her youth, which is the reaſon why
Youths, for her ſake, ſome wither and ſome die.
Poore death can nothing give: yet, for her ſake,
Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take.
And if death ſhould prove falſe, ſhe feares him not:
Our Muſes, to redeeme her ſhe hath got.
That fatall night we laſt kiſs'd, I thus pray'd,
(Or rather, thus deſpair'd: I ſhould have ſaid,)
Kiſſes, and yet deſpaire. The forbid tree
Did promiſe (and deceive) no more than ſhe.
Like Lambs that ſee their teats, and muſt eat Hay,
A food, whoſe taſte hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou ſaw'ſt bliſſe, and crav'dſt to touch
A drop of water, thy great paines were ſuch.

Here

Here griefe wants a freſh wit, for mine being ſpent
And my ſighes weary, groanes are all my rent,
Unable longer to endure the paine,
They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain.
Thus, till dry teares ſoulder mine eyes, I weep:
And then, I dreame, how you ſecurely ſleep.
And in your dreames doe laugh at me I hate,
And pray Love All may: He pities my ſtate,
But ſayes, I therein no revenge ſhall finde: (blind,
The Sunne would ſhine, though all the world were
Yet, to try my hate, Love ſhew'd me your teare:
And I had dy'd, had not your ſmile been there.
Your frown undoes me: your ſmile is my wealth:
And as you pleaſe to looke, I have my health.
Me thought Love pitying me, when he ſaw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes to kiſſe
That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave ſtrength,
And what is loſt in force, is tooke in length.
I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you ſo,
That his compaſſion ſtill prov'd greater woe:
For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durſt not feele, for feare't ſhould not be true.
This merits not our anger, had it been:
The Queen of chaſtitie was naked ſeen,
And in bed, not to feele the paine I tooke,
Was more then for *Actæon* not to looke,
And that breſt which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearneſſe, from a lump of ſnow.

ELEG. XIIII.

His parting from her.

SInce ſhe muſt goe, and I muſt mourne, come night
Environ me with darkneſſe, whilſt I write:
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to ſuffer when my ſoule is gone.
Have we for this kept guards, like ſpie o'r ſpie?
Had correſpondence whilſt the foe ſtood by?
Stolne (more to ſweeten them) our many bliſſes
Of meetings, conference, imbracements, kiſſes?
Shadow'd with negligence our moſt reſpects?
Varied our language through all dialects
Of becks, winkes, lookes, and often under boards
Spoake dialogues with our feet farre from words?
Have we prov'd all the ſecrets of our Art,
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
And, after all this paſſed Purgatory,
Muſt ſad divorce make us the vulgar ſtory?
Fortune, doe thy worſt, my friend and I have armes,
Though not againſt thy ſtrokes, againſt thy harmes.
Bend us, in ſunder thou canſt not divide
Our bodies ſo, but that our ſoules are ty'd,
And we can love by letters ſtill and gifts, (ſhifts,
And thoughts and dreames; Love never wanteth
I will not looke upon the quickning Sunne,
But ſtraight her beauty to my ſenſe ſhall runne;
The ayre ſhall note her ſoft, the fire moſt pure;
Waters ſuggeſt her cleare, and the earth ſure;

Time

Time ſhall not loſe our paſſages; The ſpring
How freſh our love was in the beginning;
The ſummer how it inripened the yeare;
And Autumne, what our golden harveſts were.
The winter I'll not thinke on to ſpite thee,
But count it a loſt ſeaſon, ſo ſhall ſhee.
And this to th'comfort of my Deare I vow,
My deeds ſhall ſtill be what my deeds are now;
The Poles ſhall move to teach me ere I ſtart;
And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
Nay, if I waxe but cold in my deſire,
Thinke, heaven hath motion loſt, and the world, fire,
Much more I could, but many words have made
That, oft, ſuſpected which men would perſwade;
Take therefore all in this; I love ſo true,
As I will never looke for leſſe in you.

ELEG. XV.

Julia.

HArke newes, ô envy, thou ſhalt heare deſcry'd
My *Julia*; who as yet was ne'r envy'd,
To vomit gall in ſlander, ſwell her vaines
With calumny, that hell it ſelfe diſdaines,
Is her continuall practice, does her beſt,
To teare opinion even out of the breſt
Of deareſt friends, and (which is worſe than vile)
Sticks jealouſie in wedlock, her own childe
Scapes not the ſhowres of envy: To repeate
The monſtrous faſhions, how; were alive to eate,

Deare

Deare reputation; Would to God ſhe were
But halfe ſo loath to act vice, as to heare
My milde reproofe: Liv'd *Mantuan* now againe,
That fœmall Maſtix to limme with his penne
This ſhe *Chymera* that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, anger feeds deſire,
Tongu'd like the night-crow, whoſe ill boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries.
Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*
That blaſts the ſprings though ne'r ſo proſperous.
Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to ſpill
The food of others, then her ſelfe to fill.
But oh her minde, that *Orcus*, which includes
Legions of miſchiefe, countleſſe multitudes
Of formleſſe curſes, projects unmade up,
Abuſes yet unfaſhion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Miſhapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
Inevitable errors, ſelf-accuſing loaths:
Theſe, like thoſe Atoms ſwarming in the Sun,
Throng in her boſome for creation.
I bluſh to give her halfe her due; yet ſay,
No poyſon's halfe ſo bad as *Julia*.

Eleg. XVI.

A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife.

I Sing no harme good ſooth to any wight,
To Lord or foole, Cuckold, begger or Knight,
To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
Reformed or reduced Captaine, Knave,

Officer

Officer, Judge, or Iuſtice of peace,
Iuror or Iudge; I touch no fat ſowes greaſe,
I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) ſay there are too many.
I feare not *ore tenus*, for my tale,
Nor Count nor Counſellour will looke red or pale,
A Citizen and his wife the other day
Both riding on one horſe, upon the way
Lovertooke, the wench a pretty peat,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat,
I ſaw the lecherous Citizen turne back
His head, and on his wifes lip ſteale a ſmack,
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before, to kiſſe his wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began
To ſort diſcourſe fit for ſo fine a man:
I ask'd the number of the Plaguing bill,
Ask'd if the Cuſtome Farmers held out ſtill,
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffique of the Iland ſeas had marr'd,
Whether the Britaine *Burſe* did fill apace,
And likely were to give th'Exchange diſgrace;
Of new-built *Algate*, and the *Moore-field* croſſes,
Of ſtore of Bankrouts, and poore Merchants loſſes,
I urged him to ſpeake; But he (as mute
As an old Courtier worne to his laſt ſuite)
Replies with onely yeas and nayes; At laſt
(To fit his element) my theame I caſt
On Tradeſmens gaines, that ſet his tongue a going,
Alas, good ſir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
In Court nor City now: ſhe ſmil'd and I,
And (in my conſcience) both gave him the lie.

In

In one met thought: but he went on apace,
And at the preſent time with ſuch a face
He rail'd, as fraid me: for he gave no praſe,
To any but my Lord of *Eſſex* dayes:
Call'd that the age of action: true (quoth I)
There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
For, put to puſh of pay, away they run:
Our onely City trades of hope now are
Bawds, Tavern keepers, Whores and Scriveners,
The much of Priviledg'd kinſmen, and ſtore
Of freſh protections make the reſt all poore:
In the firſt ſtate of their Creation,
Though many ſtoutly ſtand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-maſter. Thus ranne he on
In a continued rage: ſo void of reaſon
Seem'd his harſh talke, I ſweat for feare of treaſon.
And (troth) how could I leſſe? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wiſe Lord Major,
And his wiſe brethrens worſhips, when one prayeth
He ſwore that none could ſay Amen with faith.
To get him from what I glowed to heare,
(In happy time) an Angel did appeare,
The bright ſigne of a lov'd and well-try'd Inne,
Where many Citizens with their wives had been,
Well us'd and often: there I pray'd him ſtay,
To take ſome due refreſhment by the way,
Looke how he look'd that hid the gold (his hope)
And at returne found nothing but a Rope,
So he at me: refus'd and made away,
Though willing ſhe pleaded a weary ſtay:
I found my miſſe, ſtruck hands, and praid him well

(To

(To hold acquaintance ſtill) where he did dwell
He barely nam'd the ſtreet, promis'd the Wine,
But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

ELEG. XVII.

The Expoſtulation.

TO make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true
Was it my fate to prove it ſtrong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed pureſt ayre,
And muſt ſhe needs be falſe, becauſe ſhe's faire?
Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth,
Or your perfection not to ſtudy truth?
Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes,
Or thoſe it hath, ſmile at your perjuries?
Are vowes ſo cheape with women, or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with winde? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought ſo many accents ſweet
Form'd into words, ſo many ſighes ſhould meet
As from our hearts, ſo many oathes, and teares
Sprinkled among, (all ſweetned by our feares,)
And the divine impreſſion of ſtolne kiſſes,
That ſeal'd thereſt, ſhould now prove empty bliſſes?
Did you draw bonds to forfet? ſigne to breake?
Or muſt we reade you quite from what you ſpeake,
And finde the truth out the wrong way? or muſt
He firſt deſire you falſe, would wiſh you juſt?
O! prophane; though moſt of women be

This

This kinde of beaſt, my thoughts ſhall except thee
My deareſt love; though froward jealouſie,
With circumſtance might urge thy inconſtancy,
Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will ceaſe to cheare
The teeming earth, and *that* forget to heare:
Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
With ribs of Ice in *June* will bind his ſtreames;
Or Nature, by whoſe ſtrength the world indures,
Would change her courſe, before you alter yours.
But ô that trecherous breſt, to whom weak you
Did truſt our Counſels, and we both may rue,
Having his falſhood found too late, 'twas he
That made me caſt you guilty, and you me,
Whilſt he, black wretch, betray'd each ſimple word
We ſpake, unto the cunning of a third;
Curſt may he be, that ſo our love hath ſlain,
And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*,
Wretched as he, and not deſerve leaſt pitie;
In plaguing him, let miſery be witty.
Let all eyes ſhun him, and he ſhun each eye,
Till he be noyſome as his infamy;
May he without remorſe deny God thrice,
And not be truſted more on his Soules price;
And after all ſelfe-torment, when he dyes,
May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his falſer tongue
That utter'd all, be to ſome Raven flung,
And let his carrion coarſe be a longer feaſt
To the Kings dogges, then any other beaſt.
Now have I curſt, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive;
I could begin againe to court and praiſe,

And in that pleaſure lengthen the ſhort dayes
Of my lifes leaſe; Like Painters that doe take
Delight, not in made works, but whiles they make.
I could renew thoſe times, when firſt I ſaw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd; and at Maskes and Playes
Commend the ſelfe-ſame Actors, the ſame wayes;
Aske how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were ſuch ſoft paſtimes, as in theſe
Love was as ſubtilly catch'd, as a diſeaſe;
But being got, it is a treaſure ſweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get:
And ought not be prophan'd, on either part,
For though 'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*.

The end of the Elegies.

EPI-

EPITHALAMIONS,
OR,
MARRIAGE SONGS.

An Epithalamion, or marriage Song on the Lady Elizabeth, *and* Count Palatine *being married on* St. Valentines *day.*

I.

HAile Biſhop Valentine, whoſe day this is,
All the Aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choriſters,
And other birds are thy Pariſhioners,
Thou marryeſt every yeare
The Lirique Larke, and the grave whiſpering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The houſhold Bird, with the red ſtomacher,
Thou mak'ſt the Black-bird ſpeed as ſoon,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcion;
The husband cock lookes out, and ſtraight is ſped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully than ever ſhine.
This day, which might inflame thy ſelfe, old Valen-

II.

Till now, Thou warm'dſt with multiplying loves
Two Larks, two Sparrowes, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day coupleſt two Phœnixes.
Thou mak'ſt a Taper ſee
What the Sun never ſaw, and what the Arke
(Which was of fowle, and beaſts the cage and park,)
Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,
Two Phœnixes, whoſe joyned breſts
Are unto one another mutuall neſts.
Where motion kindles ſuch fires, as ſhall give
Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old ſhall live.
Whoſe love and courage never ſhall decline, (tine.
But make the whole yeare through, thy day, ô alen-

III.

Up then faire Phœnix Bride, fruſtrate the Sun;
Thy ſelfe from thine affection
Tak'ſt warmth enough, and from thine eye
All leſſers birds will take their jollitie.
Vp, up, faire Bride, and call
Thy ſtars from out their ſeverall boxes, take
Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make
Thy ſelfe a Conſtellation of them All.
And by their blazing ſignifie,
That a great Princeſſe fals, but doth not die;
Be thou a new ſtarre, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; And be thou thoſe ends.

Since

Since thou doſt this day in new glory ſhine,
May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

IIII.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
Meeting another, growes the ſame:
So meet thy *Fredericke*, and ſo
To an unſeparable union go,
Since ſeparation
Fals not on ſuch things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can diſ-unite.
You'are twice inſeparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the Biſhop ſtayes,
To make you one, his way, which divers wayes
Muſt be effected; and when all is paſt,
And that y'are one, by hearts and hands made faſt,
You two have one way left, your ſelves t'entwine,
Beſides this Biſhops knot, ô Biſhop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ayles the Sunne, that here he ſtayes,
Longer to day, than other dayes?
Stayes he new light from theſe to get?
And finding here ſuch ſtarres, is loath to ſet?
And why doe you two walke,
So ſlowly pac'd in this proceſſion?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others ſpectacle and talke?
The feaſt with gluttonous delayes
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praiſe,

The Maſquers come late, and I thinke, will ſtay,
Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas did not Antiquitie aſſigne
A night as well as day, to thee, O Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come: and yet we ſee
Formalities retarding thee.
What meane theſe Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in peeces) goe
So nicely about the Bride?
A bride before a Good night could be ſaid,
Should vaniſh from her cloathes, into her bed,
As ſoules from bodies ſteale, and are not ſpy'd.
But now ſhe is laid: What though ſhe be?
Yet there are more delayes; For, where is he?
He comes & paſſeth through Spheare after Spheare:
Firſt her ſheets, then her Armes, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII.

Here lies a ſhe Sunne, and a he Moone there,
She gives the beſt light to his Spheare,
Or each is both, and all, and ſo
They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they doe, but are
So juſt and rich in that coyne which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs forbeare, nor ſtay,
Neither deſires to be ſpar'd, nor to ſpare,

They

They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquitances, but pay againe;
They pay, they give, they lend, and ſo let fall
No ſuch occaſion to be liberall.
More truth, more courage in theſe two doe ſhine,
Then all thy turtles have, and ſparrowes, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of theſe two Phœnixes
Nature againe reſtored is,
For ſince theſe two are two no more,
There's but one Phœnix ſtill, as was before.
Reſt now at laſt, and we
(As Satyrs watch the Sunnes upriſe) will ſtay
Waiting when your eyes opened, let out day,
Onely deſir'd becauſe your face we ſee;
Others neare you ſhall whiſpering ſpeake,
And wagers lay, at which ſide day will breake,
And winne by obſerving, then, whoſe hand it is
That opens firſt a curtaine, hers or his;
This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
Till which houre, we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

ECLOGVE.

1613. *December* 26.

Allophanes *finding* Idios *in the Countrey in Chriſtmas time, reprehends his abſence from Court, at the marriage of the Earle of Somerſet;* Idios *gives an account of his purpoſe therein, and of his actions there.*

Allophanes.

UNſeaſonable man, ſtatue of Ice,
What could to Countries ſolitude entice
Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?
Natures inſtinct drawes to the warmer clime:
Even ſmaller birds, who by that courage dare,
In numerous fleets, ſaile through their Sea, the ayre.
What delicacy can in fields appeare,
Whil'ſt Flora her ſelfe doth a freeze Jerkin weare?
Whil'ſt winds doe all the trees and hedges ſtrip
Of leaves, to furniſh roddes enough to whip
Thy madneſſe from thee, and all ſprings by froſt
Having taken cold, and their ſweet murmures loſt?
If thou thy faults or fortunes would'ſt lament
With juſt ſolemnity, doe it in Lent:
At Court the ſpring already advanced is,

The Sunne ſtayes longer up ; and yet not his
The glory is, farre other, other fires :
Firſt, zeale to Prince and State ; then loves deſires
Burn in one breſt and like heavens two great lights,
The firſt doth govern dayes, the other, nights.
And then that early light which did appeare
Before the Sunne and Moone created were :
The Princes favour is diffus'd o'r all,
From which all fortunes, Names, and natures fall ;
Then from thoſe wombes of ſtars, the Brides bright eyes,
At every glance, a conſtellation flies,
And ſowes the Court with ſtars, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament ;
Firſt her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
Then from their beames their jewels luſters riſe,
And from their jewels torches doe take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good deſire.
Moſt other Courts, alas, are like to hell, (dwell:
Where in darke plots, fire without light doth
Or but like Stoves, for luſt and envy get
Continuall, but artificiall heat ;
Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds digeſt,
And make our Court an everlaſting Eaſt.
And canſt thou be from thence ?

Idios. No, I am there,
As heaven, to men diſpos'd, is every where :
So are thoſe Courts, whoſe Princes animate,
Not onely all their houſe, but all their State.
Let no man thinke, becauſe he is full, he hath all,
Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall
Not onely in fulneſſe, but capacity,

Enlarging

Enlarging narrow men to feel and ſee,
And comprehend the bleſſings they beſtow.
So reclus'd Hermits oftentimes doe know
More of heavens glory, than a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man,
Is an epitome of Gods great booke
Of creatures, and man need no farther looke;
So is the Coũtry of Courts, where ſweet peace doth
As their own common ſoule, give life to both.
And am I then from Court?

Allophanes. Dreamer thou art.
Think'ſt thou fantaſtique, that thou haſt a part
In the Indian fleet, becauſe thou haſt
A little ſpice, or Amber in thy taſte?
Becauſe thou art not frozen, art thou warme?
Seeſt thou all good becauſe thou ſeeſt no harme?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuffe well diſpos'd, and which would faine be gold:
But never ſhall, except it chance to lye,
So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
As, for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for beſt civil uſe, all tinctures move
From higher powers; from God religion ſprings;
Wiſdome, and honour from the uſe of Kings;
Then unbeguile thy ſelfe, and know with me,
That Angels, though on earth employ'd they be,
Are ſtill in heav'n, ſo is he ſtill at home
That doth, abroad, to honeſt actions come:
Chide thy ſelfe then, O foole, which yeſterday
Might'ſt have read more than all thy books bewray:
Haſt thou a hiſtory, which doth preſent

A Court, where all affections doe aſſent
Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are juſt?
And where it is no levitie to truſt,
Where there is no ambition but t'obey,
Where men need whiſper nothing, and yet may;
Where the Kings favours are ſo plac'd, that all
Finde that the King therein is liberall
To them, in him, becauſe his favours bend
To vertue, to the which they all pretend.
Thou haſt no ſuch; yet here was this, and more.
An earneſt lover, wiſe then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath ſued Liverie,
And is no more in his minoritie,
He is admitted now into that breſt
Where the Kings Counſels and his ſecrets reſt.
What haſt thou loſt, ô ignorant man?

Idios.

I knew
All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.
To know and feele all this, and not to have
Words to expreſſe it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts; I would not therefore ſtay
At a great feaſt, having no Grace to ſay.
And yet I ſcap'd not here; for being come
Full of the common joy; I utter'd ſome,
Reade then this nuptiall ſong, which was not made
Either the Court or mens hearts to invade,
But ſince I'm dead and buried, I could frame
No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poore ſong, which teſtifies
I did unto that day ſome ſacrifice.

The

I.

The time of the Marriage.

THou art repriev'd old year, thou ſhalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And ſhould'ſt within five dayes expire,
Yet thou art reſcu'd from a mightier fire,
Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,
When he doth in his largeſt circle runne.
The paſſage of the Weſt or Eaſt would thaw,
And open wide their eaſie liquid jaw
To all our ſhips, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northerne Pole impart (heart.
The fire of theſe inflaming eyes, or of this loving

II.

Equalitie of perſons.

But undiſcerning Muſe, which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple, doſt thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tryed by beauty, and than
The bridegroome is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be tryed,
Which ſcornes unjuſt opinion; then the Bride
Becomes a man. Should chance or envies Art

Divide

Divide theſe two, whom nature ſcarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the lo-
(ving heart?

III.

Rayſing of the Bridegroome.

Though it be ſome divorce to think of you
Single, ſo much one are you two.
Let me here contemplate thee,
Firſt, chearfull Bridegroome, and firſt let me ſee,
How thou prevent'ſt the Sunne,
And his red foaming horſes doſt outrunne,
How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes breſt
All buſineſſes, from thence to reinveſt
Them when theſe triumphs ceaſe, thou forward art
To ſhew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eies, & of thy loving heart.

IIII.

Rayſing of the Bride.

BVt now to Thee, faire Bride, it is ſome wrong,
To thinke thou wert in Bed ſo long.
Since Soone thou lieſt down firſt, 'tis fit
Thou in firſt riſing ſhouldſt allow for it.
Pouder thy Radiant haire,
Which if without ſuch aſhes thou would'ſt weare,
Thou which, to all which come to looke upon,
Wert

Were meant for Phœbus, would'ſt be Phaeton.
For our eaſe, give thine eyes the unuſuall part
Of joy, a Teare; ſo quencht, thou maiſt impart, (heart
To us that com, thy inflaming eies; to him, thy loving

V.

Her apparelling.

THus thou deſcend'ſt to our infirmitie,
Who can the Sunne in water ſee.
So doſt thou, when in ſilke and gold,
Thou cloudſt thy ſelfe; ſince we which doe behold
Are duſt and wormes, 'tis juſt
Our Objects be the fruits of wormes and duſt.
Let every Jewell be a glorious ſtarre,
Yet ſtarres are not ſo pure, as their ſpheares are.
And though thou ſtoope, to appeare to us in part,
Still in that Picture thou intirely art, (loving heart.
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his

VI.

Going to the Chappell.

NOw from your Eaſts you iſſue forth, and we,
As men which through a Cypres ſee
The riſing Sunne, doe thinke it two;
So, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you:
But that vaile being gone,

By

By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth ſtrive no more.
Then, reverend Prieſt, who Gods Recorder art,
Doe, from his Dictates, to theſe two impart
All bleſſings which are ſeen, or thought, by Angels eye or heart.

VII.

The Benediction.

Bleſt paire of Swans, Oh may you interbring,
Daily, new joyes, and never ſing:
Live, till all grounds of wiſhes faile,
Till honour, yea till wiſedome grow ſo ſtale,
That new great heights to trie,
It muſt ſerve your ambition, to die;
Raiſe heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live
Heires from this King, to take thankes, you, to give.
Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art,
May never age, or errour overthwart this heart.
With any Weſt, theſe radiant eyes, with any North,

VIII.

Feaſts and Revels.

But you are over-bleſt. Plenty this day
Injures; it cauſeth time to ſtay;

The

The tables groane, as though this feaſt
Would, as the flood, deſtroy all fowle and beaſt.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revell goes,
They tread the ayre, and fall not where they roſe.
Though ſixe houres ſince, the Sunne to bed did part,
The maskes and banquets will not yet impart
A ſunſet to theſe weary eyes, A Center to this heart,

IX.

The Brides going to bed.

What mean'ſt thou Bride, this company to keep?
To ſit up, till thou faine wouldſt ſleep?
Thou maiſt not, when thou art laid, doe ſo.
Thy ſelfe muſt to him a new banquet grow,
And you muſt entertaine
And doe all this dayes dances o'r againe.
Know that if Sunne and Moone together doe
Riſe in one point, they doe not ſet ſo too.
Therefore thou maiſt, faire Bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone where e'r thou art,
Thou leav'ſt in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy
loving heart.

X.

X.

The Bridegroomes comming.

As he that ſees a ſtarre fall, runnes apace,
And finds a gellie in the place,
So doth the Bridegroome haſt as much,
Being told this ſtarre is falne, and findes her ſuch.
And as friends may looke ſtrange,
By a new faſhion, or apparels change:
Their ſouls, though long acquainted they had been,
Theſe cloths their bodies never yet had ſeen,
Therefore at firſt ſhe modeſtly might ſtart,
But muſt forthwith ſurrender every part, (heart,
As freely, as each to each before, gave either hand or

XI.

The good-night.

Now, as in Tullia's Tombe, one lamp burnt cleare,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred yeare,
May theſe love-lamps we here enſhrine,
In warmth, light, laſting, equall the divine.
Fire ever doth aſpire,
And makes all like it ſelfe, turnes all to fire,
But ends in aſhes, which theſe cannot doe,
For none of theſe is fuell; but fire too.
This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves ſtrong Arts

Make of ſo noble individuall parts
One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts,

Idios.
As I have brought this ſong, that I may doe
A perfect ſacrifice, I'll burne it too.

Allophanes.
No Sir, This paper I have juſtly got,
For in burnt Incenſe the perfume is not
His onely that preſents it, but of all;
What ever celebrates this Feſtivall
Is common, ſince the joy thereof is ſo.
Nor may your ſelfe be Prieſt: but let me go
Backe to the Court, and I will lay't upon
Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne.

THe Sun-beames in the Eaſt are ſpred,
Leave, leave, faire Bride, your ſolitary bed,
No more ſhall you returne to it alone,
It nourſeth ſadneſſe; and your bodies print,
Like to a grave, the yeelding Downe doth dint;
You and your other You meet there anon, (thigh,
Put forth, put forth, that warme balm-breathing
Which when next time you in theſe ſheets will ſmo-
There it muſt meet another, (ther,
Which never was, but muſt be, oft, more nigh;
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Daughters

Daughters of London, you which be
Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasury,
You which are Angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of Angels on your marriage dayes,
Helpe with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewell,
Make her for love fit fuell
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;
So may she faire and rich, in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

And you frolique Patricians,
Sonnes of those Senatours, wealths deepe oceans,
Ye painted Courtiers, barrels of others wits,
Yee country men, who but your beasts love none,
Yee of those Fellowships, whereof hee's one,
Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits,
Here shine; This bridegroom to the temple bring,
Loe, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers gra-
The sober virgin paceth; ceth,
Except my sight faile, 'tis no other thing.
Weepe not, nor blush, here is no griefe nor shame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy two leav'd gates faire Temple unfold.
And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,
Till, mystically joyn'd but one they be;
Then may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe
Long time expect their bodies, and their tombe,
Long after their owne parents fatten thee.
All elder claimes, and all cold barrennesse,

All yeelding to new loves be farre for ever,
Which might theſe two diſſever,
Alwayes, all th'other may each one poſſeſſe;
For, the beſt Bride, beſt worthy of praiſe and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Winter dayes bring much delight,
Not for themſelves, but for they ſoone bring night;
Other ſweets wait thee then theſe diverſe meats,
Other diſports then dancing jollities,
Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,
But that the Sun ſtill in our halfe Spheare ſweats;
He flies in winter, but he now ſtands ſtill,
Yet ſhadowes turne; Noone point he hath attain'd,
His ſteeds will be reſtrain'd,
But gallop lively downe the Weſterne hill, (frame,
Thou ſhalt, when he hath runne the Heavens halfe
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

The Amorous evening ſtarre is roſe,
Why then ſhould not our amorous ſtarre incloſe
Her ſelfe in her wiſh'd bed? Releaſe your ſtrings;
Muſitians, and dancers take ſome truce
With theſe your pleaſing labours, for great uſe
As much wearineſſe as perfection brings.
You, and not onely you, but all toyl'd beaſts
Reſt duly; at night all their toyles are diſpenced;
But in their beds commenced
Are other labours, and more dainty feaſts.
She goes a maid, who, leſt ſhe turne the ſame,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy

Thy virgins girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptiall bed [loves altar] lie
A pleaſing ſacrifice; now diſpoſſeſſe
Thee of theſe chaines & robes, which were put on
T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
Like vertue, and truth, art beſt in nakedneſſe;
This bed is onely to virginitie
A grave, but to a better ſtate, a cradle,
Till now thou waſt but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be ſaid, *I may be*, but *I am*,
To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

Even like a faithfull man content,
That this life for a better ſhould be ſpent:
So ſhe a mothers rich ſile doth preferre,
And at the Bridegroomes wiſh't approach doth lie,
Like an appointed Lambe, when tenderly
The prieſt comes on his knees, t'imbowell her.
Now ſleep or watch with more joy; and O light
Of heaven, to morrow riſe thou hot, and early,
This Sun will love ſo dearly
Her reſt, that long, long we ſhall want her ſight;
Wonders are wrought, for ſhe which had no name,
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

The end of the Epithalamions, or Marriage Songs.

SATYRES.

Satyre I.

AWay thou changeling motley humoriſt,
Leave me, and in this ſtanding wooden cheſt,
Conſorted with theſe few bookes, let me lye
In priſon, and here be coffin'd, when I dye.
Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines; and here
Natures ſecretary, the Philoſopher:
And wily Stateſmen, which teach how to tie
The ſinewes of a Cities myſtick body;
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them ſtand
Giddie fantaſtique Poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this conſtant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertaine thee?
Firſt, ſweare by thy beſt love here, in earneſt
(If thou which lov'ſt all, canſt love any beſt)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle ſtreet, (meet,
Though ſome more ſpruce companion thou doſt
Not though a Captaine doe come in thy way
Bright parcell guilt, with forty dead mens pay:
Not though a briske perfum'd pert Courtier
Deigne with a nod, thy courteſie to anſwer:
Nor come a velvet Juſtice with a long
Great train of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen-ſtrõg,
Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
A ſpeech to Court his beauteous ſonne and heire?

For

For better or worſe take me, or leave me:
To take, and leave me is adultery.
Oh monſtrous, ſuperſtitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,
That when thou meet'ſt one, with enquiring eyes
Doſt ſearch, and like a needy broker prize
The ſilke and gold he weares and to that rate
So high or low, doſt raiſe thy formall hat.
That wilt conſort none, untill thou have knowne
What lands he hath in hope, or of his owne.
As though all thy companions ſhould make thee
Joyntures, and marry thy deare company.
Why ſhould'ſt thou (that doſt not onely approve,
But in ranke itchy luſt, deſire, and love,
The nakedneſſe and barrenneſſe to enjoy,
Of thy plumpe muddy whore, proſtitute boy;)
Hate vertue, though ſhe be naked and bare?
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And, till our Soules be unapparelled
Of bodies, they from bliſſe are baniſhed:
Mans firſt bleſt ſtate was naked; when by ſinne
He loſt that, he was cloath'd but in beaſts skinne,
And in this coarſe attire, which I now weare,
With God, and with the Muſes I conferre.
But ſince thou like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy ſinnes doſt repent
Theſe vanities, and giddineſſes, loe
I ſhut my chamber doore, and come, let's goe.
But ſooner may a cheape whore, who hath bin
Worne out by as many ſeverall men in ſin,
As are black feathers, or muske-coloured hoſe,
Name her childs right true father, 'mongſt all thoſe:

Sooner may one gueſſe, who ſhall beare away
The infant of London, Heire to an India:
And ſooner may a gulling Weather-ſpie
By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly
What faſhion'd hats, or ruffes, or ſuits next yeare
Our ſubtill wittied antick youths will weare:
Then thou, when thou depart'ſt from me, can ſhow
Whither, why, when, or with who thou would'ſt go.
But how ſhall I be pardon'd my offence
That thus have ſinn'd againſt my conſcience?
Now we are in the ſtreet; he firſt of all
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall;
And ſo impriſon'd, and hem'd in by me
Sels for a little ſtate his liberty;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine ſilken painted foole we meet,
He them to him with amorous ſmiles allures,
And grins, ſmacks, ſhrugs, and ſuch an itch endures,
As Prentiſes or Schooleboyes which doe know
Of ſome gay ſport abroad, yet dare not goe.
And as fidlers ſtop loweſt at higheſt ſound,
So to the moſt brave, ſtoopes he nigh'ſt the ground.
But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wiſe politique horſe would heretofore,
Or thou ô Elephant, or Ape wilt doe,
When any names the King of Spaine to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, & cries, Doe you ſee
Yonder well-favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee
That dances ſo divinely; Oh ſaid I,
Stand ſtill, muſt you dance here for company?
He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excell
Th'Indians in drinking his Tobacco well)

Met

Met us : they talk'd ; I whiſpered, Let us goe,
'T may be you ſmell him not, truely I doe.
He heares not me, but, on the other ſide
A many coloured Peacock having ſpide,
Leaves him and me; I for my loſt ſheep ſtay;
He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, Him whom I laſt left, all repute
For his device in hanſoming a ſuit,
To Judge of lace, pinke, panes, print cut, and pleit,
Of all the Court to have the beſt conceit;
Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;
But, oh God ſtrengthen thee, why ſtopp'ſt thou ſo?
Why hath he travelled long? no, but to me
Which underſtand none, he doth ſeeme to be
Perfect French, and Italian. I reply'd,
So is the Poxe. He anſwer'd not. but ſpy'd
More men of ſort, of parts and qualities,
At laſt his love he in a window ſpies,
And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from me
Violently raviſhed to his lechery.
Many there were, he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of door
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And conſtantly a while muſt keepe his bed.

Satyre II.

SIR; though (I thanke God for it) I doe hate
Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,
That hate toward them, breeds pity toward the reſt.

Though

Though Poetry indeed be ſuch a ſin,
As I thinke That brings dearth, and Spaniards in:
Though like the Peſtilence, and old faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poore, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate:
One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead
Yet prompts him which ſtãds next, & cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors meanes,
Starving himſelfe to live by his labour'd ſceanes.
As in ſome Organ, Puppits dance above
And bellows pant below, wch them do move, (charms
One would move love by rythmes; but witchcrafts
Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harms.
Rammes, and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt Artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doores for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt, who (beggerly) doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,
As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true,
For if one eate my meat, though it be knowne
The meat was mine, th'excrement is his owne.
But theſe doe me no harme, nor they which uſe
To out-doe Dildoes, and out-uſure Jewes,
To out-drinke the ſea, to out-ſweare the gallant, he
Who with ſinnes all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinfull ſake
Schoolmen, new tenements in hell muſt make:

Whoſe

Whoſe ſtrange ſinnes, Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandements large receit they dwell,
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of Coſcus, onely, breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches
And plodding on, muſt make a calfe an oxe) (poxe,
Hath made a Lawyer; which, (alas) of late
But ſcarce a Poet; jollier of this ſtate,
Then are new benefic'd miniſters, he throwes
Like nets, or limetwigs, whereſoever he goes.
His title of Barriſter, on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion Lady: Speake Coſcus. I have beene
In love ever ſince *triceſimo* of the Queene.
Continuall claimes I have made, injunctions got
To ſtay my rivals ſuit, that he ſhould not
Proceed, ſpare me; in Hillary terme I went,
You ſaid, If I return'd next ſize in Lent,
I ſhould be in Remitter of your grace;
In th'interim my letters ſhould take place
Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would teare
The tender labyrinth of a ſoft maids eare.
More, more, than ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when windes in our ruin'd Abbyes rore.
When ſicke with Poetry, and poſſeſt with muſe
Thou waſt. and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law practice for meere gaine; bold ſoule repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owle-like watchman he muſt walke
His hand ſtill at a bill, now he muſt talke
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear
That onely ſuretyſhip, hath brought them there,

And

And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a Kings favorite, or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like Aſſes, and more ſhameleſſe farre
Than carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Churchmens lives,
As theſe things doe in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as the ſea) he will compaſſe all the land;
From Scots, to Wight; from Mount to Dover ſtrand.
And ſpying heires melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſinnes, as he.
For as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitching-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuffe
Of waſting candles, which in thirty yeare
(Reliquely kept) perchance buyes wedding geare;
Peecemeale he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as his fields, he drawes
Aſſurances, big, as gloſs'd civill lawes,
So huge, that men (in our times forwardneſſe)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſſe.
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,
Therefore ſpares no length (as in thoſe firſt dayes
Where Luther was profeſt, He did deſire
Short *Pater noſters*, ſaying as a Fryer
Each day his beads, but having left thoſe lawes,
Adds to Chriſts prayer, the power and glory clauſe.)
But when he ſels or changes land, h'impaires
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ſes heires*,
As ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity

As

As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out(doubt.
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the
Where are thoſe ſpred woods wch cloth'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lāds? not built, nor burnt within dore.
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In hals
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Meane's bleſt. In rich mens homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no Hecatombs,
None ſtarve, none ſurfet ſo. But (Oh) we allow
Good workes, as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th'huge ſtatute lawes.

Satyre III.

KInd pity checks my ſpleen; brave ſcorn forbids
Thoſe tears to iſſue, which ſwell my eye-lids.
I muſt not laugh, nor weepe ſinnes, and be wiſe,
Can railing then cure theſe worne maladies?
Is not our Miſtreſſe faire Religion,
As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
As vertue was to the firſt blinded Age?
Are not heavens joyes as valiant to aſſwage
Luſts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
As we doe them in meanes, ſhall they ſurpaſſe
Us in the end? and ſhall thy fathers ſpirit
Meet blind Philoſophers in heaven, whoſe merit
Of ſtrict life may be imputed faith, and heare
Thee, whom he taught ſo eaſie wayes and neare
To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'ſt, feare this:
This feare great courage and high valour is.

Dar'ſt

Dar'ſt thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'ſt thou lay
Thee in ſhips wooden Sepulchers, a prey
To leaders rage, to ſtormes, to ſhot, to dearth?
Dar'ſt thou dive ſeas, and dungeons of the earth?
Haſt thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North diſcoveries, and thrice
Colder than Salamanders? like divine
Children in th'Oven, fires of Spaine, and the line
Whoſe Countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canſt thou for gaine beare? and muſt every he
Which cries not, Goddeſſe, to thy Miſtreſſe, draw
Or eat thy poyſonous words? courage of ſtraw!
O deſperate coward, wilt thou ſeeme bold, and
To thy foes and his, (who made thee to ſtand
Sentinell in his worlds garriſon) thus yeeld,
And for forbid warres leave th'appointed field?
Know thy foes; The foul devill, he, whom thou
Striv'ſt to pleaſe, for hate, not love, would allow
Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as
The worlds all parts wither away and paſſe,
So the worlds ſelfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this,
Doſt love a withered and worne ſtrumper; laſt,
Fleſh (it ſelfes death) and joyes which fleſh can taſt,
Thou loveſt; and thy faire goodly ſoule, which doth
Give this fleſh power to taſt joy, thou doſt loath.
Seeke true religion, O where? Mirreus
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seekes her at Rome, there, becauſe he doth know
That ſhe was there a thouſand yeares agoe,
And loves the ragges ſo, as we here obey
The ſtatecloth where the Prince ſat yeſterday.

Crants

Crants to ſuch brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plaine, ſimple, ſullen, young,
Contemptuous yet unhandſome. As among
Lecherous humors there is one that judges
No wenches wholſome, but coarſe country drudges,
Grajus ſtayes ſtill at home here, and becauſe
Some Preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and lawes
Still new like faſhions, bids him thinke that ſhee
Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, he
Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as Wards ſtill
Take ſuch wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay valewes. Careleſſe Phrygius doth abhorre
All, becauſe all cannot be good; as one
Knowing ſome women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinkes that ſo
As women do in divers countryes goe
In divers habits, yet are ſtill one kind;
So doth, ſo is Religion; and this blind-
neſſe to much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force muſt one, and fore'd but one allow;
And the right; aske thy Father which is ſhee,
Let him aske his. Though truth and falſhood be
Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is.
Be buſie to ſeeke her; beleeve me this,
Hee's not of none, nor worſt, that ſeekes the beſt.
To adore, or ſcorne an Image, or proteſt,
May all be bad. Doubt wiſely, in ſtrange way
To ſtand inquiring right, is not to ſtray;
To ſleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragg'd, and ſteep, Truth ſtands, and he that will

Reach

Reach her about muſt, and about muſt goe:
And what the hils ſuddenneſſe reſiſts, win ſo,
Yet ſtrive ſo, that before age, deaths twilight,
Thy Soule reſt, for none can worke in the night.
To will, implyes delay, therefore now doe.
Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge to
The mindes indeavours reach; and myſteries
Are like the Sun, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou haſt found; men do not
In ſo ill caſe, that God hath with his hand (ſtand
Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy ſoule be tyed
To mans lawes, by which ſhe ſhall be tryed
At the laſt day? Or will it then boot thee
To ſay a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin taught thee this?
Is not this excuſe for mere contraries,
Equally ſtrong; cannot both ſides ſay ſo? (know;
That thou mayeſt rightly obey power, her bounds
Thoſe paſt, her nature, and name is chang'd; to be,
Then, humble to her, is idolatry. (dwell
As ſtreames are, Power is; thoſe bleſt flowers that
At the rough ſtreams calm head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themſelves given
To the ſtreams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
Through Mils, rocks, and woods, and at laſt, almoſt
Conſum'd in going, in the ſea are loſt:
So periſh Soules, which more chuſe mens unjuſt
Power, from God claim'd, then God himſelf to truſt.

Satyre

Satyre IV.

WEll; I may now receive, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee, or to be ſeen,
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhew,
Yet went to Court; But as Glare which did goe
To Maſſe in jeſt, catch'd, was faine to diſburſe
The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe,
Before he ſcap't, So't pleas'd my deſtinie
(Guiltie of my ſinne in going,) to thinke me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Full, as proud, luſtfull, and as much in debt,
As vaine, as witleſſe, and as falſe as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I ſufferd this; Towards me did runne
A thing more ſtrange, than on Niles ſlime, the Sunne
E'r bred, or all which into *Noahs* Arke came:
A thing which would have pos'd *Adam* to name:
Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Than Africks Monſters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than ſtrangers: One who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Maſſacre had ſure been ſlaine,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the Prentiſes 'gainſt Strangers riſe.
One whom the watch at noone lets ſcarce goe by
One, to who, the examining Juſtice ſure would cry,

Sir, by your Prieſthood tell me what you are.
His cloaths were ſtrange, though coarſe, and black,
Sleeveleſſe his jerkin was, & it had bin (though bare)
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plaine Raſhe a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, & ſaith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And onely knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th' Accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt,
But Pedants, motley tongue, ſouldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to beare this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue: in his tongue, call'd Complement:
In which he can win widowes, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeake treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me; He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgement, whom do you preferre,
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie.
Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies I named; here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid: Nay, your Apoſtles were
Good pretty Linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;
Yet a poore Gentleman; all theſe may paſſe

By

By travaile. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he praiſed it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was faine to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babels bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſſe. I ſaid, not alone,
My loneneſſe is, but Spartanes faſhion.
To teach by painting drunkards doth not taſt
Now; Aretines pictures have made few chaſt;
No more can Princes courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Lute-ſtring ſqueakt, O ſir,
'Tis ſweet to talke of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey tombes,
And for his price doth with who ever comes,
Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your eares ſhall heare nought, but Kings; your eyes
Kings onely; The way to it is Kings ſtreet. (meet
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, Mechanique, coarſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine? as you ſee,
I have but one Sir, looke, he followes me.
Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this mind am,
Your onely wearing is your Grogaram,
Not ſo Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not flie; I chaf'd him. But as Itch,
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron grownd
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I (foole) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my fullenneſſe,
He to another key his ſtile doth dreſſe;

And asks, what newes? I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still which ſtayes
A Sembriefe, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As, loath to inrich me, ſo tels many a lye,
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
Of triviall houſhold traſh, He knowes; He knowes
When the Queen frown'd, or ſmil'd, and he knows
A ſubtle States-man may gather of that; (what
He knowes who loves; whom, and who by poyſon
Haſts to an Offices reverſion;
He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licenſe, old iron, bootes, ſhooes, and egge-
Shels to tranſport; Shortly boyes ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſom e Courtier; And wiſer then all us,
He knowes what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Looke pale, and ſickly, like a Patient, yet
He thruſts on more; And as he had undertooke
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without booke,
Speakes of all States and deeds that have been ſince
The Spanyards came, to the loſſe of Amyens.
Like a bigge wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travaile: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To heare this Makaron talke, in vaine: For yet,
Either my humour, or his owne to fit,
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names a price for every office paid;
He ſaith, our warres thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;
That offices are intailed, and there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as farre

As

As the laſt day; and that great officers
Doe with the Pirates ſhare, and Dunkirkers.
Who waſts in meate, in cloathes, in horſe, he notes;
Who loves Whores, who boyes, and who goates.
I more amaz'd than Circes priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt my ſelfe then
Becomming Traytor, and me thought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To ſuck me in, for hearing him, I found
That as burnt venome Leachers doe grow ſound
By giving others their ſoares, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow
All ſignes of loathing; But ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear this croſſe; but the
Of mercy now was come: He tries to bring('hower
Me to pay a fine to ſcape his torturing,
And ſayes, Sir, can you ſpare me? I ſaid; willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a Crowne? Thankfully I
Gave it, as Ranſome; but as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be g one, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigge upon you: ſo did he
With his long complementall thankes vexe me.
But he is gone, thankes to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crowne: Scant
His thankes were ended when I (which did ſee
Al the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things thã he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſte than one
Who feares more actions, doth haſt from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſſe
My piteous ſoule began, the wretchedneſſe

Of ſuiters at Court to mourne, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
It ſelfe o'r mee: Such men as he ſaw there,
I ſaw at Court, and worſe, and more; Low feare
Becomes the guilty, not the accuſer; Then,
Shall I, nones ſlave, of high borne or rais'd men
Feare frownes? and, my Miſtreſſe Truth, betray thee
To huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
No, no, Thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sunne, in all thy journey, Vanity,
Such as ſwels the bladder of our Court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Tranſported it, from Italy, to ſtand
With us, at London, flouts our Courtiers, for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſappe, nor
Taſt have in them, ours are; and naturall
Some of the ſtocks are, their fruits, baſtard all.
'Tis ten a clocke and paſt; all whom the Mues,
Baloune, Tennis, Diet, or the ſtewes
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flockes were found
In the Preſence, and I, (God pardon me)
As freſh and ſweet their Apparells be, as be
The fields they ſold to buy them. For a King
Thoſe hoſe are, cry his flatterers; And bring
Them next week to the Theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates. Me ſeemes they doe as well
At ſtage, as Court; All are players; who e'r looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'r Cheapſide Books,
Shall find their wardrobes Inventory. Now,
The Ladies come. As Pirats, which doe know

That

That there came weak ſhips fraught wᵗʰ Cutchanel,
The men board them; and praiſe, as they think, wel,
Their beauties, they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'r wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all reds which ſcarlets die.
He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her haire net:
She feares her drugs ill layd, her haire looſe ſet.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine,
From hat, to ſhoe, himſelfe at dore refine,
As if the Preſence were a Moſchite: and lift
His skirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſſe not onely mortall
Great ſtains and holes in them, but veniall
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by *Durers* rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his legge, and waſt to thighes,
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as circles, with ſuch nicety
As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts proteſts proteſts
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have throwne
Ten Cardinals into the Inquiſition;
And whiſpers by Ieſu, ſo often, that a
Purſevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying of our Ladies Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme onely doth

Call a rough careleſneſſe, good faſhion;
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs teare; or whom he ſpits on
He cares not he. His ill words doe no harme
To him, he ruſhes in, as if arme, arme,
He meant to crie; And though his face be as ill
As theirs, which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe, he keeps all in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from gaoles t'execution go,
Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſinnes?) being among
Thoſe Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Croſſe for a barre, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine
Living barrels of beefe, flaggons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpied Spie. Preachers which are
Seas of Wits and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, for, for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, it enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
With *Machabees* modeſty, the known merit
Of my work leſſen: yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my writs Canonicall.

Satyre V.

THou ſhalt not laugh in this leafe, Muſe, nor they
Whom any pity warmes. He which did lay
Rules to make Courtiers, (he being underſtood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?)

Frees from the ſting of jeſts all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked: of theſe two a Theame
Charitie and libertie give me. What is he
Who Officers rage, and Suitors miſery
Can write, and jeſt? If all things be in all,
As I think, ſince all, which were, are, and ſhall
Be, be made of the ſame elements:
Each thing, each thing implyes or repreſents,
Then man is a world; in which, Officers,
Are the vaſt raviſhing ſeas; and Suters,
Springs; now full, now ſhallow, now dry, which, to
That which drownes them, run: Theſe ſelfe reaſons
Prove the world a man, in which, officers (doe
Are the devouring ſtomach, and Suters
The excrements which they void; all men are duſt,
How much worſe are Suters, who to mens luſt
Are made preys. O worſe than duſt or worms meat,
For they doe eat you now, whoſe ſelves worms ſhal
They are the mils which grind you, yet you are (eat,
The wind which drives them; and a waſtfull war
Is fought againſt you, and you fight it; they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals, th'iſſue your owne ruine is.
Greateſt and faireſt Empreſſe, know you this?
Alas, no more then Thames calm head doth know
Whoſe meads her arms drown, or whoſe corn ore-
You ſir, whoſe righteouſnes ſhe loves, whom I (flow.
By having leave to ſerve, am moſt richly
For ſervice paid, authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous ſin.
O Age of ruſty Iron! (Some better wit
Call it ſome worſe name, if ought equall it;)

The

The iron Age *that* was, when justice was sold (now
Injustice is sold dearer) did allow
All claim'd fees and duties. Gamsters, anon
The money which you sweat and sweare for, is gon
Into other hands : So controverted lands
Scape, like Angelica, the strivers hands.
If Law be in the Iudges heart, and hee
Have no heart to resist letter, or fee, (low,
Where wilt thou appeale ? power of the Courts be
Flow from the first maine head, and these can throw
Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
To fetters, halters. But if the injury
Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'st
Against the stream, whē upwards: when thou art most
Heavy and most faint; & in these labours they, (way
'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in thy
Become great seas, o'r which, when thou shalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
That al thy gold was drown'd in them before. (more.
Al things follow their like, only who have, may have
Iudges are Gods ; he who made and said them so,
Meant not that men should be forc'd to them to go,
By meanes of Angels. When supplication
We send to God, to Dominations,
Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if we
Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be
Scarce to Kings ; so 'tis; Would it not anger
A Stoick, a Coward, yea a Martyr,
To see a Pursivant come in, and call
All his clothes, Copes; Bookes, Primers; and all
His Plate, Chalices, and mistake them away,
And lack a fee for comming? Oh ; ne'r may

Faire

Faire lawes white reverend name be ſtrumpeted,
To warrant thefts: ſhe is eſtabliſhed
Recorder to Deſtiny, on earth, and ſhe
Speaks Fates words, and tells who muſt be
Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles:
She is all faire, but yet hath foule long nayles,
With which ſhe ſcratcheth Suiters: In bodies
Of men, ſo in law, nailes are extremities.
So Officers ſtretch to more then law can doe,
As our nailes reach what no elſe part comes to.
Why bareſt thou to yon Officer? Foole, hath he
Got thoſe goods, for which erſt men bar'd to thee?
Fool, twice, thrice, thou haſt boght wrõg, & now hũ-
Beg'ſt right, but that dole coms not til theſe dy (gerly
Thou had'ſt much, & lawes Vrim & Thummim trie
Thou wouldſt for more; and for all haſt paper
Enough to cloath all the great Charricks Pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more ſhalt leeſe
Then Hammon, if he ſold his Antiquities.
O wretch that thy fortunes ſhould moralize
Eſops fables, and make tales, propheſies.
Thou art the ſwimming dog whõ ſhadows cozened
Which div'ſt, neare drowning, for what vaniſhed.

Satyre VI.

MEn write that love and reaſon diſagree,
But I ne'r ſaw't expreſt as 'tis in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God muſt make thee ſee,
But, thine eyes blinde too, ther's no hope for thee.
Thou ſay'ſt ſhee's wiſe and witty, faire and free,
All theſe are reaſons why ſhe ſhould ſcorne thee.

Thou

Thou doſt proteſt thy love, and would'ſt it ſhow
By matching her, as ſhe would match her foe:
And would'ſt perſwade her to a worſe offence,
Then that whereof thou didſt accuſe her wench.
Reaſon there's none for thee, but thou maiſt vex
Her with example. Say, for feare her ſex
Shun her, ſhe needs muſt change; I do not ſee
How reaſon e'r can bring that *muſt* to thee.
Thou art a match a Juſtice to rejoyce,
Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce.
Dry'd wth his threats ſhee'd ſcarcely ſtay with thee,
And would'ſt th'have this to chuſe thee, being free?
Goe then and puniſh ſome ſoon-gotten ſtuffe,
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
In hating thee. Thou maiſt one like this meet;
For ſpight take her, prove kind, make thy breath
Let her ſee ſhe hath cauſe, & to bring to thee (ſweet,
Honeſt children, let her diſhoneſt bee.
If ſhee be a widow I'll warrant her
Shee'll thee before her firſt husband prefer,
And will wiſh thou hadſt had her maidenhead,
(Shee'll love thee ſo) for, then thou hadſt bin dead.
But thou ſuch ſtrong love, and weak reaſons haſt,
Thou muſt thrive there, or ever live diſgrac'd.
Yet pauſe a while, and thou maiſt live to ſee
A time to come, wherein ſhe may beg thee.
If thou'lt not pauſe nor change, ſhe'l beg thee now,
Doe what ſhe can, love for nothing ſhe'll allow.
Beſides, here were too much gain and merchandiſe,
And when thou art rewarded, deſert dies.
Now thou haſt ods of him ſhe loves, he may doubt
Her conſtancy, but none can put thee out.

Again,

Againe, be thy love true, ſhe'l prove divine
And in the end, the good on't will be thine.
For, though thou muſt ne'r thinke of other love,
And ſo wilt advance her as high above
Vertue as cauſe above effect can be,
'Tis vertue to be chaſt, which ſhe'll make thee.

The end of the Satyres.

LETTERS TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES.

THE STORME.

To Mr. Chriſtopher Brooke, *from the Iſland voyage with the Earle of* Eſſex.

THou which art I, ('tis nothing to be ſo)
Thou which art ſtill thy ſelfe, by this ſhalt know
Part of our paſſage; And, a hand, or eye
By *Hilliard* drawn, is worth a Hiſtory,
By a worſe painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgement they are dignifi'd,
My Lines are ſuch. 'Tis the preheminence,
Of friendſhip oneſly t'impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe, what we be, and have,
Sad that her ſonnes did ſeek a forraine grave
(For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can ſoothſay,
Honour and miſery have one face, one way,)

From

From out her pregnant intralles ſigh'd a winde
Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde
Such ſtrong reſiſtance, that it ſelfe it threw
Downward againe; and ſo when it did view
How in the port, our fleet deare time did leeſe,
Withering like priſoners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kiſt our ſailes, and freſh, and ſweet,
As, to a ſtomack ſtarv'd, whoſe inſides meet,
Meate comes, it came; and ſwole our ſayles, when we
So joy'd, as *Sara* her ſwelling joy'd to ſee.
But 'twas but ſo kinde, as our countrey men, (then,
Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre
Aſunder, meet againſt a third to warre,
The South and Weſt winds joyn'd, &, as they blew,
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you reade this line, did the gale,
Like ſhot, not fear'd till felt, our ſailes aſſaile;
And what at firſt was call'd a guſt the ſame
Hath now a ſtormes, anon a tempeſts name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curſe thoſe men,
Who when the ſtorme rag'd moſt, did wake thee then:
Sleep is paines eaſie ſalve, and doth fulfill
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I ſaw, that I ſaw not.
I, and the Sunne, which ſhould teach me, had forgot
Eaſt, Weſt, day, night; and I could onely ſay,
If the world had laſted, yet it had been day.
Thouſands our noyſes were, yet we 'mongſt all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the Sunne had drunke the ſea before.

Some

Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie, 'equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet muſt die.
And as ſin-burd ned ſoules from grave will creep,
At the laſt day, ſome forth their cabbins peep:
And trembling aske what newes, and doe heare ſo
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some ſitting on the hatches, would ſeem there,
With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
Then note they the ſhips ſickneſſes, the Maſt
Shak'd with an ague, and the Hold and Waſte
With a ſalt dropſie clogg'd, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too-too-high-ſtretch'd treble ſtrings.
And from our totter'd ſailes, raggs drop down ſo
As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe.
Yea even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
Strives to breake looſe, and ſcape away from thence
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?
Seas into ſeas thrown, we ſuck in againe:
Hearing hath deaf'd our ſailers, and if they (ſay.
Knew how to heare, ther's none knowes what to
Compar'd to theſe ſtormes, death is but a qualme,
Hell ſomewhat lightſome, the Bermudas calme.
Darkneſſe lights eldeſt brother, his birth-right
Claims o'r the world, & to heaven hath chas'd light
All things are one: and that one none can be,
Since all formes, uniforme deformitie
Doth cover; ſo that we except God ſay
Another *Fiat*, ſhall have no more day,
So violent, yet long theſe furies be, (thee.
That though thine abſence ſterve me; I wiſh not

The

The Calme.

Our ſtorm is paſt, & that ſtorms tyrannous rage
A ſtupid calme, but nothing it doth ſwage.
The fable is inverted, and farre more
A block afflicts, now, then a ſtorke before.
Stormes chafe, and ſoon wear out themſelvs, or us;
In calms, Heaven laughs to ſee us languiſh thus.
As ſteady as I could wiſh my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy Miſtreſſe glaſſe, or what ſhines there,
The ſea is now, and as the Iles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ſhips rooted be.
As water did in ſtorms, now pitch runs out:
As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one ſpout.
And all our beauty, and our trim decayes,
Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
The fighting place now ſeamens rags ſupply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No uſe of Lanthornes; and in one place lay
Feathers and duſt, to day and yeſterday.
Earths hollowneſſes which the worlds lungs are,
Have no more wind then the upper vault of ayre.
We can nor loſt friends nor ſought foes recover,
But meteor-like, ſave that we move not, hover.
Onely the Calenture together drawes (mawes,
Deare friends, which meet dead in great fiſhes
And on the hatches, as on Altars lies
Each one, his own Prieſt, and own Sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle doe multiplie
Where walkers in hot Ovens doe not die.

If

If in deſpight of theſe, we ſwim, that hath
No more refreſhing, than a Brimſtone bath;
But from the ſea into the ſhip we turne,
Like parboy'ld wretches, on the coales to burne.
Like *Baiazet* encag'd, the ſhepheards ſcoffe;
Or like ſlack-ſinew'd *Sampſon*, his haire off,
Languiſh our ſhips. Now as a Miriade
Of Ants, durſt th'Emperours lov'd Snake invade:
The crawling Gallies, Sea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-rid ſhips.
Whether a rotten ſtate, and hope of gaine,
Or, to diſuſe me from the queaſie paine
Of being belov'd, and loving: or the thirſt
Of honour, or faire death, out-puſht me firſt,
I loſe my end: for here as well as I
A deſperate may live, and coward die.
Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies,
Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dies.
Fate grudges us all, and doth ſubtly lay
A ſcourge, gainſt which we all forget to pray.
He that at ſea prayes for more winde, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas,
Is man now, then, before he was, he was?
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance, or our ſelves ſtill diſproportion it;
We have no power, no will, no ſenſe; I lie,
I ſhould not then thus feele this miſery.

To Sr. Henry Wootton.

SIr, more than kiſſes, letters mingle Souls,
For, thus friends abſent ſpeak. This eaſe controuls
The tediouſneſſe of my life: But for theſe
I could ideate nothing, which could pleaſe,
But I ſhould wither in one day, and paſſe
To a bottle of Hay, that am a lock of Graſſe.
Life is a voyage, and in our lives wayes
Countryes, Courts, Towns are Rocks or Remoraes;
They break or ſtop all ſhips, yet our ſtate's ſuch
That (though then pitch they ſtain worſe) we muſt
If in the furnace of the raging line, (touch.
Or under th'adverſe icy pole thou pine,
Thou know'ſt two temperate Regions girded in,
Dwell there: But oh, what refuge canſt thou win
Parch'd in the Court, and in the Countrey frozen?
Shall cities built of both extremes be choſen?
Can dung or garlike be perfume? Or can
A Scorpion, or Torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worſt of all three; of all three?
(O knotty riddle) each is worſt equally.
Cities are Sepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcaſes, as if none ſuch there were.
And Courts are Theaters, where ſome men play
Princes, ſome ſlaves, all to one end, of one day.
The Country is a deſert, where the good
Gain'd, inhabits not, borne, is not underſtood.
There men become beaſts, and prone to all evils;
In Cities blocks, and in a lewd Court, devils.

As,

As, in the firſt Chaos, confuſedly
Each elements qualities were in th'other three:
So pride, luſt, covetize, being ſeverall
To theſe three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their iſſue is inceſtuous.
Falſhood is denizon'd. Vertue is barbarous,
Let no man ſay there, Vertues flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me, I'll do none, but know all.
Men are ſpunges, which to powre out, receive:
Who know falſe play, rather than looſe, deceive.
For in beſt underſtandings, ſin began,
Angels ſinn'd firſt, then devils, and then man.
Onely perchance beaſts ſin not, wretched we
Are beaſts in all, but white integritie.
I think if men, which in theſe places live
Durſt look in themſelves, and themſelves retrive,
They would like ſtrangers greet themſelves, ſeeing
Utopian youth, grown old Italian. (than
Be then thine own home, and in thy ſelfe dwell:
Inne any where; continuance maketh hell.
And ſeing the ſnail, which every where doth rome,
Carrying his own houſe ſtill, ſtill is at home:
Follow, (for he is eaſie pac'd) this ſnail,
Be thine own Palace, or the world's thy gail.
And in the worlds ſea doe not like cork ſleep
Upon the waters face, nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line: but as
Fiſhes glide, leaving no print where they paſſe,
Nor making ſound: ſo, cloſely thy courſe goe,
Let men diſpute, whether thou breath, or no:
Onely 'in this be no Galeniſt. To make
Courts hot ambitions wholeſome, doe not take

A dramme of Countries dulneſſe; doe not adde
Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
But, Sir, I adviſe not you, I rather doe
Say o'r thoſe leſſons, which I learn'd of you:
Whom, free from Germanies ſchiſmes, and lightnes
Of France, and faire Italies faithleſneſſe,
Having from theſe ſuck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carried
I throughly love: But if my ſelfe I've won (forth,
To know my rules, I have, and you have DONNE.

To Sr Henry Goodyere.

WHo makes the Paſt, a pattern for next yeare,
Turns no new leaf, but ſtill the ſame things read,
Sees things he ſees againe, heard things doth heare,
And makes his life but like a paire of beads.

A Palace when 'tis that, which it ſhould be,
Leaves growing, and ſtands ſuch, or elſe decayes:
But he which dwels there is not ſo; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raiſe.

So had your body'her morning, hath her noone,
And ſhall not better; her next change is night:
But her faire larger gueſt, to whom Sun and Moone
Are ſparks, and ſhort liv'd, claimes another right.

The noble Soule by age growes luſtier,
Her appetite, and her digeſtion mend;
We muſt not ſterve, nor hope to pamper her
With womens milke, and pappe, unto the end.
Provide

Provide you manlier diet. You *have* ſeen
All Libraries, which are Schools, Camps, & Courts;
But aske your Garners if you have not been
In harveſts, too indulgent to your ſports.

Would you redeeme it? then your ſelfe tranſplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandiſh groũd
Beares no more wit, than ours, but yet more ſcant
Are thoſe diverſions there, which here abound.

To be a ſtranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits choake.
Goe, whither? hence you get, if you forget;
New faults till they preſcribe to us are ſmoake.

Our ſoule, whoſe country's heaven & God her father,
Into this world, corruptions ſinke, is ſent;
Yet ſo much in her travaile ſhe doth gather,
That ſhe returnes home wiſer than ſhe went;

It payes you well, if it teach you to ſpare (yours,
And make you aſham'd, to make your hawks praiſe
Which when her ſelfe ſhe leſſens in the aire,
You then firſt ſay, that high enough ſhe toures.

However keep the lively taſte you hold
Of God, love him now, but feare him more,
And in your afternoones thinke what you told
And promis'd him, at morning prayer before.

Let falſhood like a diſcord anger you,
Elſe be not froward. But why doe I touch

Things, of which none is in your practiſe new,
And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much.

But thus I make you keep your promiſe Sir,
Riding I had you, though you ſtill ſtaid there,
And in theſe thoughts, although you never ſtir,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

To Mr. Rowland Woodward.

Like one who in her third widowhood doth profeſſe
Her ſelfe a Nun, tyed to retiredneſſe,
So affects my Muſe, now, a chaſt fallowneſſe.

Since ſhee to few, yet to too many hath flown,
How long loves weeds, and Satyrique thorns are grown
Where ſeeds of better arts, were early ſown?

Though to uſe, and love Poetry, to me,
Betroth'd to no one Art, be no Adultery;
Omiſſions of good, ill, as ill deeds be.

For though to us it ſeem but light and thin,
Yet in thoſe faithfull ſcales, where God throws in
Mens works, vanity weighs as much as ſin.

If our Soules have ſtain'd their firſt white, yet we
May cloath them with faith, and dear honeſtie,
Which God imputes as native puritie.

There is no Vertue, but Religion.
Wiſe, valiant, ſober, juſt, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering diſcretion.

Seek

Seek we then our ſelves in our ſelves; for as
Men force the Sun with much more force to paſſe,
By gathering his beames with a Cryſtall glaſſe;

So we (if we into our ſelves will turn,
Blowing our ſparks of vertue) may out-burn
The ſtraw which doth about our hearts ſojourn.

You know, Phyſitians, when they would infuſe
Into any'oyle the Soules of Simples, uſe
Places, where they may lie ſtill warm, to chuſe.

So works retiredneſſe in us; To rome
Giddily and be every where, but at home,
Such freedome doth a baniſhment become.

We are but farmers of our ſelves, yet may,
If we can ſtock out ſelves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treaſure for the great rent day.

Manure thy ſelfe then, to thy ſelfe be'approv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd.

To Sr. Henry Wootton.

HEre's no more newes, than vertue, I may as wel
I ell you *Calis*, or Saint *Michaels* tales, as tel
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get ſtomachs, we walk up and down,
And toyle to ſweeten reſt; ſo, may God frown,
If but to loath both, I haunt Court, or Town.

For, here, no one is from th'extremitie
Of vice, by any other reaſon free,
But that the next to him, ſtill, is worſe than he.

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate,
(Gods Commiſſary,) doth ſo throughly hate,
As in'the Courts Squadron to marſhall their ſtate:

If they ſtand arm'd with ſeely honeſty,
With wiſhes, prayers, and neat integritie,
Like Indians, 'gainſt Spaniſh hoſts they be.

Suſpitious boldneſſe to this place belongs,
And to have as many eares as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Beleeve me ſir, in my youths giddieſt dayes,
When to be like the Court was a players praiſe,
Playes were not ſo like Courts as Courts like playes,

Then let us at theſe mimique antiques jeaſt,
Whoſe deepeſt projects, and egregious geſts,
Are but dull Morals of a game at Cheſts.

But now'tis incongruitie to ſmile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while.
At Court; though from Court, were the better ſtile.

To

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

MADAM,

REaſon is our Soules left hand, Faith her right,
By theſe we reach divinity, that's you;
Their loves who have the bleſſing of your light,
Grew from their reaſon, mine from faire faith grew.

But as although a ſquint left-handedneſſe
Be ungratious, yet we cannot want that hand:
So would I, (not to encreaſe, but to expreſſe
My faith) as I beleeve, ſo underſtand.

Therefore I ſtudy you firſt in your Saints,
Thoſe friends whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, acceſſes and reſtraints,
And what you reade, and what your ſelfe deviſe.

But ſoone, the reaſons why you are lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and ſo paſſe reaſons reach,
Then backe againe to implicite faith I fall,
And reſt on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

That you are good: and not one Heretique
Denies it; if he did, yet you are ſo,
For rockes which high to ſenſe deep-rooted ſtick,
Waves waſh, not undermine, nor overthrow.

In every thing there naturally growes
A *Balſamum* to keep it freſh and new,
If twere not injur'd by extrinſique blowes;
Your birth and beautie are this Balme in you,

But

But, you of learning and religion,
And vertue, and ſuch ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whoſe operation
Keeps off, or cures, what can be done or ſaid.

Yet, this is not your phyſick, but your food,
A diet fit for you; for you are here
The firſt good Angell, ſince the worlds frame ſtood,
That ever did in womans ſhape appeare.

Since you are then Gods maſter-peece, and ſo
His Factor for our loves; doe as you doe,
Make your return home gracious; and beſtow
This life on that; ſo make one life of two.
For ſo God help me, I would not miſſe you there
For all the good which you can doe me here.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

MADAM,

YOu have refin'd me, and to worthieſt things
Vertue, Art, Beauty, Fortune; now I ſee
Rareneſſe, or uſe, not nature value brings;
And ſuch, as they are circumſtanc'd, they bee.
Two ills can ne're perplex us, ſin t'excuſe;
But of two good things we may leave and chuſe.

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,
Where a tranſcendent height (as, lowneſſe me)
Makes her not be, or not ſhow: all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rareſt be;

For,

For, as dark texts need notes: there ſome muſt be
To uſher vertue, and ſay, *This is ſhe.*

So in the countrey is beauty. To this place
You are the ſeaſon, (Madam) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of ſpices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick cloſe bud diſplay. (ſhrines
Widow'd and reclus'd elſe her ſweets ſhe'en-
As China, when the Sun at Braſill dines.

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falſifies both computations ſo;
Since a new world doth riſe here from your light,
We your new creatures by new recknings goe.
This ſhewes that you from nature loathly ſtray,
That ſuffer not an Artificiall day.

In this you have made the Court the Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar ſun,
To doe prophane autumnall offices,
Whil'ſt here to you, we ſacrificers run;
And whether Prieſts, or Organs, you we'obey,
We ſound your influence, and your Dictates ſay.

Yet to that Deity which dwels in you,
Your vertuous Soule, I now not ſacrifice;
Theſe are *Petitions*, and not *Hymnes*; they ſue
But that I may ſurvay the edifice.
In all Religions as much care hath bin
Of Temples frames, and beauty, as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome do not thereby,

Eſteem

Eſteeme religions, and hold faſt the beſt,
But ſerve diſcourſe, and curioſity,
With that which doth religion but inveſt,
And ſhun th'entangling labyrinths of Schools,
And make it wit, to thinke the wiſer fooles:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you are Vertues Temple, not as ſhe,
What wals of tender cryſtall her enfold,
What eyes, hands, boſome, her pure Altars be,
And after this ſurvay, oppoſe to all
Babblers of Chapels, you th'Eſcuriall.

Yet not as conſecrate, but meerly'as faire;
On theſe I caſt a lay and countrey eye.
Of paſt and future ſtories, which are rare,
I find you all record, and propheſie.
Purge but the booke of Fate that it admit
No ſad nor guiltie legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the tranſcript, and originall,
The Elements, the Parent and the Growth
And every peece of you, is worth their All,
So intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
Muſt doe the ſame things ſtill: you cannot two.

But theſe (as nice thinne Schoole divinitie
Serves hereſie to furder or repreſſe)
Taſte of Poetique rage, or flatterie,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profeſſe;

Oft

Oft from new proofs, & new phraſe, new doubts
As ſtrange attire alters the men we know. (grow,

Leaving then buſie praiſe, and all appeale,
To higher Courts, ſenſes decree is true.
The Mine, the Magazine, the common-weale,
The ſtory of beautie', in Twickham is, and you.
Who hath ſeen one, would both; As, who hath
In Paradiſe, would ſeeke the Cherubin. (bin

To Sr Edward Herbert, *now Lord Herbert of Cherbury, being at the ſiege of Julyers.*

MAn is a lumpe, where all beaſts kneaded bee,
Wiſdome makes him an Arke where all agree;
The foole, in whom theſe beaſts doe live at jarre,
Is ſport to others, and a Theater,
Nor ſcapes he ſo, but is himſelfe their prey;
All which was man in him, is eate away,
And now his beaſts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monſters breed.
How happy'is he, which hath due place aſſign'd
To'his beaſts; and diſaforeſted his minde?
Empal'd himſelfe to keep them out, not in;
Can ſow, and dares truſt corn, where they have bin;
Can uſe his horſe, goate, wolfe, and every beaſt,
And is not Aſſe himſelfe to all the reſt.
Elſe, man not onely is the heard of ſwine,
But he's thoſe devils too, which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worſe:
For man can adde weight to heavens heavieſt curſe,

As

As Soules (they ſay) by our firſt touch, take in
The poyſonous tincture of Originall ſin,
So, to the puniſhments which God doth fling,
Our apprehenſion contributes the ſting.
To us, as to his chickens he doth caſt
Hemlock, and we as men, his hemlock taſt.
We doe infuſe to what he meant for meat,
Corroſiveneſſe, or intenſe cold or heat.
For, God no ſuch ſpecifique poyſon hath
As kils men know not how; his fierceſt wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At leaſt for phyſick, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be his pleaſure, is his rod,
And is his devill, that might be his God.
Since then our buſineſſe is, to rectify
Nature, to what ſhe was; we're led awry
By them, who man to us in little ſhow,
Greater than due, no form we can beſtow
On him; for man into himſelfe can draw
All: All his faith can ſwallow, or reaſon chaw,
All that is fill'd and all that which doth fill,
All the round world, to man is but a pill,
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poyſonous; or purgative, or cordiall.
For, knowledge kindles Calentures in ſome,
And is to others icy *Opium*.
As brave as true, is that profeſſion than
Which you doe uſe to make; that you know man.
This makes it credible, you have dwelt upon
All worthy books; and now are ſuch an one.
Actions are Authors, and of thoſe in you
Your friends find every day a part of new.

To

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

T'Have written then, when you writ, ſeem'd to (me
Worſt of ſpirituall vices, Simony:
And not t'have written then, ſeems little leſſe
Than worſt of civill vices, thankleſneſſe.
In this, my doubt I ſeem'd loath to confeſſe,
In that, I ſeem'd to ſhun beholdingneſſe:
But 'tis not ſo, *nothings*, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
By having leave to write ſo, than before.
Yet ſince rich mines in barren grounds are ſhown,
May not I yeeld (not gold but) coal or ſtone?
Temples were not demoliſh'd, though prophane:
Here *Peter*, *Joves*; there *Paul* hath *Dian's* Fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or chuſe,
In me you have hallowed a Pagan Muſe,
And denizen'd a ſtranger, who miſ-taught
By blamers of the times they mar'd, hath ſought
Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe
Shine in the worlds beſt part, or all it; you:
I have been told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts,
Suffers an Oſtraciſme, and departs:
Profit, eaſe, fitneſſe, plenty, bid it go,
But whither, onely knowing you, I know;
Your, or you vertue, two vaſt uſes ſerves,
It ranſomes one ſex, and one Court preſerves;
There's nothing but your worth which being true,
Is known to any other, not to you.

And

And you can never know it; To admit
No knowledge of your worth, is ſome of it.
But ſince to you, your praiſes diſcords be,
Stoop others ills, to meditate with me.
Oh! to confeſſe we know not what we ſhould,
Is halfe excuſe, we know not what we would.
Lightneſſe depreſſeth us, emptineſſe fils,
We ſweat and faint, yet ſtill goe down the hils;
As new Philoſophy arreſts the Sunne,
And bids the paſſive earth about it runne,
So we have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends;
Onely the bodie's buſie, and pretends.
As dead low earth eclipſes and controules
The quick high Moone: ſo doth the body, Soules.
In none but us, are ſuch mixt engines found,
As hands of double office: For, the ground
We till with them; and them to heaven we raiſe;
Who prayer-leſſe labours, or, without this, prayes,
Doth butone half, that's none; He which ſaid, *Plough*
And looke not back, to looke up doth allow.
Good ſeed degenerates, and oft obeyes
The ſoyles diſeaſe, and into cockle ſtrayes.
Let the mindes thoughts be but tranſplanted ſo,
Into the body, and baſtardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We but no forraigne tyrants could remove,
Theſe not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities
Caskets of ſoules; Temples, and Palaces.
For, bodies ſhall from death redeemed bee,
Soules but preſerv'd, borne naturally free;
As men to'our priſons now, ſoules to us are ſent,
Which learne vice there, and come in innocent.

Firſt

First ſeeds of every creature are in us,
What ere the world hath bad, or precious,
Mans body can produce, hence hath it been(ſeen;
That ſtones, wormes, frogs, and ſnakes in man are
But who ere ſaw, though nature can worke ſo,
That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?
We have added to the world Virginia, and ſent
Two new ſtarres lately to the firmament;
Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
T'increaſe with ours thoſe faire ſoules company?
But I muſt end this letter, though it doe
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Vertue hath ſome perverſneſſe; For ſhe will
Neither beleeve her good, nor others ill.
Even in you vertues beſt paradiſe,
Vertue hath ſome, but wiſe degrees of vice,
Too many vertues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjuſt ſuſpition.
And ignorance of vice, makes vertue leſſe,
Quenching compaſſion of our wretchedneſſe.
But theſe are riddles; ſome aſperſion
Of vice becomes well ſome complexion,
States-men purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a ſpider with a toad:
For ſo, ill thrals not them, but they tame ill,
And make her doe much good againſt her will;
But in your Common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordiall vertue, your knowne nouriſhment.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

On New-yeares day.

THis twilight of two years, not paſt nor next,
Some embleme is of me, or I of this,
Who (Meteor-like, of ſtuffe and forme perplext,
Whoſe *what* and *where*, in diſputation is,)
If I ſhould call me *any thing*, ſhould miſſe.

I ſumme the years, and me, and finde me not
Debtor to th'old, nor Creditour to th'new,
That cannot ſay, My thankes I have forgot,
Nor truſt I this with hopes, and yet ſcarce true.
This bravery is ſince theſe times ſhew'd me you.

In recompence I would ſhew future times (ſuch,
What you were, and teach them to urge towards
Verſe embalmes vertue; and Tombs, or Thrones of rimes,
Preſerve fraile tranſitory fame, as much
As ſpice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch.

Mine are ſhort-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but diſſipates as faſt,
New ſpirits; for, ſtrong agents with the ſame
Force that doth warme and cheriſh us, doe waſt;
Kept hot with ſtrong extracts, no bodies laſt.

So, my verſe built of your juſt praiſe, might want
Reaſon and likelihood, the firmeſt Baſe,
And made of miracle, now faith is ſcant,

Will

Will vaniſh ſoone, and ſo poſſeſſe no place,
And you, and it, too much grace might diſgrace.

When all (as truth commands aſſent) confeſſe
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corne of one low ant-hils duſt, and leſſe,)
Should name, know or expreſſe a thing ſo high,
And (not an inch) meaſure infinitie.

I cannot tell them, nor my ſelfe, nor you,
But leave, leſt truth b'endangerd by my praiſe,
And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,
And uſeth oft, when ſuch a heart miſ-ſayes,
To make it good, for, ſuch a praiſer prayes.

He will beſt teach you, how you ſhould lay out
His ſtocke of *beautie, learning, favour, blood*;
He will perplex ſecuritie with doubt, (you good,
And cleare thoſe doubts; hide from you, and ſhew
And ſo increaſe your appetite and food.

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloyſters, and in Court,
Indifferent there the greateſt ſpace hath got,
Some pity is not good there, ſome vaine diſport,
On this ſide, ſin, with that place may comport.

Yet he as he bounds ſeas, will fixe your houres,
Which pleaſure, and delight may not ingreſſe,
And though what none elſe loſt, be trulieſt yours,
He will make you, what you did not, poſſeſſe,
By uſing others, not vice, but weakneſſe.

He will make you ſpeake truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others doe not ſo:
He will provide you keyes, and lockes, to ſpie,
And ſcape ſpies, to good ends, and he will ſhow
What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

For your owne conſcience, he gives innocence,
But for your fame, a diſcreet warineſſe,
And (though to ſcape, then to revenge offence
Be better,) he ſhewes both, and to repreſſe
Joy, when your ſtate ſwels, *ſadneſſe* when 'tis leſſe.

From need of teares he will defend your ſoule,
Or make a rebaptizing of one teare;
He cannot (that's, he will not) diſ-inroule
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private Goſpel, then 'tis our New Year.

To the Conteſſe of Huntingdon.

MADAM,

MAn to Gods Image; *Eve*, to man was made,
Nor finde we that God breath'd a ſoule in her,
Canons will not Church functions you invade,
Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.

Who vagrant tranſitory Comets ſees,
Wonders becauſe they are rare; But a new ſtarre
Whoſe motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for, there, no new things are.

In woman ſo perchance milde innocence
A ſeldome comet is, but active good A

A miracle, which reaſon ſcapes, and ſenſe;
For, Art and Nature this in them withſtood.

As ſuch a ſtarre, the *Magi* led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below.
By vertues beames (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt ſoules, and the worſt may vertue know.

If the worlds age, and death be argued well (bend,
By the Suns fall, which now towards earth doth
Then we might feare that vertue, ſince ſhe fell
So low as woman, ſhould be neare her end.

But ſhe's not ſtoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's
She was in all men thinly ſcatter'd then, (you,
But now a maſſe contracted in a few.

She guilded us, but you are gold; and She
Informed us, but tranſubſtantiates you:
Soft diſpoſitions which ductile be,
Elixar-like, ſhee makes not cleane, but new:

Though you a wifes and mothers name retaine,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not ſo,
But vertue, having made you vertue, 'is faine
T'adhere in theſe names, her and you to ſhow,

Elſe, being alike pure, we ſhould neither ſee,
As, water being into aire rarifi'd,
Neither appeare, till in one cloud they be,
So, for our ſakes, you doe low names abide;

Taught by great conſtellations, (which being fram'd
Of the moſt ſtarres, take low names, *Crab*, & *Bull*,
When ſingle planets by the gods are nam'd)
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend
And in the vale of kindred others ſee;
To ſome you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to me.

To whom, becauſe from you all vertues flow,
And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
I, which doe ſo, as your true ſubject owe
Some tribute for that, ſo theſe lines are due.

If you can thinke theſe flatteries, they are,
For then your judgement is below my praiſe.
If they were ſo, oft, flatteries worke as farre,
As Counſels, and as farre th'endeavour raiſe.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remaine a poyſoned fountaine ſtill;
And not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood,
Are more above all flatterie, than my will.

And if I flatter any, 'tis not you
But my owne judgement, who did long agoe
Pronounce, that all theſe praiſes ſhould be true,
And vertue ſhould your beauty, & birth out-grow.

Now that my propheſies are all fulfill'd,
Rather then God ſhould not be honour'd too,

And

And all theſe gifts confeſs'd, which he inſtill'd,
Your ſelfe were bound to ſay that which I doe.

So I, but your Recorder am in this,
Or mouth, and Speaker of the univerſe,
A miniſteriall Notary, for 'tis
Not I, but you and fame, that make this verſe.

I was your Prophet in your younger dayes,
And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praiſe.

To M. I. W.

ALL haile ſweet Poet, more full of more ſtrong fire,
Then hath or ſhall enkindle my dull ſpirit,
I lov'd what nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before or ſhall write after thee,
Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
Like infancy or age to mans firme ſtay,
Or earely and late twilights to mid-day.

Men ſay, and truely, that they better be
Which be envy'd than pitied: therefore I,
Becauſe I wiſh thee beſt, doe thee envie:
O wouldſt thou by like reaſon, pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,
(But for thy grace got in the Muſes Schoole)
A Monſter and a begger, am a foole.

Oh how I grieve, that late-borne modeſty

Hath got ſuch root in eaſie waxen hearts, (parts
That men may not themſelves, their owne good
Extoll, without ſuſpect of ſurquedry,
For, but thy ſelfe, no ſubject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill reſound
Thy worke but thine: how good it were to ſee
A Poem in thy praiſe, and writ by thee!

Now if this ſong be too harſh for rime, yet, as
The Painters bad god made a good devill,
'Twill be good proſe, although the verſe be evill.
If thou forget the rime as thou doſt paſſe,
Then write, then I may follow, and ſo bee
Thy debter, thy eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee.
I ſhall be thought (if mine like thine I ſhape)
All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

To M. T. W.

HAſt thee harſh verſe as faſt as thy lame meaſure
Wil give thee leave, to him; My pain & pleaſure
I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,
Feet and a reaſoning ſoule, and tongue to ſpeake.
Tell him, all queſtions, which men have defended
Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended;
And 'tis decreed, our hell is but privation
Of him, at leaſt in this earths habitation:
And tis where I am, where in every ſtreet
Infections follow, overtake and meet.
Live I or die, by you my love is ſent,
You are my pawnes, or elſe my Teſtament.

To

To M. T. W.

PRegnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,
Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were:

As in our ſtreets ſlie beggers narrowly
Watch motions of the givers hand or eye,
And evermore conceive ſome hope thereby.

And now thy Almes is given, thy letter is read,
The body riſen againe, the which was dead,
And thy poore ſtarveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my ſoule doth ſay grace,
And praiſe thee for it, and zealouſly embrace
Thy love, though I thinke thy love in this caſe
To be as gluttons, which ſay 'midſt their meat;
They love that beſt of which they moſt doe eat.

Incerto.

AT once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my ſoft ſtill walkes, they to my Heart;
I to the Nurſe, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firme houſe, though the Carpenter
Periſh, doth ſtand: as an Embaſſadour
Lyes ſafe, how e'r his King be in danger.

So, though I languiſh, preſt with Melancholy;

My

My verſe, the ſtrict Map of my miſery,
Shall live to ſee that, for whoſe want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and doe repent,
That from unhappy me, things happy'are ſent;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
Accept theſe lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, beſtow that love on me.

To M. C. B.

THy friend, whom thy deſerts to thee enchaine,
Urg'd by this unexcuſable occaſion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;
And let the love I beare to both ſuſtaine
No blot nor maime by this diviſion,
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And ſtrong that love purſu'd with amorous paine;
But though beſides thy ſelfe I leave behinde
Heavens liberall, and the thrice faire Sunne,
Going to where ſterv'd winter aye doth wonne,
Yet, loves hot fires which martyr my ſad minde,
Do ſend forth ſcalding ſighes, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To M. S. B.

OThou which to ſearch out the ſecret parts
Of the India, or rather Paradiſe
Of knowledge, haſt with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vaſt Sea of Arts,

Diſdaine

Diſdaine not in thy conſtant travelling
To do as other Voyagers, and make
Some turnes into leſſe Creekes, and wiſely take
Freſh water at the Heliconian ſpring.
I ſing not, Siren like to tempt; for I
Am harſh; nor as thoſe Schiſmatiques with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But ſeeing in you bright ſparkes of Poetry,
I thought I brought no fuell, but deſire
With theſe Articulate blaſts to blow the fire.

To M. B. B.

IS not thy ſacred hunger of ſcience
Yet ſatisfy'd? is not thy braines rich hive
Fulfill'd with honey which thou doſt derive
From the Arts ſpirits and their Quinteſſence?
Then weane thy ſelfe at laſt, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge thy old nurſe, and, as the reſt,
Here toughly chew, and ſturdily digeſt
Th'immenſe vaſt volumes of our common law;
And begin ſoone, leſt my griefe grieve thee too,
Which is, that that which I ſhould have begun
In my youths morning, now late muſt be done;
And I as Giddy Travellers muſt doe,
Which ſtray or ſleep all day, and having loſt poſt,
Light and ſtrength, darke and tir'd muſt the ride

If thou unto thy Muſe be married,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
Be farre from me that ſtrange Adultery

To

To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood;
My nurſe, (for I had one) becauſe I'm cold,
Divorc'd her ſelfe, the cauſe being in me,
That I can take no new in Bigamie,
Not my will onely, but power doth withhold;
Hence comes it, that theſe Rimes which never had
Mother, want matter, and they onely have
A little forme, the which their Father gave;
They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
To be counted Children of Poetry
Except confirm'd and Biſhoped by thee.

To M. R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a ſlumber be, (me,
Seeme, when thou read'ſt theſe lines, to dream of
Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare
Shapes ſo like thoſe Shapes, whom they would ap-
As this my letter is like me, for it (peare.
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and
It is my deed of gift of me to thee, (wit;
It is my Will, my ſelfe the Legacie.
So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,
Bred in thee by a wiſe melancholy,
That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
Though I ſtay here, I can thus ſend my heart,
As kindly as any enamored Patient
His Picture to his abſent Love hath ſent.
All newes I think ſooner reach thee than me;
Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
The which both Goſpel, & ſtern threatnings bring;

Guianaes

Guianaes harveſt is nipt in the ſpring,
I feare; And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales ſo
As with the Jewes guide God did; he did ſhow
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
Our flowneſſe is our puniſhment and ſinne;
Perchance, theſe Spaniſh buſineſſes being done;
Which as the earth between the Moon and Sunne
Eclipſe the light which Guiana would give,
Our diſcontinued hopes we ſhall retrive:
But if (as All th'All muſt) hopes ſmoake away,
Is not Almighty Vertue an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Some thing to anſwer in ſome proportion
All the worlds riches: and in good men, this
Vertue, our formes forme, and our ſoules ſoule is.

To M. I. L.

OF that ſhort Roll of friends writ in my heart
Which with thy name begins, ſince their depart
Whether in the Engliſh Provinces they be,
Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
There's none that ſometimes greets us not, and yet
Your Trent is Lethe', that paſt, us you forget.
You doe not duties of Societies,
If from th'embrace of a lov'd wife you riſe, (fields,
View your fat beaſts, ſtretch'd Barnes, and labour'd
Eate, play, ride, take all joyes which all day yeelds,
And then againe to your imbracements goe:
Some houres on us yours friends, and ſome beſtow

Vpon

Upon your Muſe, elſe both we ſhall repent,
I that my love, ſhe that her gifts on you are ſpent.

To M. I. P.

BLeſt are your North parts, for all this long time
My Sun is with you, cold and darke is our Clime;
Heavens Sun, which ſtaid ſo long from us this year,
Staid in your North (I thinke) for ſhe was there,
And hither by kind nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chaſes and threatens peſtilence;
Yet I, as long as ſhe from hence doth ſtay,
Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day,
With thee my kinde and unkind heart is runne,
There ſacrifice it to that beauteous Sunne:
So may thy paſtures with their flowery feaſts,
As ſuddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beaſts;
So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever weare
A greene, and (when ſhe liſt) a golden haire;
So may all thy ſheep bring forth Twins; and ſo
In chaſe and race may thy horſe all out-goe;
So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
Thy Son ne'r Ward; Thy lov'd wife ne'r ſeem old;
But maiſt thou wiſh great things, and them attaine,
As thou tell'ſt her, and none but her my paine.

To E. of D. with ſixe holy Sonets.

SEE Sir, how as the Suns hot Maſculine flame
Begets ſtrange creatures on Niles durty ſlime,
In me, your fatherly yet luſty Ryme (ſame;
(For, theſe ſongs are their fruits) have wrought the

ut

But though the ingendring force from whence they
Be ſtrong enough, and nature doth admit (came
Seven to be borne at once; I ſend as yet
But ſixe; they ſay, the ſeventh hath ſtill ſome maime;
I chooſe your judgement which the ſame degree
Doth with her ſiſter, your invention, hold,
As fire theſe droſſe Rymes to purifie,
Or as Elixar to change them to gold;
You are that Alchymiſt which alwaies had (bad.
Wit, whoſe one ſpark could make good things of

To Sir H. W. at his going Ambaſſadour to Venice.

AFter thoſe reverend papers, whoſe ſoule is
Our good & great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd
By which to you he derives much of his (name,
And (how he may) makes you almoſt the ſame,

A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ
From his Originall, and a faire beame
Of the ſame warme, and dazelling Sun, though it
Muſt in another Sphere his vertue ſtreame.

After thoſe learned papers which your hand
Hath ſtor'd with notes of uſe and pleaſure too,
From which rich treaſury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or doe,

After thoſe loving papers which friends ſend
With glad griefe to your Sea-ward ſteps, farewell,

Which

Which thicken on you now, as prayers aſcend
To heaven in troopes at a good mans paſſing bel:

Admit this honeſt Paper, and allow
It ſuch an audience as your ſelfe would aske;
What you muſt ſay at *Venice* this meanes now,
And hath for nature what you have for taske.

To ſweare much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor ſhall I then honour your fortune, more
Than I have done your noble-wanting-wit.

But 'tis an eaſier load (though both oppreſſe)
To want, then governe greatneſſe; for we are
In that, our owne and onely buſineſſe,
In this we muſt for others vices care.

Tis therefore well your ſpirits now are plac'd
In their laſt Furnace, in Activitie;
Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and warres
To touch and teſt in any beſt degree. (o'rpaſt)

For me, (if there be ſuch a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be ſuch a thing as ſhe)
Spies that I beare ſo well her tyranny,
That ſhe thinkes nothing elſe ſo fit for me.

But though ſhe part us: to heare my oft prayers
For your increaſe, God is as ne'r me here;
And to ſend you what I ſhall begge, his ſtaires
In length and eaſe are alike every where.

To M. M. H.

MAd paper ſtay, and grudge not here to burne
With all thoſe ſonnes whom thy braine did create,
At leaſt lie hid with me, till thou returne
To rags againe, which is thy native ſtate.

What though thou have enough unworthineſſe
To come unto great place as others doe,
That's much, emboldens, puls, thruſts, I confeſſe,
But 'tis not all, thou ſhouldſt be wicked too.

And, that thou canſt not learne, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt goe, Goe, ſince thou goeſt to her
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for ſhe,
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'ſt to that perplexing eye
Which equally claimes *love* and *reverence*:
Thou wilt not long diſpute it, thou wilt die;
And, having little now, haſt then no ſenſe.

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is
A miracle; and made ſuch to worke more,
Doth touch thee (ſapleſs leafe) thou grow'ſt by this
Her creature; glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother which delights to heare
Her early childe miſ-ſpeake halfe uttered words,
Or, becauſe majeſtie doth never feare
Ill or bold ſpeech, ſhe Audience affords.

And then, cold ſpeechleſſe wretch, thou dieſt again,
And wiſely; what diſcourſe is left for thee?
From ſpeech of ill, and her thou muſt abſtaine,
And is there any good which is not ſhee?

Yet maiſt thou praiſe her ſervants, though not her,
And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend, (erre
And ſince they are but her cloathes, thou ſhalt not
If thou her ſhape & beautie, & grace commend.

Who knowes thy deſtiny? when thou haſt done,
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne,
A neſt almoſt as full of good as ſhee.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
Were ſav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When ſhe revolves his papers, marke what ſhow
Of favour, ſhe, alone, to them doth make.

Marke, if to get them, ſhe o'rskip the reſt,
Marke if ſhe read them twice, or kiſſe the name;
Marke if ſhe doe the ſame that they proteſt;
Marke if ſhe marke whither her woman came.

Marke if ſleight things be objected, and o'rblowne,
Marke if her oathes againſt him be not ſtill
Reſerv'd, and that ſhe grieve ſhe's not her owne,
And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not doe this to be my ſpie;
Nor to make my ſelfe her familar;

But

But ſo much I doe love her choyce, that I
Would faine love him that ſhall be lov'd of her.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

HOnour is ſo ſublime perfection,
And ſo refin'd; that when God was alone
And creatureleſſe at firſt, himſelfe had none;

But as of the elements, theſe which we tread,
Produce all things with which we are joy'd or fed,
And, thoſe are barren both above our head:

So from low perſons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us ſhow,
And but *direct* our honour, not *beſtow*.

For when from herbs the pure part muſt be wonne
From groſſe, by Stilling, this is better done
By deſpis'd dung, than by the fire of Sunne:

Care not then, Madam, how low your praiſes lie;
In labourers ballads oft more piety
God findes, than in *Te Deums* melodie.

And, Ordinance raiſed on Towers, ſo many mile
Send not their voyce, nor laſt ſo long a while,
As fires from th'earths low vaults in *Sicil* Iſle.

Should I ſay I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds ſubdue,
But one, 'tis beſt light to contemplate you.

You, for whoſe body God made better clay,
Or tooke Soules ſtuffe, ſuch as ſhall late decay,
Or ſuch as needs ſmall change at the laſt day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee,
Covering diſcovers your quick Soule; that wee (ſee.
May in your through-ſhine front our hearts thoughts

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the uſe of ſpecular ſtone, (ſhown
Through which all things within without were

Of ſuch were Temples; ſo and ſuch you are;
Beeing and *ſeeming* is your equall care;
And *vertues* whole *ſumme* is but *know* and *dare*.

Diſcretion is a wiſe mans Soule, and ſo
Religion is a Chriſtians, and you know
How theſe are one, her yea, is not her no.

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of ſenſe
Have birthright of our reaſons Soule, yet hence
They flie not from that, nor ſeeke preſidence:

Natures firſt leſſon, ſo, diſcretion,
Muſt not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keep none,
Not baniſh it ſelfe, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to ſoder ſtill and knit
Theſe two, and dare to breake them; nor muſt wit
Be colleague to Religion, but be it.

In

In thoſe poore types of God (round circles) ſo
Religions types the peeceleſſe centers flow,
And are in all the lines which alwayes goe.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then Religion
Wrought your ends, and your wayes diſcretion.

Goe thither ſtill, goe the ſame way you went.
Who ſo would change, doe covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

To the Counteſſe of Huntingdon.

THat unripe ſide of earth, that heavy clime
That gives us man up now, like *Adams* time
Before he eat; mans ſhape, that would yet bee
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beaſts companie)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradiſe ſo great a diſtance were,
As yet the newes could not arrived bee
Of *Adams* taſting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free ſtate which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet beare the ſinne.
But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,
Sees men at childrens ſhapes, Rivers at brookes,
And loſeth younger formes; ſo, to your eye,
Theſe (Madame) that without your diſtance lie,
Muſt either miſt, or nothing ſeeme to be,
Who are at home but wits mere *Atomi*.
But, I who can behold them move, and ſtay,
Have found my ſelfe to you, juſt their midway;

And now muſt pity them: for, as they doe
Seeme ſick to mee, juſt ſo muſt I to you,
Yet neither will I vexe your eyes to ſee
A ſighing Ode, nor croſſe-arm'd Elegie.
I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like ſome white-liver'd dotard that would part
Elſe from his ſlipperie ſoule with a faint groane,
And faithfully, (without you ſmil'd) were gone.
I cannot feele the tempeſt of a frowne,
I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne down.
Though I can pitie thoſe ſigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whiſpers it ſelfe away.
Yet ſince all love is fever, who to trees
Doth talk, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but, with ſuch fatall weakneſſe made,
That it deſtroyes it ſelfe with its owne ſhade.
Who firſt look't ſad, griev'd, pin'd, and ſhew'd his paine,
Was he that firſt taught women, to diſdaine.

As all things were one nothing, dull and weake,
Untill this raw diſordered heape did breake,
And ſeverall deſires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the ayre did ſtay,
Fire roſe, and each from other but unty'd,
Themſelves unpriſon'd were and purify'd:
So was love, firſt in vaſt confuſion hid,
An unripe willingneſſe which nothing did,
A thirſt, an Appetite which had no eaſe,
That found a want, but knew not what would pleaſe.
What pretty innocence in thoſe dayes mov'd?
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
Both ſigh'd and enterchang'd a ſpeaking eye,
Both trembled and were ſick, both knew not why.

That

That naturall fearefulneſſe that ſtruck man dumbe;
Might well (thoſe times conſidered) man become.
As all diſcoverers whoſe firſt aſſay
Findes but the place, after, the neareſt way;
So paſſion is to womans love, about,
Nay, farther off, than when we firſt ſet out.
It is not love that ſueth, or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part conſiſts of purer fire,
And findes it ſelfe allowed, ere it deſire.
Love is wiſe here, keepes home, gives reaſon ſway,
And journeys not till it finde ſummer-way.
A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne,
Is ſport for every girle to practiſe on. (know,
Who ſtrives through womans ſcornes, women to
Is loſt, and ſeekes his ſhadow to outgoe;
It muſt be ſickneſſe after one diſdaine,
Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe.
Let others ſinne, and grieve; one cunning ſleight
Shall freeze my Love to Cryſtall in a night.
I can love firſt, and (if I winne) love ſtill;
And cannot be remov'd, unleſſe ſhe will.
It is her fault if I unſure remaine,
She onely can untie, I binde againe.
The honeſties of love with eaſe I doe,
But am no porter for a tedious woe.

But (Madame) I now thinke on you; and here
Where we are at our hights, you but appeare,
We are but clouds, you riſe from our noon-ray,
But a foule ſhadow, not your breake of day.
You are at firſt hand all that's faire and right;
And others good reflects but backe your light.

You are a perfectneſſe, ſo curious hit,
That youngeſt flatteries doe ſcandall it,
For, what is more doth what you are reſtraine,
And though beyond, is downe the hill againe,
We have no next way to you, we croſſe to it;
You are the ſtraight line, thing prais'd, attribute,
Each good in you's a light; ſo many a ſhade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
Theſe are your pictures to the life. From farre
We ſee you move, and here your *Zani's* are:
So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dimme actions faintly ſhow:
Then finde I, if mans nobleſt part be love,
Your pureſt luſter muſt that ſhadow move.
The ſoule with body, is a heaven combin'd
With earth, and for mans eaſe, nearer joyn'd.
Where thoughts the ſtarres of ſoule we underſtand,
We gueſſe not their large natures, but command.
And love in you, that bounty is of light,
That gives to all and yet hath infinite.
Whoſe heat doth force us thither to intend,
But ſoule we finde too earthly to aſcend,
'Till ſlow acceſſe hath made it wholly pure,
Able immortall clearneſſe to endure.
Who dare aſpire this journey with a ſtaine,
Hath weight will force him headlong backe againe.
No more can impure man retaine and move
In that pure region of a worthy love:
Then earthly ſubſtance can unforc'd aſpire,
And leave his nature to converſe with fire: (ſpeak;
Such may have eye, and hand; may ſigh, may
But like ſwoln bubles, whē they are high'ſt they brak

Though

Though far removed Northern fleets ſcarce find
The Sunnes comfort; others thinke him too kind.
There is an equall diſtance from her eye,
Men periſh too farre off, and burne too nigh.
But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright
From the firſt Rayes, to his laſt oppoſite:
So able man, bleſt with a vertuous Love,
Remote or neare, or howſoe'r they move;
There vertue breakes all clouds that might annoy,
There is no Emptineſſe, but all is Joy.
He much profanes (whom valiant heats doe move)
To ſtile his wandring rage of paſſion, *Love*.
Love that imparts in every thing delight,
Is fancied in the ſoule, not in the ſight.
Why love among the vertues is not knowne,
Is, that love is them all contract in one.

---

*A Dialogue betweene S^r^* Henry Wootton, *and M^r^* Donne.

IF her diſdaine leaſt change in you can move,
you doe not love,
For when the hope gives fuell to the fire,
you ſell deſire.
Love is not love, but given free,
And ſo is mine, ſo ſhould yours bee.

Her heart that melts to heare of others moane,
to mine is ſtone.
Her eyes that weep a ſtrangers eyes to ſee,
joy to wound mee:

Yet

Yet I ſo well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my ſmart.

Say her diſdainings juſtly muſt be grac't
with name of chaſt.
And that ſhe frownes leſt longing ſhould exceed,
and raging breed;
So her diſdaines can ne'r offend;
Unleſſe ſelfe-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold diſdaine
kils that againe,
As water cauſeth fire to fret and fume,
till all conſume.
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Then to love ſelfe-love for loves ſake?

I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart
to have no part,
Nor reſt in fiery eyes, which alwayes are
Canicular.
Who this way would a Lover prove,
May ſhew his patience, not his love.

A frowne may be ſometimes for phyſick good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is ſure
A gentler Cure.
Why barre you love of private end,
Which never ſhould to publique tend?

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

Begun in France, but never perfected.

THough I be *dead* and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) Court enough in my grave,
As oft as there I thinke my ſelfe to be,
So many reſurrections waken me;
That thankfulneſſe your favours have begot
In me, embalmes me, that I doe not rot;
This ſeaſon as 'tis Eaſter, as 'tis ſpring,
Muſt both to growth and to confeſſion bring
My thoughts diſpos'd unto your influence, ſo
Theſe verſes bud, ſo theſe confeſſions grow;
Firſt I confeſſe I have to others lent
Your ſtock, and over prodigally ſpent
Your treaſure, for ſince I had never knowne
Vertue and beautie, but as they are growne
In you, I ſhould not thinke or ſay they ſhine,
(So as I have) in any other Mine;
Next I confeſſe this my confeſſion,
For, 'tis ſome fault thus much to touch upon
Your praiſe to you, where half rights ſeem too much
And make your mindes ſincere complexion bluſh.
Next I confeſſe my impenitence, for I
Can ſcarce repent my firſt fault, ſince thereby
Remote low Spirits, which ſhall ne'r read you,
May in leſſe leſſons finde enough to doe,
By ſtudying copies, not Originals,

Deſunt cætera.

To

A Letter to the Lady Carey, *and* Mris Eſſex Riche, *from Amyens.*

MADAM,
HEre where by All All Saints invoked are,
'Twere too much ſchiſme to be ſingular,
And 'gainſt a practice generall to warre.

Yet turning to Saincts, ſhould my 'humilitie
To other Sainct than you directed bee,
That were to make my ſchiſme, hereſie.

Nor would I be a Convertite ſo cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply ſold.

Where becauſe Faith is in too low degree,
I thought it ſome Apoſtleſhip in mee
To ſpeake things which by faith alone I ſee.

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown, or ſpent,
They are your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom we call vertuous, are not ſo
In their wholeſubſtance, but, their vertues grow
But in their humours, and at ſeaſons ſhow.

For when through taſtleſſe flat humilitie
In dowbak'd men ſome harmleſneſſe we ſee,
'Tis but his *flegme* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee:

So

So is the Blood ſometimes: Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was than
No better than a *ſanguine* Vertuous man.

So cloyſterall men, who, in pretence of feare
All contributions to this life forbeare,
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and onely there.

Spirituall *Cholerique* Critiques which in all
Religions finde faults, and forgive no fall,
Have through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall.

We are thus but pareell guilt; to Gold we are grown
When Vertue is our Soules complexion;
Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none.

Vertue's but anguiſh, when 'tis ſeverall,
By occaſion wak'd, and circumſtantiall,
True vertue is *Soule*, Alwaies in all deeds *All*.

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie
To your ſoule, found there no infirmitie,
For, your ſoule was as good Vertue as ſhe;

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is ſcarce leſſe than ſoule, as ſhe could doe,
And ſo hath made your beautie, Vertue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts
As others, with profane and ſenſuall Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts.

But

But if such friends by the honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light
As to partake your vertues, and their might:

What must I thinke that influence must doe,
Where it findes sympathie and matter too,
Vertue, and beautie of the same stuffe, as you?

Which is, your noble worthy sister; shee
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries
The Master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the roome twice to our eyes:

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you; there is no way
From either, but by the other not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testifie
My true devotion, free from flatterie;
He that believes himselfe, doth never lie.

To the Countesse of Salisbury. August. 1614.

FAire, great, and good, since seeing you we see
What heaven can doe, what any Earth can bee:
Since now your beautie shines, now when the Sun
Growne stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevel'd beames, and scattered fires
Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres

In

In Lovers Sonnets : you come to repaire
Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire,
Since now, when all is withered, ſhrunk, and dry'd,
All vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde,
All the worlds frame being crumbled into ſand,
Where every man thinkes by himſelfe to ſtand,
Integritie, friendſhip, and confidence,
(Ciments of greatneſſe) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little ſhares,
Court, Citie, Church, are all ſhops of ſmall-wares,
All having blowne to ſparkes their noble fire,
And drawne their ſound gold ingot, into wyre;
All trying by a love of littleneſſe
To make abridgements and to draw to leſſe,
Even that nothing, which at firſt we were;
Since in theſe times your greatneſſe doth appeare,
And that we learne by it, that man to get
Towards him that's infinite, muſt firſt be great.
Since in an age ſo ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuſe, much leſſe mend it,
(For who can judge, or witneſſe of thoſe times,
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he that would be good, is thought by all
A monſter, or at beſt phantaſticall:
Since now you durſt be good, and that I doe
Diſcerne by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,
Through your light, largeneſſe, vertue underſtood:
If in this ſacrifice of mine, be ſhowne
Any ſmall ſparke of theſe, call it your owne.
And if things like theſe have been ſaid by me
Of others; call not that Idolatrie.

For

For had God made man first and man had seen
The third daies fruits and flowers, & various green,
He might have said the best that he could say
Of those faire creatures which were made that day:
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of Sun, Moon, Stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday:
So though some things are not together true,
As, that another is worthiest, and, that you:
Yet, to say so, doth not condemne a man,
If when he spoke them, they were both true than.
How faire a proofe of this in our soule growes,
We first have soules of growth, and sense; and those
When our last soule, our soule immortall came,
Were swallow'd into it, and have no name.
Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last;
No more doe I wrong any, if I adore
The same things now which I ador'd before;
The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
In a low constable, and in the King
I reverence; His power to worke on me;
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of faire, great, good, but more, now I am come
From having found their *walks*, to find their *home*.
And as I owe my first soules thankes, that they
For my last soule did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others, first, could doe.

Nor

Nor lack I light to read this booke, though I
In a darke Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie;
For as your fellow Angels, ſo you doe
Illuſtrate them who come to ſtudy you.
The firſt whom we in Hiſtories doe finde
To have profeſt all Arts, was one borne blinde:
He lackt thoſe eyes beaſts have as well as wee,
Not thoſe, by which Angels are ſeen and ſee;
So, though I'am borne without thoſe eyes to live,
Which Fortune, who hath none her ſelfe, doth give,
Which are fit meanes to ſee bright courts and you,
Yet may I ſee you thus, as now I doe;
I ſhall by that all goodneſſe have diſcern'd,
And though I burne my Library, be learn'd.

To the Lady Bedford.

YOu that are ſhe, and you that's double ſhe;
In her dead face, halfe of your ſelfe ſhall ſee;
She was the other part, for ſo they doe
Which build them friendſhips become one of two;
So two, that but themſelves no third can fit
Which were to be ſo, when they were not yet.
Twinnes, though their birth *Cuſco*, and *Muſco* take,
As divers ſtarres one Conſtellation make,
Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, ſo
Both but one meanes to ſee, one way to goe;
Had you dy'd firſt, a carcaſſe ſhe had been;
And we your rich Tombe in her face had ſeen;
She like the ſoule is gone, and you here ſtay,
Not a live friend, but th'other halfe of clay;
And ſince you act that part, As men ſay, here

Lies ſuch a Prince, when but one part is there;
And doe all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, ſo we all reverence you;
For ſuch a friendſhip, who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before,
Not all as if ſome periſhed by this,
But ſo, as all in you contracted is;
As of this all, though many parts decay,
The pure which elemented them ſhall ſtay;
And though diffus'd, and ſpred in infinite,
Shall recollect, and in one All unite:
So Madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,
Her fleſh reſts in the earth, as in the bed;
Her vertues doe, as to their proper ſpheare,
Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were:
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their ſea, whence leſſe ſtreames are.
She was all ſpices, you all metals; ſo
In you two we did both rich Indies know.
And as no fire, nor ruſt can ſpend or waſt
One dramme of Gold, but what was firſt ſhall laſt,
Though it be forc'd in water, earth, ſalt, aire,
Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire;
So, to your ſelfe you may additions take,
But nothing can you leſſe, or changed make.
Seeke not in ſeeking new, to ſeeme to doubt;
That you can match her, or not be without;
But let ſome faithfull booke in her roome bee,
Yet but of *Iudith* no ſuch booke as ſhee.

Sapho to *Philænis.*

WHere is that holy fire, which *Verſe* is ſaid
To have? is that inchanting force decay'd?
Verſe that draws *Natures* worke, frō *Natures* law,
Thee, her beſt worke, to her worke cannot draw.
Have my teares quench'd my old *Poetique* fire;
Why quench'd they not as well, that of *deſire*?
Thoughts, my minds creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their libertie;
Onely thine image, in my heart, doth ſit,
But that is waxe, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence;
And I am rob'd of *Picture*, *Heart*, and *Senſe*.
Dwels with me ſtill mine irkeſome *Memory*:
Which, both to keep, and loſe, grieves equally.
That tels me how faire thou art: Thou art ſo faire,
As *gods*, when *gods* to thee I doe compare,
Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men ſee,
What things *gods* are, I ſay they are like to thee.
For, if we juſtly call each filly *man*
A *little world*, what ſhall we call thee than?
Thou art not ſoft, and cleare, and ſtraight, and faire,
As *Downe*, as *Starres*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,
But thy right hand, and cheeke, and eye onely
Are like thy other hand, and cheeke, and eye.
Such was my *Phao* a while, but ſhall be never,
As thou, waſt, art, and, oh, maiſt thou be ever.
Here lovers ſweare in their *Idolatrie*,
That I am ſuch; but *Griefe* diſcolors me,
And yet I grieve the leſſe, leſt griefe remove

My beautie, and make me unworthy of thy love.
Playes ſome ſoft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
A mutuall feeling which ſhould ſweeten it:
His chinne, a thorny hairy unevenneſſe
Doth threaten, and ſome daily change poſſeſſe.
Thy body is a naturall *Paradiſe*,
In whoſe ſelfe, unmanur'd, all pleaſure lies,
Nor needs *perfection*; why ſhouldſt thou than
Admit the tillage of a harſh rough man?
Men leave behind them that which their ſin ſhows,
And are, as theeves trac'd, which rob when it ſnows,
But of our dallyance no more ſignes there are,
Than *fiſhes* leave in ſtreames, or *Birds* in aire.
And between us all ſweetneſſe may be had;
All, all that *Nature* yeelds, or *Art* can adde.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But ſo, as thine from one another doe:
And, oh, no more; the likeneſſe being ſuch,
Why ſhould they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to ſtrange hand, lip to lip none denies;
Why ſhould they breſt to breſt, or thighs to thighs?
Likeneſſe begets ſuch ſtrange ſelf-flatterie,
That touching my ſelfe all ſeemes done to thee.
My ſelfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kiſſe,
And amorouſly thanke my ſelfe for this.
Me, in my glaſſe, I call thee; But alas, (*glaſſe*.
When I would kiſſe, teares dimme mine *eyes*, and
O cure this loving madneſſe, and reſtore
Me to me; thee my *halfe*, my *all*, my *more*.
So may thy cheekes red outweare ſcarlet die,
And their white, whiteneſſe of the *Galaxy*,
So may thy mighty amazing beauty move

Envy

Envy in all *women*, and in all *men love*,
And ſo be change and ſickneſſe farre from thee,
As thou by comming neare, keep'ſt them from me.

To Ben. Johnſon, 6. Jan. 1603.

THe State and mens affaires are the beſt playes
Next yours, 'Tis nor more nor leſſe thā due praiſe:
Write, but touch not the much deſcending race
Of Lords houſes, ſo ſettled in worths place,
As but themſelves none thinke them uſurpers.
It is no fault in thee to ſuffer theirs.
If the Queen Maſque, or King a hunting goe,
Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
Like them in goodneſſe that Court ne'r will be,
For that were vertue, and not flatterie.
Forget we were thruſt out. It is but thus,
God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us.
Iudge of ſtrangers, Truſt and beleeve your friend,
And ſo me; And when I true friendſhip end,
With guilty cōſcience let me be worſe ſtung (tongue
Then with *Pophams* ſentence theeves, or *Cookes*
Traitors are. Friends are our ſelves. This I thee tell
As to my friend, and to my ſelfe is Counſell:
Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
Contemne learning, and all your ſtudies flout.
Let them ſcorne Hell, they will a Sergeant fear,
More then we *them*, that, ere long God may forbear,
But Creditors will not. Let them increaſe
In riot and exceſſe as their meanes ceaſe,
Let them ſcorne him that made them, and ſtill ſhun
His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone

Them and their ſoules. But ; that they that allow
But one God, ſhould have religions enough
For the Queens Maſque, & their husbands, for more
Then all the Gentiles knew, or *Atlas* bore.
Well, let all paſſe, and truſt him who nor cracks
The bruiſed Reed, nor quencheth ſmoaking flaxe.

To Ben. Jonſon, 9. Novembris, 1603.

IF great men wrong me, I will ſpare my ſelfe;
If meane, I will ſpare them, I know the pelfe
Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraid,
It may corrupt a Judge, make me afraid
And a Jury. But 'twill revenge in this,
That, though himſelfe be Iudge, he guiltie is,
What care I though of weakneſſe men taxe me?
I had rather ſufferer than doer be.
That I did truſt, it was my Natures praiſe,
For breach of word I knew but as a phraſe.
That judgement is, that ſurely can compriſe
The world in precepts, moſt happy and moſt wiſe.
What though? Though leſſe, yet ſome of both have
Who have learn'd it by uſe and miſery. (we
Poore I, whom every petty croſſe doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt that's done me double,
Am of this (though it ſhould ſtake me) careleſſe,
It would but force me to a ſtraiter goodneſſe.
They have great gaine of me, who gaine doe winne,
(If ſuch gaine be not loſſe) from every ſinne.
The ſtanding of great mens lives would afford
A pretty ſumme, if God would fill his Word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and breake them too.

How

How unlike they are that they are likened to?
Yet I conclude, they are amidſt my evils,
If good, like Gods, the naught are ſo like devils.

To Sir Tho. Rowe. 1603.

Deare Tom:

TEll her if ſhe to hired ſervants ſhew
Diſlike, before they take their leave they goe;
When nobler ſpirits ſtart at no diſgrace,
For who hath but one minde, hath but one face.
If then why I take not my leave ſhe aske,
Aske her againe why ſhe did not unmaske.
Was ſhe or proud or cruell, or knew ſhe
'Twould make my loſſe more felt, and pityed me?
Or did ſhe feare one kiſſe might ſtay for moe?
Or elſe was ſhe unwilling I ſhould goe?
I thinke the beſt, and love ſo faithfully,
I cannot chuſe but thinke that ſhe loves me.
If this prove not my faith, then let her trie
How in her ſervice I would fructifie.
Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
That decay'd worth, and prove the times paſt true.
Then he whoſe wit and verſe growes now ſo lame,
With ſongs to her will the wild Iriſh tame.
Howe'r, I'll weare the black and white ribband,
White for her fortunes, blacke for mine ſhall ſtand,
I doe eſteeme her favour, not the ſtuffe;
If what I have was given, I have enough,
And all's well, for had ſhe lov'd, I had not had
All my friends hate, for now departing ſad
I feele not that: Yet as the Rack the Gout

Cures, so hath *this* worse griefe *that* quite put out:
My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
Which (I dare foresay) nothing cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not.
Burden'd with this, I was to depart lesse
Willing then those which die, and not confesse.

The end of the Letters.

ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,

By occasion of the untimely death of Mistris ELIZABETH DRURY, the frailty and the decay of this whole World is represented.

The first Anniversary.

To the praise of the dead, and the ANATOMY.

WEll dy'd the World, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomie:
No evill wants his good, so wilder heires
Bedew their Fathers Tombes with forced teares,

Whose

Whoſe ſtate requites their loſs: whiles thus we gain,
Well may we walke in blackes, but not complaine.
Yet how can I conſent the world is dead
Whiles this Muſe lives ? which in his ſpirits ſtead
Seemes to informe a world ; and bids it be,
In ſpight of loſs or fraile mortality ?
And thou the ſubject of this welborne thought,
Thrice noble maide, couldſt not have found nor ſought
A fitter time to yeeld to thy ſad Fate,
Then whiles this ſpirit lives that can relate
Thy worth ſo well to our laſt Nephewes eyne,
That they ſhall wonder both at his and thine :
Admired match! where ſtrives in mutuall grace
The cunning pencill, and the comely face:
A taske which thy faire goodneſſe made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch ;
Enough is us to praiſe them that praiſe thee,
And ſay, that but enough thoſe praiſes bee,
Which, hadſt thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head
From the angry checkings of thy modeſt red :
Death barres reward and ſhame, when envy's gone,
And gaine, 'tis ſafe to give the dead their owne.
As then the wiſe Ægyptians wont to lay
More on their Tombes, then houſes : theſe of clay,
But thoſe of braſſe, or marble were : ſo wee
Give more unto thy Ghoſt, then unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'ſt to us,
And may'ſt but thanke thy ſelfe, for being thus :
Yet what thou gav'ſt and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profeſt all due, where 'tis repaid.
So theſe high ſongs that to thee ſuited bin,
Serve but to ſound thy Makers praiſe and thine,

Which

Which thy deare ſoule as ſweetly ſings to him
A mid the quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
As any Angels tongues can ſing of thee;
The ſubjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant yeares men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy vertues did preſage
What high part thou bear'ſt in thoſe beſt of Songs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on thou virgin Soule, whole loſſefull gaine
Thy loveſick parents have bewail'd in vaine;
Never may thy name be in our ſongsforgot,
Till we ſhall ſing thy ditty and thy note.

An Anatomy of the World,

The firſt Anniverſary.

WHen that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone,
Whō al doe celebrate, who know they have one,
(For who is ſure he hath a Soule, unleſſe
It ſee, and judge, and follow worthineſſe,
And by deeds praiſe it? he who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate ſoule, but 'tis not his)
When that Queene ended here her progreſſe time,
And, as t'her ſtanding houſe to heaven did climbe;
Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
She's now a part both of the Quire and Song:
This World, in that great earthquake languiſhed;
For in a common bath of teares it bled,
Which drew the ſtrongeſt vitall ſpirits out:
But ſuccour'd them with a perplexed doubt,
Whether

Whether the world did loſe, or gaine in this,
(Becauſe ſince now no other way there is,
But goodneſſe, to ſee her, whom all would ſee,
All muſt endeavour to be good as ſhee.)
This great conſumption to a fever turn'd,
And ſo the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And, as men thinke, that Agues phyſick are,
And th' Ague being ſpent, give over care;
So thou ſick world miſtak'ſt thy ſelfe to be
Well, when alas, thou art in a Lethargie:
Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than
Thou might'ſt have better ſpar'd the Sunne, or man.
That wound was deepe, but 'tis more miſery,
That thou haſt loſt thy ſenſe and memory.
'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of moane,
But this is worſe that thou art ſpeechleſſe growne.
Thou haſt forgot thy name thou hadſt; thou waſt
Nothing but ſhe, and her thou haſt o'rpaſt.
For as a child kept from the fount, untill
A Prince, expected long, come to fulfill
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadſt laid,
Had not her comming, thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,
And thou forgett'ſt to celebrate thy name.
Some moneths ſhe hath been dead (but being dead,
Meaſures of time are all determined)
But long ſhe hath been away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in States doubtfull of future heires,
When ſickneſſe without remedie impaires
The preſent Prince, they're loath it ſhould be ſaid,
The Prince doth languiſh or the Prince is dead:

So

So mankinde, feeling now a generall thaw,
A ſtrong example gone, equall to law;
The Cyment which did faithfully compact,
And give all vertues, now reſolv'd and ſlack'd,
Thought it ſome blaſphemy to ſay ſhe'was dead,
Or that our weakneſſe was diſcovered
In that confeſſion; therefore ſpoke no more,
Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the loſſe de-
But though it be too late to ſuccour thee, (plore.
Sick World, yea, dead, yea putrified, ſince ſhe
Thy'intrinſique balme, and thy preſervative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
I (ſince no man can make thee live) will trie,
What we may gaine by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortall in thy pureſt part.
Let no man ſay, the world it ſelfe being dead,
'Tis labour loſt to have diſcovered
The worlds infirmities, ſince there is none
Alive to ſtudy this diſſection;
For there's a kinde of World remaining ſtill,
Though ſhe which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this laſt long night,
Her Ghoſt doth walke, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weake love of vertue, and of good
Reflects from her, on them which underſtood
Her worth; and though ſhe have ſhut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth ſtay;
Which, from the carcaſſe of the old world, free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
Produc'd: the matter and the ſtuffe of this,
Her vertue, and the forme our practiſe is:

And

And though to be thus elemented, arme
Theſe creatures, from homeborn intrinſique harme,
(For all aſſum'd unto this dignitie,
So many weedleſſe Paradiſes bee,
Which of themſelves produce no venomous finne,
Except ſome foraine Serpent bring it in)
Yet becauſe outward ſtormes the ſtrongeſt breake,
And ſtrength it ſelfe by confidence growes weake,
This new world may be ſafer, being told
The dangers and diſeaſes of the old:
For with due temper men doe them forgoe,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know,
There is no health; Phyſitians ſay that we,
At beſt, enjoy but a neutralitie.
And can there be worſe ſickneſſe than to know,
That we are never well, nor can be ſo?
We are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry,
That Children come not right nor orderly,
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruine, how importunate
Upon mankinde? it labour'd to fruſtrate
Even Gods purpoſe; and made woman, ſent
For mans reliefe, cauſe of his languiſhment:
They were to good ends, and they are ſo ſtill,
But acceſſory, and principall in ill;
For that firſt marriage was our funerall:
One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
And ſingly, one by one they kill us now.
We doe delightfully our ſelves allow
To that conſumption; and profuſely blinde
We kill our ſelves to propagate our kinde,

And

And yet we doe not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankinde, which was then,
When as the Sunne and man did ſeeme to ſtrive,
(Joynt-tenants of the world) who ſhould ſurvive;
When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie;
When, if a ſlow pac'd ſtarre had ſtolne away
From the obſervers marking, he might ſtay
Two or three hundred yeares to ſee't againe,
And then make up his obſervation plaine;
When as the age was long, the ſize was great;
Mans growth confeſs'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
So ſpacious and large, that every Soule
Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:
And when the very ſtature, thus erect,
Did that Soule a good way towards heaven direct,
Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,
Fit to be made *Methuſalem* his page?
Alas, we ſcarce live long enough to trie
Whether a true made clock run right or lie.
Old Granſires talke of yeſterday with ſorrow:
And for our children we reſerve to morrow.
So ſhort is life, that every peſant ſtrives,
In a torne houſe, or field, to have three lives,
And as in laſting, ſo in length is man,
Contracted to an inch, who was a ſpanne;
For had a man at firſt in forreſts ſtraid,
Or ſhip-wrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an Elephant or Whale,
That met him, would not haſtily aſſaile,
A thing ſo equall to him: now alas,
The Fairies, and the Pygmies well may paſſe

As

As credible; mankinde decayes ſo ſoone,
We'are ſcarce our Fathers ſhadowes caſt at noone:
Only death adds t'our length: nor are we growne
In ſtature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our leſſe volume hold
All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their ſilver, or diſpos'd into leſſe glaſſe
Spirits of vertue, which then ſcatter'd was:
But 'tis not ſo: w'are not retir'd, but dampt;
And as our bodies, ſo our mindes are crampt:
'Tis ſhrinking, not cloſe weaving that hath thus,
In minde and body both bedwarfed us.
We ſeeme ambitious Gods whole worke t'undoe;
Of nothing he made us, and we ſtrive too,
To bring our ſelves to nothing backe; and we
Doe what we can, to do't ſo ſoone as he:
With new diſeaſes on our ſelves we warre,
And with new Phyſick, a worſe Engine farre.
This man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appeare,
They'are but mans Miniſters, and Legats there,
To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civilitie, and to mans uſe:
This man, whom God did wooe, and loth t'attend
Till man came up, did down to man deſcend:
This man ſo great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is!
If man were any thing, hee's nothing now:
Helpe, or at leaſt ſome time to waſte, allow
To his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her whom we lament, he loſt his heart.

She,

She of whom th'Ancients ſeem'd to propheſie,
When they call'd vertues by the name of She;
She, in whom vertue was ſo much refin'd,
That for allay unto ſo pure a minde
She took the weaker Sex: ſhe that could drive
The poyſonous tincture, and the ſtaine of Eve,
Out of her thoughts and deeds; and purifie
All by a true religious Alchimy;
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead; when thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how poore a trifling thing man is,
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
The heart being periſh'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The ſupernaturall food, Religion,
Thy better growth growes withered, and ſcant;
Be more than man, or thou'art leſſe then an Ant.
Then as mankinde, ſo is the worlds whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almoſt created lame:
For, before God had made up all the reſt,
Corruption entred, and deprav'd the beſt:
It ſeis'd the Angels, and then firſt of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her braines, and took a generall maime,
Wronging each joynt of th'univerſall frame,
The nobleſt part, man, felt it firſt: and than
Both beaſts and plants, curſt in the curſe of man:
So did the world from the firſt houre decay,
That evening was beginning of the day,
And now the Springs and Summers which we ſee
Like ſonnes of women after fifty bee.
And new Philoſophy cals all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out:

The

The Sunne is loſt, and th'earth, and no mans wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confeſſe that this world's ſpent,
When in the Planets, and the firmament
They ſeek ſo many new; they ſee that this
Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
'Tis all in peeces, all coherence gone;
All juſt ſupply, and all Relation:
Prince, Subject, Father, Son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinkes he hath got
To be a Phœnix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he
This is the worlds condition now, and now
She that ſhould all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all magnetique force alone,
To draw and faſten ſundred parts in one;
She whom wiſe nature had invented then
When ſhe obſerv'd that every ſort of men
Did in their voyage, in this worlds Sea ſtray,
And needed a new Compaſſe for their way;
She that was beſt, and firſt originall
Of all faire copies, and the generall
Steward to Fate; ſhe whoſe rich eyes and breſt,
Guilt the Weſt-Indies, and perfum'd the Eaſt,
Whoſe having breath'd in this world, did beſtow,
Spice on thoſe Iſles, and bad them ſtill ſmell ſo,
And that rich Indie, which doth gold interre,
Is but as ſingle money coyn'd from her:
She to whom this world muſt it ſelfe referre,
As Suburbs, or the Microcoſme of her,
She, ſhe is dead: ſhe's dead: when thou knoweſt
Thou knoweſt how lame a creeple this world is. (this

And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
That this worlds generall ſickneſſe doth not lye
In any humour, or one certain part;
But as thou ſaweſt it rotten at the heart,
Thou ſeeſt a Hectique feaver hath got hold
Of the whole ſubſtance, not to be contrould,
And that thou haſt but one way, not t'admit
The worlds infection, to be none of it.
For the worlds ſubtilſt immateriall parts
Feel this conſuming wound, and ages darts.
For the worlds beauty, is decay'd, or gone,
Beauty, that's colour, and proportion,
We think the heavens enjoy their Sphericall,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed courſe,
Obſerv'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out ſo many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers down-right lines, ſuch overthwarts,
As diſproportion that pure forme: It teares
The Firmament in eight and forty ſhieres,
And in theſe Conſtellations then ariſe
New ſtars, and old doe vaniſh from our eyes:
As though heav'n ſuffered earthquakes, peace or (war
When new towers riſe, and old demoliſh'd are.
They have impal'd within a Zodiake
The free-born Sun, and keep twelve ſignes awake
To watch his ſteps; the Goat and Crab controule
And fright him back, who elſe to either Pole
(Did not theſe tropiques fetter him) might runne:
For his courſe is not round, nor can the Sunne
Perfit a Circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct, but where he roſe to day

He

He comes no more but with a cozening line,
Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to sleep, being now falne nearer us.
So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne
In Circle still, none ends where he begun.
All their proportion's lame it sinkes, it swels.
For of Meridians, and Parallels,
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the Heavens, and now they are his own.
Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus
To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
We spur, we reine the starres, and in their race
They are diversly content t'obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Tenarus or higher hill
Rise so high like a Rock, that one might think
The floating Moon would shipwrack there and sink?
Seas are so deep, that Whales being strucke to day,
Perchance to morrow scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd journeys end, the bottome, dies,
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
As one might justly think, that there would rise
At end thereof, one of th'Antipodes:
If under all, a vaule infernall be,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a straight hot roome be thrust)
Then solidnesse and roundnesse have no place.
Are these but warts, and pockholes in the face
Of th'earth? Think so: but yet confesse, in this
The worlds proportion disgrac'd is;

That thoſe two legges whereon it doth rely,
Reward and puniſhment, are bent awry:
And, Oh, it can no more be queſtioned,
That beauties beſt, proportion is dead,
Since even griefe it ſelfe, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She by whoſe lines proportion ſhould be
Examin'd, meaſure of all Symmetry,
Whom had that Ancient ſeen, who thought ſoules made
Of Harmony, he would at next have ſaid
That Harmony was ſhe, and thence inferre
That ſoules were but Reſultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies goe,
As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
She, who if thoſe great Doctours truly ſaid
That the Arke to mans proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements and Paſſions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civill warre to ceaſe.
She, after whom, what forme ſoe'r we ſee,
Is diſcord and rude incongruity;
She, ſhe is dead, ſhe's dead; when thou know'ſt this,
Thou knoweſt how ugly a monſter this world is:
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:
And that not onely faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poyſoning the fountains, whence our actions ſpring,
Endanger us: but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To ſatisfie wiſe, and good lookers on,

Since moſt men be ſuch as moſt think they be,
They'are lothſome too, by this deformity.
For good, and well, muſt in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worſe then indiſcreet,
But beauties other ſecond Element,
Colour, and luſtre now, is as near ſpent.
And had the world his juſt proportion,
Were it a ring ſtill, yet the ſtone is gone.
As a compaſſionate Turcoyſe, which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well:
As gold fals ſick being ſtung with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of ſuch complexion be.
When nature was moſt buſie, the firſt week,
Swadling the new-born earth, God ſeem'd to like
That ſhe ſhould ſport her ſelf ſometimes, and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day:
And then, as though ſhe could not make enow,
Himſelf his various Rainbow did allow.
Sight is the nobleſt ſenſe of any one,
Yet ſight hath onely colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: ſummers robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft dyed Garment ſhows.
Our bluſhing red, which us'd in cheeks to ſpred,
Is inward ſunk, and onely our ſoules are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If ſhe whom we lament had not been dead:
But ſhe, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradiſe, from whom
Did all things verdure, and their luſtre come,
Whoſe compoſition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,

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Reward and puniſhment, are bent awry:
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They'are lothſome too, by this deformity.
For good, and well, muſt in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worſe then indiſcreet,
But beauties other ſecond Element,
Colour, and luſtre now, is as near ſpent.
And had the world his juſt proportion,
Were it a ring ſtill, yet the ſtone is gone.
As a compaſſionate Turcoyſe, which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well:
As gold fals ſick being ſtung with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of ſuch complexion be.
When nature was moſt buſie, the firſt week,
Swadling the new-born earth, God ſeem'd to like
That ſhe ſhould ſport her ſelf ſometimes, and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day:
And then, as though ſhe could not make enow,
Himſelf his various Rainbow did allow.
Sight is the nobleſt ſenſe of any one,
Yet ſight hath onely colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: ſummers robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft dyed Garment ſhows.
Our bluſhing red, which us'd in cheeks to ſpred,
Is inward ſunk, and onely our ſoules are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If ſhe whom we lament had not been dead:
But ſhe, in whom all white, and red, and blew
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradiſe, from whom
Did all things verdure, and their luſtre come,
Whoſe compoſition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,

(For Ayre, and Fire but thicke groſſe bodies were,
And liveliest ſtones but drowſie and pale to her,)
She, ſhe is dead; ſhe's dead: when thou know'ſt this,
Thou knoweſt how wan a Ghoſt this our world is:
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
That it ſhould more affright then pleaſure thee:
And that, ſince all faire colour then did ſink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity, to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude mens ſenſe.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,
Then that her influence the heaven forbeares,
Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
The father or the mother barren is.
The clouds conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
In the due birth time, down the balmy ſhowre;
Th'ayre doth not motherly ſit on the earth,
To hatch her ſeaſons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And falſe-conceptions fill the generall wombs;
Th'ayre ſhowes ſuch Meteors, as none can ſee,
Not onely what they mean, but what they be.
Earth ſuch new wormes, as would have troubled
Th'Egyptiã *Mages* to have made more ſuch. (much
What Artiſt now dares boaſt that he can bring
Heaven hither, or conſtellate any thing,
So as the influence of thoſe ſtarres may be
Impriſon'd in a Herbe, or Charme or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which thoſe ſtars could doe?
The art is loſt, and correſpondence too,
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes leſſe,
And man leaſt knows their trade and purpoſes.

If

If this commerce 'twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot,
She, for whoſe loſſe we have lamented thus,
Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us:
Since herbes, and roots by dying loſe not all,
But they, yea aſhes too, are medicinall,
Death could not quench her vertue ſo, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
And all the world would be one dying ſwan,
To ſing her funerall praiſe, and vaniſh than.
But as ſome Serpents poyſon hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent ſhot,
So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
That unto us; ſhe working more then it.
But ſhe, in whom to ſuch maturitie
Vertue was grown, paſt growth, that it muſt die;
She, from whoſe influence all impreſſion came,
But by receivers impotencies, lame,
Who, though ſhe could not tranſubſtantiate
All ſtates to gold, yet guilded every ſtate,
So that ſome Princes have ſome temperance;
Some Counſellers, ſome purpoſe to advance
The common profit; and ſome people have
Some ſtay, no more then Kings ſhould give, to crave;
Some women have ſome taciturnity,
Some Nunneries ſome graines of chaſtity.
She that did thus much, and much more could doe,
But that our Age was Iron, and ruſty too,
She, ſhe is dead, ſhe's dead; when thou know'ſt this,
Thou know'ſt how dry a Cinder this world is.
And learn'ſt thus much by our Anatomy,
That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie

It with thy teares, or ſweat, or bloud: nothing
Is worth our travaile, griefe, or periſhing,
But thoſe rich joyes which did poſſeſſe her heart,
Of which ſhe's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not laſt out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their ſpeech to parts, that are of moſt effect;
So the worlds carcaſſe would not laſt, if I
Were punctuall in this Anatomy;
Nor ſmels it well to hearers, if one tell (well,
Them their diſeaſe, who fain would thinke they're
Here therefore be the end: and bleſſed maid,
Of whom is meant what ever hath been ſaid,
Or ſhall be ſpoken well by any tongue, (ſong,
Whoſe name refines coorſe lines, and makes proſe
Accept this tribute, and his firſt years rent,
Who till his dark ſhort tapers end be ſpent,
As oft as thy feaſt ſees this widowed earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy ſecond birth,
That is, thy death; for though the ſoule of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but than
When man doth die, our bodie's as the wombe,
And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom ſhe works upon,
And have your laſt, and beſt concoction
From her example and her vertue, if you
In reverence to her doe think it due,
That no one ſhould her praiſes thus rehearſe,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verſe:
Vouchſafe to call to mind that God did make
A laſt, and laſting'ſt peece, a ſong. He ſpake

To

To *Moſes* to deliver unto all
That ſong, becauſe he knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the Hiſtory,
But keep the ſong ſtill in their memory:
Such an opinion, in due meaſure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade:
Nor could incomprehenſibleneſſe deterre
Me from thus trying to impriſon her;
Which when I ſaw that a ſtrict grave could doe,
I ſaw not why verſe might not doe ſo too.
Verſe hath a middle nature, Heaven keeps Soules,
The Grave keeps bodies, Verſe the Fame enroules.

A funerall Elegy.

'Tis loſſe to truſt a Tombe with ſuch a gueſt,
Or to confine her in a marble cheſt,
Alas, what's Marble, Ieat, or Prophyrie,
Pris'd with the Chryſolite of either eye,
Or with thoſe Pearles, and Rubies, which ſhe was?
Ioyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glaſſe;
And ſo is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten Eſcurials;
Yet ſhe's demoliſh'd: can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can theſe memorials, ragges of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they muſt live?
Sickly, alas, ſhort liv'd, Abortive be
Thoſe carcaſſe verſes, whoſe ſoule is not ſhe;
And can ſhe, who no longer would be ſhe,
(Being ſuch a Tabernacle) ſtoop to be
In paper wrapt; or when ſhe would not lie

In

In ſuch an houſe, dwell in an Elegy?
But 'tis no matter; we may well allow
Verſe to live ſo long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world containes
Princes for armes, and Counſellors for braines,
Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
The rich for ſtomacks, and for backs the poore;
The officers for hands, Merchants for feet,
By which, remote and diſtant Countreys meet:
But thoſe fine ſpirits, which doe tune, and ſet
This Organ, are thoſe peeces, which beget
Wonder and love; and theſe were ſhee; and ſhee
Being ſpent, the world muſt needs decrepit be;
For ſince death will proceed to triumph ſtill,
He can find nothing, after her, to kill,
Except the world it ſelf, ſo great was ſhe.
Thus brave and confident may Nature be,
Death cannot give her ſuch another blow,
Becauſe ſhe cannot ſuch another ſhow.
But muſt we ſay ſhe's dead? may't not be ſaid
That as a ſundred clock is peecemeale laid,
Not to be loſt, but by the Makers hand
Repoliſh'd, without errour then to ſtand;
Or as the Affrique Niger ſtreame enwombs
It ſelfe into the earth, and after comes
(Having firſt made a Naturall bridge, to paſſe
For many leagues) farre greater then it was,
May't not be ſaid, that her grave ſhall reſtore
Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?
Heaven may ſay this, and joy in't, but can we
Who live, and lack her here, this vantage ſee?
What is't to us, alas, if there have been

An

An Angel made a Throne, or Cherubin?
We loſe by't: and as aged men are glad
Being taſtleſſe grown, to joy in joyes they had,
So now the ſick ſtarv'd world muſt feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gon.
Rejoyce then Nature, and this world, that you,
Fearing the laſt fires haſtening to ſubdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were neare gon,
Wiſely beſtow'd and laid it all on one;
One, whoſe cleare body was ſo pure and thinne,
Becauſe it need diſguiſe no thought within,
'Twas but a through-light ſcarf her mind t'enroule;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule.
One, whom all men who durſt no more, admir'd:
And whom, who ere had worth enough, deſir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate
To which of them it ſhall be conſecrate,
But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,
Thoſe new ſtarres every Artiſt exerciſe,
What place they ſhould aſſigne to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till thoſe ſtarres goe out:
So the world ſtudyed whoſe this peece ſhould be,
Till ſhe can be no bodies elſe, nor ſhe:
But like a lampe of Balſamum, deſir'd
Rather t'adorne, then laſt, ſhe ſoon expir'd,
Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie,
For marriage, though it doth not ſtain, doth die.
To ſcape th'infirmities which wait upon
Woman, ſhe went away, before ſh'was one;
And the worlds buſie noyſe to overcome,
Tooke ſo much death as ſerv'd for *Opium*;
For though ſhe could not, nor could chuſe to die,

Sh'ath

Sh'ath yeelded to too long an extaſie:
He which not knowing her ſad Hiſtory,
Should come to read the book of deſtiny,
How faire, and chaſt, humble and high ſhe'ad been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
And meaſuring future things, by things before,
Should turn the leafe to read, and read no more,
Would think that either deſtiny miſtooke,
Or that ſome leaves were torne out of the booke,
But 'tis not ſo; Fate did but uſher her
To years of reaſons uſe, and then infer
Her deſtiny to her ſelfe, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die,
Her modeſty not ſuffering her to be
Fellow-Commiſſioner with Deſtinie,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any ſhall live, which dare true good prefer;
Every ſuch perſon is her delegate,
T'accompliſh that which ſhould have been her Fate.
They ſhall make up that Book, and ſhal have thanks
Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blanks.
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example riſe;
And 'tis in heav'n part of ſpirituall mirth,
To ſee how well the good play her, on earth.

OF

OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

Wherein,

By occaſion of the Religious death of Miſtris ELIZABETH DRURY, the incommodities of the Soule in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.

The ſecond Anniverſary.

The Harbinger to the PROGRESSE.

Two Soules move here, and mine (a third) muſt move
Paces of admiration, and of love;
Thy Soule (deare Virgin) whoſe this tribute is,
Mov'd form this mortall Spheare to lively bliſſe;
And yet moves ſtill, and ſtill aſpires to ſee
The worlds laſt day, thy glories full degree:
Like as thoſe ſtarres which thou o'r-looke ſt farre,
Are in their place, and yet ſtill moved are;
No ſoule (whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way;

Or

Or ſee thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe
So faſt, as now the lightning moves but ſlow:
But now thou art as high in heaven flown
As heaven's from us; what ſoule beſides thine own
Can tell thy joyes, or ſay he can relate
Thy glorious journals in that bleſſed ſtate?
I envy thee (Rich ſoule) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory ſee:
And thou (great ſpirit) which hers follow'd haſt
So faſt, as none can follow thine ſo faſt;
So farre, as none can follow thine ſo farre,
(And if this fleſh did not the paſſage barre,
Hadſt caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
Which long agon hadſt loſt the vulgar ſight,
And now mak'ſt proud the better eyes, that they
Can ſee the leſſened in thine ayery way;
So while thou mak'ſt her ſoule by progreſſe known
Thou mak'ſt a noble progreſſe of thine own,
From this worlds carkaſſe having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;
Since thine aſpiring thoughts themſelves ſo raiſe,
That more may not beſeem a creatures praiſe,
Yet ſtill thou vow'ſt her more; and every yeare
Mak'ſt a new progreſſe, while thou wandreſt here;
Still upward mount, and let thy Makers praiſe
Honour thy Laura, and adorne thy layes,
And ſince thy Muſe her head in heaven ſhrouds,
Oh let her never ſtoop below the clouds:
And if thoſe glorious fainted ſoules may know
Or what we doe, or what we ſing below,
Thoſe acts, thoſe ſongs ſhall ſtill content them beſt
Which praiſe thoſe awfull Powers that make them bleſt.

OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

The ſecond Anniverſary.

NOthing could make me ſooner to confeſſe
That this world had an everlaſtingneſſe,
Then to conſider that a year is runne,
Since both this lower worlds, and the Suns Sun,
The Luſtre and the vigour of this all
Did ſet; 't were blaſphemy to ſay, did fall.
But as a ſhip which hath ſtrook ſaile doth run
By force of that force which before it won:
Or as ſometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at thoſe two Red ſeas, which freely ranne,
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,
His ſoule be ſail'd, to her eternall bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckned and call'd back his ſoule,
He graſpes his hands, and he puls up his feet,
And ſeemes to reach, and to ſtep forth to meet
His ſoule; when all theſe motions which we ſaw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a Lute, which in moiſt weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her ſtrings.
So ſtruggles this dead world, now ſhe is gone:
For there is motion in corruption.
As ſome dayes are, at the Creation nam'd,

Before the Sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd:
So after this Sunn's ſet, ſome ſhew appeares,
And orderly viciſſitude of yeares.
Yet a new deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reſerve of all;
Yet in this deluge, groſſe and generall,
Thou ſeeſt me ſtrive for life; my life ſhall bee,
To be hereafter prais'd for praiſing thee,
Immortall maid, who though thou wouldſt refuſe
The name of mother, be unto my Muſe
A Father, ſince her chaſt Ambition is
Yearly to bring forth ſuch a child as this.
Theſe Hymnes may work on future wits, and ſo
May great Grand-children of thy praiſes grow.
And ſo, though not revive, embalme and ſpice
The world, which elſe would putrifie with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy progenie,
Untill man doe but vaniſh, and not die.
Theſe Hymnes thy iſſue may encreaſe ſo long,
As till Gods great *Venite* change the ſong.
Thirſt for that time, O my inſatiate ſoule,
And ſerve thy thirſt with Gods ſafe-ſealing Bowle.
Be thirſty ſtill, and drink ſtill till thou goe
To th'onely Health; to be Hydroptique ſo,
Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
Let thine own times as an old ſtory bee,
Be not concern'd: ſtudy not why nor when;
Doe not ſo much as not beleeve a man.
For though to erre, be worſt, to try truths forth
Is farre more buſineſſe then this world is worth.
The world is but a carkaſſe; thou art fed

By

By it, but as a worm that carcaſſe bred;
And why ſhould'ſt thou poor worm, conſider more
When this world will grow better than before,
Then thoſe thy fellow worms doe think upon:
That carkaſſes laſt reſurrection;
Forget this world, and ſcarce think of it ſo,
As of old clothes, caſt off a yeare agoe.
To be thus ſtupid is Alacrity;
Men thus Lethargique have beſt Memory.
Look upward; that's towards her, whoſe happy ſtate
We now lament not, but congratulate.
She, to whom all this world was but a ſtage,
Where all fate hearkning how her youthfull age
Should be imploy'd, becauſe in all ſhe did,
Some figure of the golden times was hid.
Who could not lack, what e'r this world could give,
Becauſe ſhe was the form that made it live;
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be ſtaid in, then when ſhe was in it.
She that firſt try'd indifferent deſires
By vertue, and vertue by religious fires.
She to whoſe perſon Paradiſe adher'd,
As Courts to Princes; ſhe whoſe eyes enſphear'd
Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule
(Had ſhe been there) the Star-full Northern Pole;
She, ſhe is gone; ſhe's gone: when thou know'ſt this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou knoweſt, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my ſoul, that death is but a Groom,
Which brings a Tapour to the outward room,
Whence thou ſpieſt firſt a little glimmering light,

And after brings it nearer to thy ſight:
For ſuch approaches doth heaven make in death.
Think thy ſelfe labouring now with broken breath,
And think thoſe broken and ſoft Notes to be
Diviſion, and thy happieſt Harmony.
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, looſe and ſlack;
And think that, but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy ſoule from thence.
Think thy ſelfe parch'd with feavers violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy Phyſick; chide the ſlackneſſe of the fit.
Think that thou hear'ſt thy knell, and think no more,
But that, as Bels call'd thee to Church before,
So, this to the Triumphant Church cals thee.
Think Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
And think that but for Legacies they thruſt;
Give one thy Pride, to 'nother give thy Luſt:
Give them thoſe ſins which they gave thee before,
And truſt th'immaculate blood to waſh thy ſcore.
Think thy friends weeping round, & think that they
Weep but becauſe they goe not yet thy way.
Think that they cloſe thine eyes, and think in this,
That they confeſſe much in the world, amiſſe,
Who dare not truſt a dead mans eye with that,
Which they from God and Angels cover not.
Think that they ſhroud thee up, & think frō thence
They re-inveſt thee in white innocence.
Think that thy body rots, and (if ſo low,
Thy ſoul exalted ſo, thy thoughts can goe.)
Think thee a Prince, who of themſelves create
Wormes, which inſenſibly devour their ſtate:
Think that they bury thee, and think that right

Layes

Layes thee to ſleep but a Saint Lucies night.
Think theſe things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowſie, or ſlack, remember then that ſhe,
She whoſe complexion was ſo even made,
That which of her ingredients ſhould invade
The other three, no Fear, no Art could gueſſe:
So far were all remov'd from more or leſſe.
But as in Mithridate, or juſt perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one preſumes
To govern, or to triumph on the reſt,
Onely becauſe all were, no part was beſt.
And as, though all do know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points ariſe,
None can theſe lines or quantities unjoynt,
And ſay, this is a line, or this a point:
So though the Elements and humours were
In her, one could not ſay, this governs there,
Whoſe even conſtitution might have won
Any diſeaſe to venture on the Sun,
Rather then her: and make a ſpirit fear,
That he too diſuniting ſubject were.
To whoſe proportions if we would compare
Cubes, th'are unſtable; Circles, Angular;
Shee who was ſuch a chain as Fate employes
To bring Mankind all Fortunes it enjoyes:
So faſt, ſo even wrought, as one would think,
No accident could threaten any link;
She, ſhe embrac'd a ſickneſſe, gave it meat,
The pureſt blood, and breath, that e'r it eat;
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith,
And though he may pretend a conqueſt, ſince

Heaven was content to ſuffer violence,
Yea though he plead a long poſſeſſion too, (doe,)
(For they are in heaven on earth who heavens works
Though he had right and power and place, before,
Yet death muſt uſher and unlock the dore;
Think further on thy ſelfe, my Soule, and think
How thou at firſt waſt made but in a ſink;
Think that it argued ſome infirmity,
That thoſe two ſouls, which then thou foundſt in me
Thou fedſt upon, and drew'ſt into thee both
My ſecond ſoul of ſenſe, and firſt of growth.
Think but how poor thou waſt, how obnoxious;
Whom a ſmall lump of fleſh could poyſon thus.
This curded milk, this poor unlittered whelp
My body, could beyond eſcape or help,
Infect thee with Originall ſin, and thou
Could'ſt neither then refuſe, nor leave it now.
Think that no ſtubborn ſullen Anchorit,
Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth ſit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
So foully as our ſouls in their firſt-built Cels,
Think in how poor a priſon thou didſt lie,
After, enabled but to ſuck, and cry,
Think, when 'twas grown to moſt, 'twas a poor In,
A Province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that uſurp'd, or threatned with a rage
Of ſickneſſes, or their true Mother, Age.
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou haſt thy 'xpanſion now, and liberty;
Think that a ruſty Peece diſcharg'd, is flown
In peeces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy Soule allow,

Think

Think thy ſhel broke, think thy ſoul hatcht but now,
And think this ſlow-pac'd ſoul which late did cleave
T' a body, and went but by the bodies leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty mile a day,
Diſpatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heaven, and earth; ſhee ſtayes not in the ayre,
To look what Meteors there themſelves prepare;
She carries no deſire to know, nor ſenſe,
Whether th'aires middle region be intenſe;
For th'Element of fire, ſhe doth not know,
Whether ſhe paſſ'd by ſuch a place or no;
She baits not at the Moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live, and dy.
Venus retards her not t'enquire how ſhe
Can (being one ſtar) *Heſper* and *Veſper* be;
He that charm'd *Argus* eyes, ſweet *Mercury*,
Works not on her, who now is grown all eye;
Who if ſhe meet the body of the Sun,
Goes throw, not ſtaying till his courſe be run;
Who finds in *Mars* his Camp no Corps of Guard,
Nor is by *Jove*, nor by his father barr'd;
But ere ſhe can conſider how ſhe went,
At once is at, and through the firmament.
And as theſe ſtars were but ſo many beads
Strung on one ſtring, ſpeed undiſtingiſh'd leads
Her through thoſe ſphears, as through the beads, a ſtring
Whoſe quick ſucceſſiō makes it ſtil one thing:
As doth the pith, which leſt our bodies ſlack,
Strings faſt the little bones of neck and back;
So by the ſoul doth death ſtring Heaven and Earth;
For when our ſoul enjoyes her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a ſecond, grace,)

Heaven is as near, and preſent to her face,
As colours are, and objects in a roome
Where darkneſſe was before, when Tapers come.
This muſt, my Soule, thy long-ſhort Progreſſe be
T'advance theſe thoughts; Remember then that ſhe,
She, whoſe fair body no ſuch priſon was,
But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to paſſe
An Age in her; ſhe whoſe rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for ſo much as they were like to her;
She, in whoſe body (if we dare prefer
This low world, to ſo high a mark as ſhe,)
The Weſtern treaſure, Eaſtern ſpicery,
Europe, and Afrique, and the unknown reſt
Were eaſily found, or what in them was beſt;
And when w'have made this large diſcovery
Of all, in her ſome one part then will be
Twenty ſuch parts, whoſe plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty ſuch worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did firſt betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and aſſigned one, both
To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each ſeverall man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every lim;
She, of whoſe ſoule, if we may ſay, 'twas gold,
Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that; we underſtood
Her by her ſight; her pure, and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay, her body thought;
She, ſhe thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:

And

And chides us ſlow-pac'd ſnails who crawl upon
Our priſons priſon, earth, nor think us well,
Longer then whil'ſt we bear our brittle ſhell.
But 'twere but little to have chang'd our room,
If, as we were in this our living Tombe
Oppreſs'd with ignorance, we ſtill were ſo,
Poor ſoule, in this thy fleſh what doſt thou know?
Thou know'ſt thy ſelfe ſo little, as thou know'ſt not,
How thou didſt die, nor how thou waſt begot.
Thou neither know'ſt, how thou at firſt cam'ſt in,
Nor how thou took'ſt the poyſon of mans ſin,
Nor doſt thou, (though thou know'ſt that thou art
By what way thou art made immortall, know, (ſo)
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
Even thy ſelfe, yea though thou would'ſt but bend
To know thy body. Have not all ſoules thought,
For many ages, that our body's wrought
Of aire, and fire, and other Elements?
And now they think of new ingredients,
And one Soule thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
Know'ſt thou but how the ſtone doth enter in
The bladders care, and never break the skin?
Know'ſt thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe? (flow,
And for the putrid ſtuffe which thou doſt ſpit,
Know'ſt thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no paſſages, ſo that there is
(For ought thou know'ſt) piercing of ſubſtances,
And of thoſe many opinions which men raiſe
Of Nails & Hairs, doſt thou know which to praiſe?
What hope have we to know our ſelves, when we

Know not the least things, which for our use bee?
We see in Authors, too stiffe to recant,
A hundred controversies of an Ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
To know but Catechismes and Alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our stage their parts did Act;
What *Cæsar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said,
Why grasse is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto,
In this low form, poore soule, what wilt thou do?
When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie?
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem
Below; but up unto the Watch-towre get, (great
And see all things despoil'd of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learn
By circuit, or collections to discern.
In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shalt straight forget.
There thou (but in no other schoole) maist be
Perchance, as learned, and, as full, as thee,
She who all Libraries had throughly read
At home in her owne thoughts, and practised
So much good as would make as many more:
She whole example they must all implore,
Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse
That all the vertuous Actions they expresse,
Are but a new, and worse edition
Of her some one thought or one action;
She, who in th' art of knowing Heaven, was growne

Here

Here upon earth to ſuch perfection,
That ſhe hath, ever ſince to heaven ſhe came,
(In a farre fairer print,) but read the ſame;
Shee, ſhe not ſatisfied with all this waight,
(For ſo much knowledge as would over-fraight
Another, did but ballaſt her) is gone
As well t'enjoy, as get perfection,
And cals us after her, in that ſhe took,
(Taking her ſelfe) our beſt and worthieſt book.
Return not, my ſoule, from this extaſie,
And meditation of what thou ſhalt be,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,
With whom thy converſation muſt be there.
With whom wilt thou converſe? what ſtation
Canſt thou chooſe out, free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
Shalt thou not find a ſpungie ſlack Divine
Drink and ſuck in th'inſtructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them again?
Are there not ſome Courts (and then, no things be
So like as Courts) which in this let us ſee,
That wits, and tongues of Libellers are weake,
Becauſe they doe more ill then theſe can ſpeake?
The poyſon's gone through all, poyſons affect
Chiefly the chiefeſt parts: but ſome effect
In nailes, and haires, yea excrements will ſhow;
So lies the poyſon of ſinne in the moſt low.
Up, up, my drowſie ſoule, where thy new eare
Shall in the Angels ſongs no diſcord heare;
Where thou ſhalt ſee the bleſſed Mother-maid
Ioy in not being that, which men have ſaid.
Where ſhe is exalted more for being good,

Then

Then for her interest of Mother-hood.
Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, then they have enjoy'd him yet.
Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
Their Propheſies grown to be Hiſtory.
Up to th'Apoſtles, who did bravely run
All the Suns courſe, with more light then the Sun:
Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oyle to th'Apoſtles Lamps, dew to their ſeed.
Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almoſt
They made ioynt-tenants with the Holy Ghoſt,
If they to any ſhould his Temple give.
Up, up, for in that ſquadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities.
Shee, who being to her ſelfe a State, enjoy'd
All royalties which any State employ'd;
For ſhe made wars, and triumph'd; reaſon ſtill
Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:
And ſhe made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty, and chaſtity together kiſſe:
She did high juſtice, for ſhe crucifi'd
Every firſt motion of rebellions pride:
And ſhe gave pardons, and was liberall,
For, onely her ſelfe except, ſhe pardoned all;
She coyn'd, in this, that her impreſſion gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breſt,
Satans rude Officers could ne'r arreſt.
As theſe prerogatives being met in one,
Made her a ſoveraign State; Religion
Made her a Church; and theſe two made her all.

She

She who was all this All, and could not fall
To worſe, by company, (for ſhe was ſtill
More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)
She, ſhe doth leave it, and by Death, ſurvive
All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not ſtrive
The more, becauſe ſhe's there, he doth not know
That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow.
But pauſe, my ſoule; And ſtudy, ere thou fall
On accidentall joyes, th'eſſentiall.
Still before Acceſſories doe abide
A triall, muſt the principall be tride.
And what eſſentiall joy canſt thou expect
Here upon earth? what permanent effect
Of tranſitory cauſes? Doſt thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthy'ſt is to move)
Poor couſened couſener, *that* ſhe, and *that* thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now.
You are both fluid, chang'd ſince yeſterday;
Next day repairs, (but ill) laſt dayes decay.
Nor are, (although the river keep the name)
Yeſterdayes waters, and to dayes the ſame.
So flowes her face, and thine eyes; neither now,
That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whil'ſt you think you be
Conſtant, y'are hourly in inconſtancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Becauſe *that* God did live ſo long above
Without this Honour, and then lov'd it ſo,
That he at laſt made creatures to beſtow
Honour on him, not that he needed it,
But that, to his hands man might grow more fit.
But ſince all Honours from inferiours flow,

(For

(For they doe give it; Princes doe but ſhow
Whom they would have ſo honour'd) and that this
On ſuch opinions, and capacities
Is built, as riſe and fall, to more and leſſe:
Alas, 'tis but a caſuall happineſſe.
Hath ever any man to 'himſelfe aſſign'd
This or that happineſſe to arreſt his mind,
But that another man which takes a worſe,
Thinks him a foole for having tane that courſe?
They who did labour Babels towre to 'erect,
Might have conſidered, that for that effect,
All this whole ſolid Earth could not allow
Nor furniſh forth materialls enow;
And that his Center, to raiſe ſuch a place,
Was farre too little to have been the Baſe;
No more affords this world, foundation
To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one.
But as the Heathen made them ſeverall gods
Of all Gods benefits, and all his rods,
(For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are
Gods unto them, ſo Agues be, and Warre)
And as by changing that whole precious Gold
To ſuch ſmall Copper coynes, they loſt the old,
And loſt their onely God, who ever muſt
Be ſought alone, and not in ſuch a thruſt:
So much mankind true happineſſe miſtakes;
No joy enjoyes that man, that many makes.
Then, Soule, to thy firſt pitch worke up againe;
Know that all lines which circles doe containe,
For once that they the Center touch, doe touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou ſuch;
Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth employ'd;

All

All will not ſerve; onely who have enjoy'd
The ſight of God in fulneſſe, can think it;
For it is both the object, and the wit.
This is eſſentiall joy, where neither he
Can ſuffer diminution, nor wee;
'Tis ſuch a full, and ſuch a filling good;
Had th' Angels once look'd on him, they had ſtood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
Shee whom we celebrate is gone before.
Shee, who had here ſo much eſſentiall joy,
As no chance could diſtract, much leſſe deſtroy;
Who with Gods preſence was acquainted ſo,
(Hearing, and ſpeaking to him) as to know
His face in any naturall Stone or Tree,
Better then when in Images they be:
Who kept by diligent devotion,
Gods Image, in ſuch reparation,
Within her heart, that what decay was growne,
Was her firſt Parents fault and not her owne:
Who being ſollicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his ſafe precontract:
Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whoſe twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier than moſt uſe to pray;
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet ſtrove to be
Both where more grace, and more capacity
At once is given: ſhe to Heaven is gone,
Who made this world in ſome proportion
A Heaven, and here became unto us all,
Ioy, (as our joyes admit) eſſentiall.
But could this low world joyes eſſentiall touch,

Heavens

Heavens accidentall joyes would paſſe them much.
How poor and lame muſt then our caſuall be ?
If thy Prince will his ſubjects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe ſwell thee, thou art than,
By being greater, grown to be leſſe Man.
When no Phyſitian of redreſſe can ſpeak,
A joyfull caſuall violence may break
A dangerous Apoſtem in thy breſt ;
And whil'ſt thou joy'ſt in this, the dangerous reſt,
The bag may riſe up, and ſo ſtrangle thee.
What e'r was caſuall, may ever bee.
What ſhould the nature change ? or make the ſame
Certain, which was but caſuall, when it came ?
All caſuall joy doth loud and plainly ſay,
Onely by comming, that it can away.
Onely in Heaven joyes ſtrength is never ſpent,
And accidentall things are permanent.
Joy of a ſouls arrivall ne'r decayes ;
For that ſoul ever joyes, and ever ſtayes.
Joy that their laſt great Conſummation
Approches in the Reſurrection ;
When earthly bodies more celeſtiall
Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall ;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of loſing it.
In this freſh joy, 'tis no ſmall part that ſhee,
She, in whoſe goodneſſe, he that names degree,
Doth injure her ; ('Tis loſſe to be call'd beſt,
There where the ſtuffe is not ſuch as the reſt ;)
Shee, who left ſuch a body, as even ſhe,
Onely in Heaven could learn, how it can be
Made better ; for ſhe rather was two ſouls,

Or

Or like to full on both ſides written Rols,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin,
As ſtrong Records for God, as minds within.
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
Peeces a Circle, and ſtill keeps it ſo,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where ſhe receives, and gives addition.
Here in a place, where miſ-devotion frames
A thouſand prayers to Saints, whoſe very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet,
And where what lawes of Poetry admit,
Lawes of Religion have at leaſt the ſame,
Immortall Maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here ſhould'ſt make me a French convertite.
But thou would'ſt not; nor would'ſt thou be content,
To take this, for my ſecond years true Rent,
Did this coyn bear any other ſtamp, than his,
That gave thee power to doe, me, to ſay this:
Since his will is, that to poſterity,
Thou ſhouldſt for life and death a pattern be,
And that the world ſhould notice have of this,
The purpoſe and th'authority is his;
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The Trumpet, at whoſe voice the people came.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQVIES

Vpon

The deaths of ſundry Perſonages.

Elegie on Prince HENRY.

LOoke to me faith, and looke to my faith, God;
For both my centers feel this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatneſſe is;
And Reaſon is that center, Faith is this;
For into our reaſon flow, and there doe end
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidiſtant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference:
But for th' enormous greatneſſes, which are
So diſproportion'd, and ſo angulare,
As is Gods Eſſence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what ſoules doe, departed hence,
Theſe things (eccentrique elſe) on faith doe ſtrike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reaſon, put to her beſt extenſion,
Almoſt meets faith, and makes both centers one.
And nothing ever came ſo neare to this,
As contemplation of that Prince wee miſſe.
For all that faith might credit mankind could,
Reaſon ſtill ſeconded, that this Prince would.

If

If then leaſt moving of the Center, make
More, than if whole hell belch'd, the world to ſhake,
What muſt this doe, centers diſtracted ſo,
That we ſee not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,
Whoſe reputation was an extaſie,
On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
Till he diſcover'd what waies he would take;
For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,
Met a *Torpedo*, and were ſtupified;
And others ſtudies, how he would be bent,
Was his great fathers greateſt inſtrument,
And activ'ſt ſpirit, to convey and tie
This ſoule of peace, to Chriſtianity;
Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
And that his times might have ſtretcht out ſo farre,
As to touch thoſe of which they emblemes are?
For to confirm this juſt belief, that now
The laſt daies came, we ſaw heav'n did allow,
That, but from his aſpect and exerciſe,
In peacefull times rumours of warres ſhould riſe.
But now this faith is hereſie: we muſt
Still ſtay, and vexe our great grand-mother, Duſt.
Oh, is God prodigall? hath he ſpent his ſtore
Of plagues on us; and onely now when more
Would eaſe us much, doth he grudge miſerie;
And will not let's enjoy our curſe, to die!
As for the earth thrown loweſt down of all,
'Twere an ambition to deſire to fall;
So God, in our deſire to die, doth know
Our plot for eaſe, in being wretched ſo:

Therefore we live, though ſuch a life we have,
As but ſo many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Suſtaines in us, Earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now, other Soule than that.
And could grief get ſo high as heav'n, that Quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would deſire
With grief to ſee him) he had ſtaid below,
To rectifie our errours they foreknow.
Is th'other center, Reaſon, faſter then? (men?
Where ſhould we look for that, now we 'are not
For if our Reaſon be our connexion
Of cauſes, now to us there can be none.
For, as if all the ſubſtances were ſpent,
'Twere madneſſe, to enquire of accident,
So is't to look for reaſon, he being gone,
The onely ſubject reaſon wrought upon.
If Fate have ſuch a chain, whoſe divers links
Induſtrious man diſcerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and ſo ſteale in
A new link, man knowes not where to begin:
At a much deader fault muſt reaſon be,
Death having broke off ſuch a link as he.
But now, for us, with buſie proof to come,
That we have no reaſon, would prove we had ſome,
So would juſt lamentations: Therefore we
May ſafelier ſay, that we are dead, than he,
So, if our griefs we doe not well declare,
We 'have double excuſe, he'is not dead; and we are.
Yet I would not die yet; for though I be
Too narrow to thinke him, as he is he,

(Our

(Our Soules beſt baiting and mid-period,
In her long journey, of conſidering God)
Yet, (no diſhonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
Oh may I, (ſince I live) but ſee or heare,
That ſhe-Intelligence which mov'd this ſpheare,
I pardon Fate, my birth who ere thou be,
Which haſt the noble conſcience, thou art ſhe,
I conjure thee by all the charmes he ſpoke,
By th' oathes, which onely you two never broke,
By all the ſoules ye ſigh'd, that if you ſee
Theſe lines, you wiſh, I knew your hiſtory.
So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,
I were an Angel, ſinging what you were.

To the Counteſſe of *Bedford.*

MADAME,

I Have learned by thoſe lawes wherein I am a little converſant, that he which beſtowes any coſt upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not the heire; I doe not therefore ſend this paper to your Ladiſhip, that you ſhould thanke me for it, or thinke that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are ſo much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words, which muſt expreſſe it: But, Madame, ſince your noble brothers fortune being yours, the evidences alſo concerning it

are yours: ſo his vertues being yours, the evidences concerning that belong alſo to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one peece, in which qualitie I humbly preſent it, and as a teſtimony how intirely your family poſſeſſeth

Your Ladiſhips moſt humble
and thankfull ſervant,

IOHN DONNE.

Obſequies to the Lord *Harringtons* brother.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

FAire ſoul, which waſt, not onely as all ſouls bee,
Then when thou waſt infuſed, harmony,
But did'ſt continue ſo; and now doſt beare
A part in Gods great Organ, this whole Spheare:
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious,
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mens actions do
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodneſſe growne, that I can ſtudy thee,
And by theſe meditations refin'd,
Can unapparell and inlarge my mind,
And ſo can make by this ſoft extaſie,
This place a map of heaven, my ſelf of thee.
Thou feeſt me here at midnight, now all reſt;
Times dead-low water; when all mindes deveſt

To

To morrowes buſineſſe, when the labourers have
Such reſt in bed, that their laſt Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will ſcarce be a type of this,
Now when the Client, whoſe laſt hearing is
To morrow, ſleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes, muſt ſhut them than
Againe by death,) although ſad watch he keep,
Doth practiſe dying by a little ſleep,
Thou at this midnight ſeeſt me, and as ſoon
As that ſunne riſes to mee, midnight's noon,
All the world grows tranſparent, and I ſee
Through all both Church and State, in ſeeing thee;
And I diſcerne by favour of this light,
My ſelf, the hardeſt object of the ſight.
God is the glaſſe; as thou when thou doſt ſee
Him who ſees all, ſeeſt all concerning thee:
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in theſe mirrours of thy wayes and end;
Though God be our true glaſſe, through which we
All, ſince the being of all things is hee, (ſee
Yet are the trunks which do to us derive
Things, in proportion, fit by perſpective,
Deeds of good men: for by their being here,
Vertues, indeed remote, ſeem to be neare.
But where can I affirme or where arreſt
My thoughts on his deeds? which ſhall I call beſt?
For fluid vertue cannot bee look'd on,
Nor can indure a contemplation;
As bodies change, and as I doe not weare
Thoſe ſpirits, humours, blood I did laſt yeare,
And, as if on a ſtream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I look'd on, is preſently

Puſht with more waters from my ſight, and gone:
So in this ſea of vertues, can no one
Bee'inſiſted on, Vertues as rivers paſſe,
Yet ſtill remaines that vertuous man there was;
And as if man feed on mans fleſh, and ſo
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the laſt two perfect bodies riſe,
Becauſe God knowes where every Atome lies;
So, if one knowledge were made of all thoſe,
Who knew his minutes well, he might diſpoſe
His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Deſtinie,
Should I divide and diſcontinue ſo
Vertue, which did in one intireneſſe grow.
For as he that ſhould ſay, ſpirits are fram'd
Of all the pureſt parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not ſpirits half ſo much, as he
Which ſaies they have no parts, but ſimple be:
So, is't of vertue, for a point and one
Are much intirer than a million.
And had Fate meant to' have had his vertues told,
It would have let him live to have been old.
So, then, that vertue in ſeaſon, and, then, this,
We might have ſeen, and ſayd, that now he is
Witty, now wiſe, now temperate, now juſt:
In good ſhort lives, vertues are fain to thruſt,
And to be ſure betimes to get a place,
When they would exerciſe, lack time, and ſpace.
So was it in this perſon, forc'd to be
For lack of time, his own Epitome.
So to exhibite in few yeares as much,
As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch.

As

As when an Angel down from heav'n doth flie,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company,
We cannot thinke, now he is at the Sun, (run,
Now through the Moon, now he through th'air doth
Yet when he is come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moon, & Air,
And as this Angel in an instant knowes,
And yet we know, this sodain knowledge growes,
By quick amassing severall formes of things,
Which he successively to order brings; (goe
When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot
So fast as he, think that he doth not so;
Iust as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
And lay together every A, and B;
So, in short liv'd good men, is not understood
Each severall vertue, but the compound good,
For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
As Angels goe, and know, and as men read,
O why should these men, these lumps of balm
Sent hither the worlds tempest to becalm,
Before by deeds, they are diffus'd and spred,
And so make us alive themselves be dead?
O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee
Thy ends, thy birth, and death clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might securely, have pac'd
In the most large extent through every path, (hath,
Which the whole world, or man the abridgement
Thou know'st, that though the tropique circles have
(Yea & those smal ones which the Poles engrave,)

All the ſame roundneſſe, evenneſſe, and all
The endleſneſſe of the Equinoctiall:
Yet, when we come to meaſure diſtances,
How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,
When he doth faintly work, and when prevaile;
Onely great circles, then, can be our ſcale:
So though thy circle to thy ſelfe expreſſe
All, tending to thy endleſſe happineſſe;
And we by our good uſe of it may trie,
Both how to live well (young) and how to die,
Yet ſince we muſt be old, and age indures
His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
Of hot ambitions, irreligions ice,
Zeales agues; and hydropique avarice,
(Infirmities, which need the ſcale of truth,
As well, as luſt and ignorance of youth;)
Why didſt thou not for theſe give medicines too,
And by thy doing ſet us what to do?
Though as ſmall pocket-clocks, whoſe every wheel
Doth each miſmotion and diſtemper feel,
Whoſe *hands* get ſhaking palſies, and whoſe *ſtring*
(His ſinewes) ſlackens, and whoſe *Soul*, the ſpring,
Expires, or languiſhes, whoſe pulſe, the *flee*,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly,
Whoſe voyce, the *Bell*, doth rattle or grow dumbe,
Or idle, as men, which to their laſt houres come,
If theſe clocks be not wound, or be wound ſtill,
Or be not ſet, or ſet at every will;
So, youth is eaſieſt to deſtruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet, as in great clockes, which in ſteeples chime,
Plac'd to inform whole towns, to imploy their time,

An

An errour doth more harme, being generall,
When ſmall clocks faults onely 'on the wearer fall.
So worke the faults of age, on which the eye,
Of children, ſeruants, or the State relie,
Why wouldſt not thou then, which hadſt ſuch a (ſoul,
A clock ſo true, as might the Sunne controul,
And daily hadſt from him, who gave it thee,
Inſtructions, ſuch as it could never bee
Diſordered, ſtay here, as a generall
And great Sun-dyall, to have ſet us All?
Oh why wouldeſt thou be an inſtrument
To this unnaturall courſe, or why conſent
To this, not miracle, but prodigie,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Vertue, whoſe flood did with thy youth begin,
Should ſo much faſter ebbe out, than flow in?
Though her flood were blown in, by thy firſt breath,
All is at once ſunke in the whirle-poole death.
Which word I would not name, but that I ſee
Death elſe a deſert, growne a Court by thee.
Now I am ſure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Me thinkes all Cities, now but Ant-hils bee,
Where, when the ſeverall labourers I ſee,
For children, houſe, proviſion taking paine,
They are all but Ants, carrying eggs, ſtraw, & grain;
And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
The moſt repaire, that are in goodneſſe rich.
There is the beſt concourſe and confluence,
There are the holy ſuburbs, and from thence
Begins Gods Citie, New Jeruſalem,
Which doth extend her utmoſt gates to them;

At that gate then, Triumphant ſoule, doſt thou
Begin thy Triumph? But ſince lawes allow
That at the Triumph day, the people may,
All that they will, 'gainſt the Triumpher ſay,
Let me here uſe that freedome, and expreſſe
My grief, though not to make thy triumph leſſe.
By law to Triumphs none admitted be,
Till they as Magiſtrates get victory,
Though then to thy force, all youths foes did yeild,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy rank in this ſtate deſtin'd thee,
That there thy counſels might get victory,
And ſo in that capacity remove
All jealouſies 'twixt Prince and Subjects love,
Thou could'ſt no title to this Triumph have,
Thou didſt intrude on death, uſurpe a grave.
Then (though victoriouſly) thou hadſt fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youths deſires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou ſhould'ſt ſucceſſefully advance
Thine armes 'gainſt forain enemies, which are
Both Envie, and Acclamation popular,
(For, both theſe Engines equally defeat,
Though by a divers Mine, thoſe which are great)
Till then thy warre was but a civill Warre,
For which to Triumph none admitted are;
No more are they, who though with good ſucceſſe,
In a defenſive warre, their power expreſſe.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Muſt be *enlarg'd* and not *preſerv'd* alone;
Why ſhould'ſt thou then, whoſe battels were to win
Thy ſelf, from thoſe ſtraits nature put thee in,

And

And to deliver up to God that ſtate,
Of which he gave thee the Vicariate,
(Which is thy ſoul and body) as intire
As he, who takes endeavours doth require,
But didſt not ſtay, t' inlarge his Kingdome too,
By making others, what thou didſt to do;
Why ſhouldſt thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no
Hath got by getting thee, than 'twas before? (more
For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedſt here,
Of one another in poſſeſſion were;
But this from Triumph moſt diſables thee,
That, that place which is conquered, muſt bee
Left ſafe from preſent warre, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out:
And hath he left us ſo? or can it bee
His territory was no more than Hee?
No, we were all his charge, the Diocis
Of every exemplar man, the whole world is,
And he was joyned in commiſſion
With Tutelar Angels, ſent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraide, and chide
Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reverence have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jeaſt, but they might not
At that Authority, by which he got
Leave to Triumph, before by age he might
So, though triumphant ſoul, I dare to write
Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,
That thou ſo early wouldſt abandon us;
Yet I am farre from daring to diſpute
With that great ſoveraignty, whoſe abſolute
Prerogative

Prerogative hath thus diſpens'd with thee,
'Gainſt natures lawes, which juſt impugners be
Of early triumphs; And I (though with pain)
Leſſen our loſſe, to magnifie thy gain
Of triumph, when I ſay, It was more fit,
That all men ſhould lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our time, be not ſuffered
That teſtimony of love, unto the dead,
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French ſoldarii did;
And though in no degree I can expreſſe
Griefe in great Alexanders great exceſſe,
Who at his friends death made whole townes deveſt
Their wals and bulwarks, which became them beſt:
Doe not faire ſoule this ſacrifice refuſe,
That in thy grave I doe interre my Muſe,
Which by my griefe, great as thy worth, being caſt
Behind hand, yet hath ſpoke, and ſpoke her laſt.

Elegie on the Lady Markham.

MAn is the World, and death th' Ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
God hath ſet marks, and bounds, 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roare, and gnaw, and ſtill pretend,
And breakes our bank, when ere it takes a friend.
Then our land waters (tears of paſſion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmament,
(Teares which our Soul doth for her ſinnes let fall)
Take all a brackiſh taſte, and Funerall.

And

And even thoſe teares, which ſhould waſh ſin, are ſin.
We, after Gods *No*, drowne the world again.
Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
Doth work upon it ſelfe with inborne ſtings.
Teares are falſe Spectacles, we cannot ſee
Through paſſions miſt, what we are, or what ſhe.
In her this Sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth waſh the ſlimie beach,
And leaves embroder'd workes upon the ſand,
So is her fleſh refin'd by deaths cold hand.
As men of China, after an ages ſtay
Doe take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay:
So at this grave, her limbeck (which refines
The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles and Mines
Of which, this fleſh was) her ſoul ſhall inſpire
Fleſh of ſuch ſtuffe, as God, when his laſt fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, ſhall,
Make and name them th' Elixar of this All.
They ſay, the ſea, when it gaines, loſeth too,
If carnall Death (the younger brother) doe
Vſurpe the bodie; our ſoul, which ſubject is
To th' elder death, by ſinne, is freed by this;
They periſh both, when they attempt the juſt;
For, graves our Trophies are, and both death's duſt.
So, unobnoxious now ſhe hath buried both;
For, none to death ſinnes, that to ſinne is loath.
Nor doe they die, which are not loath to die,
So hath ſhe this and that virginitie.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from ſinne, yet made her repent.
Of what ſmall ſpots pure white complaines! Alas,
How little poyſon cracks a cryſtall glaſſe?

She

She sinn'd but just enough to let us see
That Gods Word must be true, All sinners be.
So much did zeale her conscience rarifie,
That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie;
Making omissions, acts; laying the touch
Of sinne, on things that sometime may be such.
As *Moses* Cherubins, whose natures do
Surpasse all speed, by him are winged to:
So would her soul, already 'in heaven, seeme then,
To climbe by teares, the common stayrs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speak, that death his vain hast may repent.
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet,
To have reform'd this forward heresie,
That women can no parts of friendship bee;
How Morall, how Divine, shall not be told,
Lest they that heare her vertue, think her old.
And lest we take deaths part and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his triumph adde.

Elegie on Mistris Boulstred.

DEath I recant, and say, unsaid by me
What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee.
Spirituall treason, atheisme 'tis, to say,
That any can thy summons disobey.
Th'earths face is but thy Table; there are set
Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.
In a rude hunger now he millions drawes
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jawes.

Now

Now he will ſeem to ſpare and doth more waſte,
Eating the beſt firſt, well preſerv'd to laſt.
Now wantonly he ſpoyles, and eates us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeale rot.
Nor will this earth ſerve him; he ſinkes the Deep
Where harmeleſſe fiſh Monaſtique ſilence keep.
Who (were Death dead) the Roes of living ſand
Might ſpunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the aire, and breaks the hymnique notes
In birds, Heavens choriſters, organique throates,
Which (if they did not die) might ſeem to be
A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchie.
O ſtrong and long-liv'd Death, how cam'ſt thou in?
And how without Creation didſt begin?
Thou haſt, and ſhalt ſee dead, before thou dyeſt,
All the foure Monarchies, and Antichriſt.
How could I think thee nothing, that ſee now
In all this All, nothing elſe is, but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and vertues, bee
Waſtefull conſumptions, and degrees of thee.
For, we to live, our bellowes weare, and breath,
Nor are we mortall, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou beeſt, (ô mighty bird of prey,)
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou muſt lay
All that thou kill'ſt at his feet, yet doth hee
Reſerve but few, and leaves the moſt for thee.
And of thoſe few, now thou haſt overthrowne
One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own;
She was more ſtories high: hopeleſſe to come
To her Soul, thou 'haſt offer'd at her lower roome.
Her Soul and body was a King and Court:
But thou haſt both of Captain miſs'd and fort.

As

As houſes fall not, though the Kings remove,
Bodies of Saints reſt for their ſouls above.
Death gets 'twixt ſouls and bodies ſuch a place
As ſinne inſinuates 'twixt juſt men and grace,
Both work a ſeparation, no divorce.
Her Soul is gone to uſher up her Coarſe,
Which ſhall be almoſt another ſoul, for there
Bodies are purer, then beſt ſouls are here.
Becauſe in her, her vertues did outgoe
Her yeares, would'ſt thou, ô emulous death, do ſo,
And kill her young to thy loſſe? muſt the coſt
Of beautie, and wit, apt to doe harme, be loſt?
What though thou found'ſt her prooſe 'gainſt ſins of (youth?
Oh, every age a diverſe ſinne purſu'th.
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſtay'd, and taken better hold,
Shortly, ambitious: covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd: and ſuch devotion
Might once have ſtray'd to ſuperſtition.
If all her vertues muſt have growne, yet might
Abundant vertue 'have bred a proud delight.
Had ſhee perſever'd juſt, there would have been
Some that would ſinne, miſ-thinking ſhe did ſinne.
Such as would call her friendſhip, love, and faine
To ſociableneſſe, a name, prophane,
Or ſinne by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wiſhing, though they never told her what.
Thus mightſt thou have ſlaine more ſouls had'ſt thou (not croſt
Thy ſelf, and to triumph, thine armie loſt.
Yet though theſe wayes be loſt, thou haſt left one,
Which is, immoderate griefe that ſhe is gone.
But we may ſcape that ſinne, yet weep as much,
Our tears are due, becauſe we are not ſuch.

Some

Some tears, that knot of friends, her death muſt coſt,
Becauſe the chaine is broke, though no link loſt.

Elegie on his Miſtris.

BY our firſt ſtrange and fatall interview
By all deſires which thereof did enſue,
By our long ſtarving hopes, by that remorſe
Which my words maſculine, perſwaſive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which ſpies and rivals threatned me,
I calmely beg. But by thy fathers wrath,
By all paines, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I
And thou have ſworne to ſeale joynt conſtancy,
Here I unſweare, and overſweare them thus,
Thou ſhalt not love by wayes ſo dangerous.
Temper, ô faire Love, loves impetuous rage,
Be my true Miſtris ſtill, not my faign'd Page;
I'll go, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde
Thee, onely worthy to nurſe in my minde,
Thirſt to come back; ô if thou die before,
My ſoule from other lands to thee ſhall ſoare,
Thy (elſe Almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wilde Boreas harſhneſſe; Thou haſt read
How roughly he in pieces ſhivered
Faire Orithea, whom he ſwore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madneſſe to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd; feed on this flatterie,
That abſent Lovers one in th'other be.

Diſſemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy bodies habit, nor minde, be not ſtrange
To thy ſelf onely. All will ſpie in thy face
A blufhing womanly diſcovering grace.
Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as ſoone
Eclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone.
Men of France, changeable Chamelions,
Spittles of diſeaſes, ſhops of faſhions,
Loves fuellers, and the righteſt company
Of Players, which upon the worlds ſtage be,
Will quickly know thee, and no leſſe, alas!
Th'indifferent Italian, as we paſſe
His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page,
Will hunt thee with ſuch luſt, and hideous rage,
As *Lots* faire gueſts were vext. But none of theſe
Nor ſpungy hydroptique Dutch ſhall thee diſpleaſe,
If thou ſtay here. O ſtay here, for, for thee
England is onely a worthy Gallerie,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greateſt King call thee to his preſence.
When I am gone, dreame me ſome happineſſe,
Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confeſſe,
Nor praiſe, nor diſpraiſe me, nor bleſſe, nor curſe,
Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurſe
With midnights ſtartings, crying out, oh, oh,
Nurſe, ô my love is ſlaine, I ſaw him go
O're the white Alpes alone; I ſaw him, I,
Aſſail'd, fight, taken, ſtabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augure me better chance, except dread *Iove*
Thinke it enough for me to have had thy love.

Elegie.

Elegie.

MADAME,

THat I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
And for my fame, which I love next my ſoule,
Next to my ſoule provide the happieſt roome,
Admit to that place this laſt funerall ſcrowle.
Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you do beg a Legacie.

My fortune and my will this cuſtome break,
When we are ſenſeleſſe grown to make ſtones ſpeak,
Though no ſtone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inſide ſee what thou art now:
Yet th'art not yet ſo good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow thee, w'are ſtubborne clay,
Parents make us earth, and ſoules dignifie
Vs to be glaſſe, here to grow gold we lie;
Whilſt in our ſoules ſinne bred and pamper'd is,
Our ſoules become wormeeaten Carkaſſes.

Elegie on Miſtris Boulſtred.

DEath be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,
Sinne was her captive, whence thy power doth flow,
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to deſtroy the juſt is not thy part.
Thy comming, terrour, anguiſh, grief denounces;
Her happy ſtate, courage, eaſe, joy pronounces.

From out the Cryſtall palace of her breſt,
The clearer ſoule was call'd to endleſſe reſt, (threats,
(Not by the thundering voyce, wherewith God
But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,)
And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers ſought,
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The doors 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.

Nor boaſt, the faireſt frame was made thy prey,
Becauſe to mortall eyes it did decay;
A better witneſſe than thou art, aſſures,
That though diſſolv'd, it yet a ſpace endures;
No dram thereof ſhall want or loſſe ſuſtaine,
When her beſt ſoule inhabits it againe.
Go then to people curſt before they were,
Their ſoules in Triumph to thy conqueſt beare,
Glory not thou thy ſelfe in theſe hot teares
Which our face, not for her, but our harme weares.
The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee, (be,
Which wils our ſoules in theſe ſtreams waſht ſhould
And on our hearts, her memories beſt tombe,
In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome.
Blinde were thoſe eys, ſaw not how bright did ſhine
Through fleſhes miſty vaile thoſe beams divine;
Deafe were the eares, not charm'd with that ſweet
Which did i'th ſpirits inſtructed voice aboõd; (ſoũd
Of flint the conſcience, did not yeeld and melt,
At what in her laſt act it ſaw and felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have loſt her ſight,
Taught thus, our after ſtay's but a ſhort night:
But by all ſoules not by corruption choaked
Let in high rais'd notes that power be invoked,

Calme

Calme the rough ſeas, by which ſhe ſayles to reſt,
From ſorrowes here, to a kingdome ever bleſt,
And teach this hymne of her with joy, and ſing,
The grave no conqueſt gets, Death hath no ſting.

Elegie on the L.C.

SOrrow, that to this houſe ſcarce knew the way,
Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey,
This ſtrange chance claims ſtrange wonder, & to us
Nothing can be ſo ſtrange, as to weep thus;
'Tis well his lifes loud ſpeaking workes deſerve,
And give praiſe too, our cold tõgues could not ſerve:
'Tis well, he kept teares from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill, we might have ſtore.
Oh, if a ſweet bryer climbe up by a tree,
If to a paradiſe, that tranſplanted be,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy ſacrifice,
Yet, that muſt wither, which by it did riſe,
As we for him dead: though no family
Ere rigg'd a ſoule for heavens diſcovery
With whom more Venturers more boldly dare
Venture their ſtates, with him in joy to ſhare,
We loſe what all friends lov'd, him, he gaines now
But life by death, which worſt foes would allow,
If he could have foes, in whoſe practiſe grew
All vertues, whoſe name ſubtle Schoolemen knew;
What eaſe, can hope that we ſhall ſee 'him, beget,
When we muſt die firſt, and cannot die yet?
His children are his pictures, Oh they be
Pictures of him dead, ſenſeleſſe, cold as he.

Here needs no marble Tombe, since he is gone,
He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

Vpon Mr. Thomas Coryats *Crudities.*

Oh to what height will love of greatnesse drive
Thy learned spirit, *Sesqui-superlative?*
Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, & would seek than,
Some vaster thing, and found'st a Curtizan.
That in-land Sea, having discovered well,
A Cellar-gulfe, where one might saile to hell
From *Heydelberg*, thou long'st to see: and thou
This booke, greater then all, producest now.
Infinite worke, which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor roote.
Nor poorely limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy booke doth halfe make man.
One halfe being made, thy modestie was such,
That thou on th'other half wouldst never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-borne wenne, which sometimes
To be far greater than the mother nose? (growes
Go then, and as to thee when thou didst go,
Munster did Townes and *Gesner* Authors show;
Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*; appear
As deep a Statesman as a Garreteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talke of *Will. Conqueror*, and *Prester Iack.*

Go

Go baſhfull man, leſt here thou bluſh to looke
Vpon the progreſſe of thy glorious booke,
To which both Indies ſacrifices ſend;
The Weſt ſent gold, which thou didſt freely ſpend,
Meaning to ſee't no more upon the preſſe.
The Eaſt ſends hither her deliciouſneſſe; (thence,
And thy leaves muſt imbrace what comes from
The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincenſe.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they ſtoope
To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoope
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey theſe wares in parcels unto men;
If for vaſt Tons of Currans, and of Figs,
Of medicinall and Aromatique twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces ſub-divide;
If they ſtoope lower yet, and vent our wares
Home-manufactures to thick popular Faires,
If omni-pregnant there, upon warme ſtalls,
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
Then thus thy leaves we juſtly may commend,
That they all kinde of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took,
A Pandect mak'ſt, and univerſall book.
The braveſt Heroes for publike good,
Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood.
Worſt malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do publike good, cut in Anatomies;
So will thy booke in peeces; for a Lord
Which caſts at Porteſcues, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leafe enough will be
For friends to paſſe time, and keep company.

Can all carouſe up thee? no, thou muſt ſit
Meaſures; and fill out for the half-pint wit:
Some ſhall wrap pils, and ſave a friends life ſo,
Some ſhall ſtop muskets, and ſo kill a foe.
Thou ſhalt not eaſe the Criticks of next age
So much, at once their hunger to aſſwage:
Nor ſhall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lye
All in one bottome, in one Librarie.
Some Leaves may paſte ſtrings there in other books,
And ſo one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer alas a little wit from you;
But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
As *Sibyls* was, your booke is myſticall,
For every peece is as much worth as all.
Therefore mine impotency I confeſſe,
The healths which my braine bears muſt be far leſſe:
Thy Gyant-wit 'orethrowes me, I am gone;
And rather then read all, I would reade none.

I. D.

The end of Funerall Elegies.

Sonnet. The Token.

SEnd me ſome Tokens, that my hope may live,
Or that my eaſeleſſe thoughts may ſleep & reſt;
Send me ſome honey to make ſweet my hive,
That in my paſſions I may hope the beſt.
I beg nor ribbond wrought with thine owne hands,
To knit our loves in the fantaſtick ſtraine
Of new-toucht youth; nor Ring to ſhew the ſtands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,

So

So ſhould our loves meet in ſimplicity.
No, nor the Coralls which thy wriſt infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity, (hold.
To ſhew our thoughts ſhould reſt in the ſame
No, nor thy picture, though moſt gracious,
And moſt deſired, 'cauſe 'tis like thee beſt;
Nor witty Lines, which are moſt copious,
Within the Writings which thou haſt addreſt.
Send me nor this, nor that, t'increaſe my ſcore,
But ſwear thou thinkſt I love thee, and no more.

LETTERS.

HEN. GOODERE.

ETiam vulgari linguâ ſcriptæ teſtantur literæ nos amicorum meminiſſe, ſed alienâ, nos de illis meditari. In illis enim affulgent nobis de amicis cogitatiunculæ, ſed ut matutinæ ſtellæ tranſeunt, & evaneſcunt: In his autem hæremus, & immoramur, & amicos uti ſolem ipſum permanentem nobiſcum degentemque contemplamur; Habes cur latinè. Ipſius etiam ſcribendi audi rationem. Peto conſilium, in quo ſimul amicitiam profiteor meam, tuamque agnoſco: Etenim non libenter noſmetipſos exuimus aut ingenii prudentiæve

tiæve dotibus aliorum nos fatemur indigos. Nec certè quicquam quisquam (sit modo ingenuus) ei denegabit à quo consilium petiit. Quod enim divina sapientia extremum charitatis terminum posuerat, animam ponere, idem regularum Ecclesiæ tractatores (quod ipsimet Canonici crassam aquitatem vocant) de fama & honore cedendo asserunt & usurpant. Certè, non tam beneficiis obnoxii quàm consiliis reddimur. Sed ad rem. Philosophentur otiosiores, aut quibus otia sua negotia appellare lubet: Nobis enim nos dudum perspicui sumus & fenestrati. Eluceſcit mihi nova, nec inopportuna, nec inutilis (paulò quàm optaram fortassis magis inhonora) occasio extera visendi regna, liberosque perquam amantissima conjugis charissima pignora, cæteráque hujus aurea oblectamenta, aliquot ad annos relinquendi. De hoc ut tecum agerem te convenire cupio. Quod (etsi nec id recusem) nollem in ædibus Barlotianis. Habeo cur abstineam. Amicitiæ enim nec veteris, nec ita strictæ munera paulò quàm deceat imprudentiori impetu mihi videor ibi peregisse. Prandere si vacat foras, aut cœnare, horulamve perdere pomeridianam, aut matutinam, liceat mihi illud apud Rabbinum Tincombum jam commoranti per te intelligere, & satis mihi fiet. Interim sepona oro chartulas meas, quas cum sponsione citæ redhibitionis

hibitionis (ut barbarè ſed cum ingenioſiſſimo Appollinari loquar) accepiſti. Inter quas, ſi epigrammata mea Latina, & Catalogus librorum ſatyricus non ſunt, non ſunt; extremum judicium, hoc eſt, manum ultimam jamjam ſubituræ ſunt. Earum nonnullæ Purgatorium ſuum paſſuræ, ut correctiores emanent. Alia quorum me inſcio in mundum erepſerunt, exempla tamen in archetypis igne abſumpta fatebuntur ſe à me ad Inferos damnata eſſe. Reliquæ quæ aut virgines ſunt (niſi quod à multis contrectatæ) aut ita infeliciter ſteriles, ut ab illis nulla ingenita ſunt exemplaria, penitus in annihilationem (quod flagitioſiſſimis non minatur Deus) corruent & dilabentur. Vale & amore mea fruere, quem vetat fortuna ſola ne uti poſſis. Et niſi animo candido ingenuave mea libertate gaudere malis, habe tibi mancipium

JO. DONNE.

De

DE LIBRO CUM MUtuaretur, Impresso, Domi à pueris frustratim lacerato, & post reddito Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v. D. D. Andrews.

Parturiunt madido quæ nixu præla, recepta,
Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
Transiit in Sequanam Mœnus; Victoris in ædes,
Et Francofurtum, te vehemente meat.
Quâ liber in pluteos, blattis, cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit præli sanguine tinctus, abit,
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat & veterum scrinia summa Patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos,
Hæc nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Amon
Ipse Pater, Iuvenem, me dabit arte, senem?
Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Iuvenem.
Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viso, & vivit, & juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ,
Libris, & Cœlorum æmulâ amicitiâ.
Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.

I. D.

To

To Sir H. G.

I Send not my Letters as tribute, nor intereſt, nor recompence, nor for commerce, nor as teſtimonials of my love, nor provokers of yours, nor to juſtifie my cuſtome of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations; For my Letters are either above or under all ſuch offices, yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuſe my ſelfe of diminiſhing that affection which ſends them, when I ask my ſelfe why. Onely I am ſure that I deſire that you might have in your hands letters of mine of all kindes, as conveyances and deliverers of me to you, whether you accept me as a friend, or as a patient, or as a penitent, or as a Bedeſman, for I decline no juriſdiction, nor refuſe any tenure. I would not open any doore upon you, but look in when you open it. Angels have not, nor affect not other knowledge of one another, then they liſt to reveale to one another. It is then in this onely, that friends are Angels, that they are capable and fit for ſuch revelations when they are offered. If at any time I ſeeme to ſtudy you more inquiſitively, it is for no other end, but to know how to preſent you to God, in my prayers, and what to aſk of him for you; for even that holy exerciſe may not be done inopportunely, no nor importunely. I finde little errour in that Grecians counſell, who ſayes, If thou aſke any thing of God, offer no ſacrifice, nor aſke elegantly, nor vehemently, but remember that thou wouldſt not give to ſuch

an

an asker. Nor is his other countryman, who affirms ſacrifice of blood to be ſo unproportionable to God, that perfumes, though much more ſpirituall, are too groſſe; Yea words which are our ſubtleſt and delicateſt outward creatures, being compoſed of thoughts & breath, are ſo muddy, ſo thick, that our thoughts themſelves are ſo, becauſe (except at the firſt riſing) they are ever leavened with paſſions and affections. And that advantage of neerer familiaritie with God, which the Act of incarnation gave us, is grounded upon Gods aſſuming us, not our going to him. And our acceſſes to his preſence are but his deſcents into us. And when we get any thing by prayer, he gave us before hand the thing and the petition: for, I ſcarce thinke any ineffectuall prayer free from both ſinne and the puniſhment of ſin: Yet as God ſepoſed a ſeventh of our time for his exteriour worſhip, and as his Chriſtian Church early preſented him a Type of the whole yeare in a Lent, and after impoſed the obligation of canonique houres, conſtituting thereby morall Sabbaths every day. I am far from dehorting thoſe fixed devotions: But I had rather it were beſtowed upon thankſgiving than petition, upon praiſe than prayer. Not that God is indeared by that, or wearied by this; All is one in the receiver, but not in the ſender. And thanks doth both offices. For nothing doth ſo innocently provoke new graces, as gratitude. I would alſo rather make ſhort prayers than extend them, though God can neither be ſurpriſed, nor beſieged: for long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and a complacency in the worke, and more of the devill

by

by often diſtractions: For after in the beginning we have well intreated God to hearken, we ſpeake no more to him. Even this letter is ſome example of ſuch infirmity; which being intended for a letter, is extended and ſtrayed into a Homily. And whatſoever is not what it was purpoſed, is worſe. Therefore it ſhall at laſt end like a letter by aſſuring you I am, &c.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

NAture hath made all bodies like, by mingling & kneading up the ſame elemẽts in every one. And amõgſt men, the other nature, cuſtom, hath made every minde like ſome other. We are patterns or copies, we inform or imitate. But as he hath not preſently attain'd to write a good hand, which hath equalled one excellent Maſter in his A, another in his B, much leſſe he which hath ſought all the excellent maſters, & employed all his time to exceed in one letter, becauſe not ſo much an excellency of any nor every one, as an evenneſſe and proportion, and reſpect to one another gives the perfection; So is no man vertuous by particular example. Not he which doth all actions to the pattern of the moſt valiant, or liberall, which Hiſtories afford: Nor he wch chuſes frõ every one their beſt actions, & thereupon doth ſomething like thoſe. Perchance ſuch may be *in via perficiendorũ*, which Divines allow to Monaſticall life, but not *Perfectorũ*, which, by them is onely due to Prelacy. For vertue is even, & continuall, and the ſame, and can therefore breake

break no where, nor admit ends, nor beginnings; It is not onely not broken, but not tyed together. He is not vertuous, out of whose actions you can pick an excellent one. Vice and her fruits may be seene, because they are thick bodies, but not vertue, which is all light. And vices have swellings and fits, and noise, because being extreams, they dwell far asunder, and they maintaine both a forraigne war against vertue, and a civill against one another, and affect soveraignty, as vertue doth society. The later Physitians say that when our naturall inborne preservative is corrupted or wasted, and must be restored by a like extracted from other bodies, the chief care is, that the mummy have in it no excelling quality, but an equally digested temper: And such is true vertue. But men who have preferred money before all, thinke they deale honourably with vertue, if they compare her with mony: And think, that as mony is not called base, till the allay exceed the pure: So they are vertuous enough, if they have enough to make their actions currant, which is, if either they get praise, or (in a lower abasing) if they incurre not infamy or penalty. But you know who said, *Angusta innocentia est ad legem bonum esse*, which rule being given for positive lawes, severe mistakers apply even to Gods law, and (perchance against his commandement) binde themselves to his counsels, beyond his lawes. But they are worse, that thinke that because some men formerly wastfull, live better with halfe their rents, then they did with all, being now advantaged with discretion and experience, therefore our times need lesse morall vertue than the first, be-

cause

cauſe we have Chriſtianity, which is the uſe and application of all vertue. As though our religion were but an art of thrift, to make a little vertue goe farre. For as plentifull ſprings are fitteſt, and beſt become large Aqueducts, ſo doth much vertue ſuch a ſteward and officer as a Chriſtian. But I muſt not give you a Homily for a letter, I ſaid a great while ſince, that cuſtome made men like; We who have been accuſtomed to one another are like in this, that we love not buſineſſe. This therefore ſhall not be to you nor me a buſie letter. I end with a Probleme, whoſe errand is, to aske for his fellowes. I pray before you ingulfe your ſelf in the Progreſſe, leave them for me, and ſuch other of my papers as you will lend me till your returne. And beſides this allegoricall lending, lend me truly your counſels. And love God and me whileſt I love him and you.

To the La. G.

MADAM,

I Am not come out of England, if I remaine in the nobleſt part of it, your minde; Yet I confeſſe, it is too much diminution to call your minde any part of England, or this world, ſince every part even of your body, deſerves titles of higher dignity. No Prince would be loath to die, that were aſſured of ſo fair a tombe to preſerve his memory: But I have a greater advantage then ſo; for, ſince there is a religion in friendſhip, and a death in abſence, to make up an entire friend, there muſt be an

heaven too: and there can be no heaven ſo proportionall to that religion, and that death, as your favour, and I am gladder that it is a heaven, then that it were a Court or any other high place of this world, becauſe I am likelier to have a room there, then here, and better cheap: Madam, my beſt treaſure is time, and my beſt imployment of that (next my thoughts of thankfulneſſe for my redeemer) is to ſtudy good wiſhes for you, in which, I am by continuall meditation, ſo learned, that any creature (except your own good Angell) when it would doe you moſt good, might be content to come and take inſtructions from

Your humble and affectionate

Amyens the 7. of Feb. here, 1611.

ſervant,

I. D.

To my honour'd friend G. G. Eſquire.

SIR,

NEither your letters, nor ſilence, needs excuſe; your friendſhip is to me an abundant poſſeſſion, though you remember me but twice in a year: He that could have two harveſts in that time, might juſtly value his land at a high rate; but, Sir, as we doe not onely then thank our land, when we gather the fruit, but acknowledge that all the year ſhe doth many motherly offices in preparing it: ſo is not

friendſhip

friendſhip then onely to be eſteemed, when ſhe is delivered of a letter, or any other reall office, but in her continuall propenſneſſe and inclination to doe it. This hath made me eaſie in pardoning my long ſilences, and in promiſing my ſelf your forgiveneſſe for not anſwering your letter ſooner. For my purpoſe of proceeding in the profeſſion of the law, ſo farre as to a title you may be pleaſed to correct that imagination, whereſoever you finde it. I ever thought the ſtudy of it my beſt entertainment, and paſtime, but I have no ambition, nor deſigne upon the ſtile. Of my Anniverſaries, the fault that I acknowledg in my ſelf, is to have deſcended to print any thing in verſe, which though it have excuſe even in our times by men who profeſſe, and practiſe much gravity; yet I confeſſe I wonder how I declin'd to it, and doe not pardon my ſelf; But for the other part of the imputation of having ſaid too much, my defence is, that my purpoſe was to ſay as well as I could: for ſince I never ſaw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be underſtood to have bound my ſelf to have ſpoken juſt truths, but I would not be thought to have gone about to praiſe her, or any other in ryme; except I took ſuch a perſon, as might be capable of all that I could ſay: If any of thoſe Ladies think that Miſtris *Drewry* was not ſo, let that Lady make her ſelf fit for all thoſe praiſes in the book, and they ſhall be hers. Sir, this meſſenger makes ſo much haſte that I cry you mercy for ſpending any time of this letter in other imployment then thanking you for yours. I hope before *Chriſtmas* to ſee England, & kiſſe your hand, which ſhall ever, (if it diſdain not that office)

hold all the keyes of the liberty and affection, and all the faculties of

Your moſt affectionate

Peris the 14 of April, here, 1612.

ſervant,

I. D.

To my honour'd friend G. G. Eſquire.

SIR,

I Should not onely ſend you an account by my ſervant, but bring you an account often by my ſelfe, (for our letters are our ſelves, and in them abſent friends meet) how I doe, but that two things make me forbeare that writing; firſt, becauſe it is not for my gravity to write of feathers, and ſtrawes; and in good faith I am no more, conſidering in my body, or fortune; and then becauſe whenſoever I tel you how I doe, by a letter, before that letter comes to you, I ſhall be otherways then when it left me: At this time (I humbly thank God) I am onely not worſe, for I ſhould as ſoon look for Roſes, at this ſeaſon of the year, as look for increaſe of ſtrength; and if I be no worſe all ſpring, then now, I am much better, for I make account thoſe Church-ſervices which I am loath to decline, will ſpend ſomewhat; & if I can gather ſo much as will bear my charges, recover ſo much ſtrength at *London*, as I ſhall ſpend at *London*, I ſhall not be loath to be left in that ſtate I am now,

after

after that is is done; but, I doe but diſcourſe, I do not wiſh; life, or health, or ſtrength, I thank God, enter not into my prayers, for my ſelf: for others they often doe, and amongſt others, for your ſelf and ſon, whom I beſeech God to bleſſe with the ſame bleſſings which I beg for the children, and for the perſon of

Your friend and humble ſervant

Alery hatch,
Novemb. 2.
1630.

in Chriſt Ieſus,

I. D.

To my honour'd friend G. G. Eſquire.

SIR,

THis advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am ſo much the oftener at the gates of heaven, and this advantage by the ſolitude, and cloſe impriſonment, that they reduce me to after, that I am thereby the oftner at my prayers, in which I ſhall never leave out your happineſſe, and I doubt not, but amongſt his many other bleſſings God wil adde ſome one to you for my prayers. A man would be almoſt content to die, (if there were no other benefit in death) to heare of ſo much ſorrow, and ſo much good teſtimony from good men, as I (God be bleſſed for it) did upon the report of my death; yet I perceive it went not thorow

all, for one writ to me, that ſome (and he ſaid of my friends) conceived I was not ſo ill as I pretended, but withdrew my ſelf to live at eaſe, diſcharged of preaching: It is an unfriendly, and God knowes, an ill-grounded interpretation, for I have always been ſorryer when I could not preach, then any could be they could not heare me. It hath been my deſire (and God may be pleaſed to grant it) that I might die in the Pulpit, if not that, yet that I might take my death in the Pulpit, that is, die the ſooner by occaſion of thoſe labours. Sir, I hope to ſee you about Candlemas, about which time alſo will fall my Lent Sermon at Court, except my Lord Chamberlaine beleeve me to be dead, and leave me out, for as long as I live, and am not ſpeechleſſe, I would not decline that Service. I have better leaſure to write then you to read, yet I will not oppreſſe you with too much letter: God bleſſe you and your Son, as I wiſh.

Your poore friend and ſervant

January 7.
1630. *in Chriſt Ieſus,*

I. D.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

THis Tueſday morning, which hath brought me to London, preſents me with all your letters. Me thought it was a rent day, I mean ſuch as yours, and not

not as mine: And yet ſuch too, when I conſidered how much I ought you for them. How good a mother, how fertile and aboundant the underſtanding is if ſhe have a good Father. And how well friendſhip performes that office. For that which is denyed in other generations is done in this of yours. For here is ſuperfætation, child upon child, and, that which is more ſtrange, twinnes at a latter conception. If in my ſecond religion, friendſhip, I had a conſcience, either *Errantem* to miſtake good and bad and indifferent, or *Opinantem* to be raviſhed by others opinions or examples, or *Dubiam* to adhere to neither part, or *ſcrupuloſam* to incline to one, but upon reaſons light in themſelves or indiſcuſſed in me (which are almoſt all the diſeaſes of conſcience) I might miſtake your often, long, and buſie letters, and fear you did but intreat me to have mercy upon you, and ſpare you. For you know our Court took the reſolution, that it was the beſt way to diſpatch the French Prince back again quickly to receive him ſolemnly, ceremoniouſly, and expenſively, when he hoped a domeſtique and durable entertainment. I never meant to excell you in waight nor price, but in number and bulk I thought I might: Becauſe he may caſt up a greater ſumme who hath but forty ſmall moneys, then he with twenty Portugueſſes. The memory of friends, (I mean onely for letters) neither enters ordinarily into buſied men, becauſe they are ever imployed within, nor into men of pleaſure, becauſe they are never at home. For theſe wiſhes therefore which you won out of your pleaſure and recreation, you were as excuſable to me if you writ

ſeldome, as Sir *H. Wootton* is, under the oppreſſion of buſineſſe, or the neceſſity of ſeeming ſo: Or more then he, becauſe I hope you have both pleaſure and buſineſſe. Onely to me, who have neither, this omiſſion were ſinne. For though writing be not of the precepts of friendſhip, but of the counſells: yet, as in ſome caſes to ſome men counſels become precepts, though not immediately from God, yet very roundly and quickly from his Church, (as ſelling and dividing goods in the firſt time, continence in the Romã Church, and order and decency in ours) ſo to me who can doe nothing elſe, it ſeems to binde my conſcience to write. And it is ſinne to doe againſt the conſcience, though that erre. Yet no mans letters might be better wanted then mine, ſince my whole letter is nothing elſe but a confeſſion that I ſhould and would write. I ought you a letter in verſe before by mine own promiſe, and now that you think you have hedged in that debt by a greater by your letter in verſe, I think it now moſt ſeaſonable and faſhionall for me to break. At leaſt to write preſently were to accuſe my ſelf of not having read yours ſo often as ſuch a letter deſerves from you to me. To make my debt greater (for ſuch is the deſire of all, who cannot or mean not to pay) I pray read theſe two problemes: for ſuch light flaſhes as theſe have been my hawkings in my Surry journies. I accompany them with another ragge of verſes, worthy of that name for the ſmalneſſe, and age, for it hath long lyen among my other Papers, & laughs at them that have adventured to you: for I think till now you ſaw it not, and neither you, nor it ſhould repent it. Sir, if I

were

were any thing, my love to you might multiply it, and dignifie it: But infinite nothings are but one ſuch: Yet ſince even Chymeraes have ſome name and titles, I am alſo

Yours.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

IN the hiſtory or ſtile of friendſhip, which is beſt written both in deeds and words, a letter which is of a mixed nature, and hath ſomething of both, is a mixt parentheſis: It may be left out, yet it contributes, though not to the being, yet to the verdure, and freſhneſſe thereof. Letters have truly the ſame office, as oathes. As theſe amongſt light and empty men, are but fillings, and pauſes, and interjections: but with weightier, they are ſad atteſtations: So are letters to ſome complement, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my ſervant to lie in my behalfe, (for if it were officious in him, it might be worſe in me) ſo I allow my letters much leſſe that civil diſhoneſty, both becauſe they go from me more conſiderately, and becauſe they are permanent, for in them I may ſpeak to you in your chamber a year hence before I know not whom, and not hear my ſelfe. They ſhall therefore ever keep the ſincerity and intemerateneſſe of the fountain, whence they are derived. And as whereſoever theſe leaves fall, the root is in my heart, ſo ſhall they, as that ſucks good affections towards you there, have ever true impreſſions thereof. Thus much infor-

information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is, and theſe can tell you I am a friend, and an honeſt man. Of what generall uſe, the fruit ſhould ſpeake, and I have none: and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting ſhould tell you, and you can make none of ſuch a nothing; yet even of barren Sycamores, ſuch as I, there were uſe, if either any light flaſhings, or ſcorching vehemencies, or ſudden ſhowres made you need ſo ſhadowy an example or Remembrancer. But (Sir) your fortune and minde doe you this happy injury, that they make all kinde of fruits uſeleſſe unto you; Therefore I have placed my love wiſely where I need communicate nothing.

All this, though perchance you read it not till Michaelmas, was told you at Michin. 15. *Aug.* 1607.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

IT ſhould be no interruption to your pleaſures to heare me often ſay that I love you, and that you are as much my meditation as my ſelf: I often compare not you and me, but the Sphere in which your reſolutions are, and my wheel; both I hope concentrique to God: for me thinks the new Aſtronomy is thus appliable well; that we which are a little earth ſhould rather move towards God, then that hee which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, ſhould move towards us. To your life full of variety, nothing is old, nor new to mine. And as to that life, all

ſtickings

ſtickings and heſitations ſeem ſtupid and ſtony, ſo to this, all fluid ſlipperineſſes and tranſitory migrations ſeem giddy and feathery. In that life one is ever in the porch or poſtern, going in or out, never within his houſe, himſelf: It is a garment made of remnants, a life raveld out into ends, a line diſcontinued, and a number of ſmall wretched points; uſeleſs, becauſe they concurre not: A life built of paſt and future, not propoſing any conſtant preſent, they have more pleaſures then we, but no more pleaſure: they joy oftner, we longer; and no man but of ſo much underſtanding as may deliver him from being a fool, would change with a mad-man, which had a better proportion of wit in his often *Lucidis*. You know, they which dwell fartheſt from the Sunne, if in any convenient diſtance, have longer days, better appetites, better digeſtion, better growth, and longer life. And all theſe advantages, have their mindes who are well removed from the ſcorchings, and dazlings and exhalings of the worlds gloty; but neither of our lives are in ſuch extreams; for you living at Court without ambition, which would burn you, or envy which would deveſt others, live in the Sun, not in the fire; and I which live in the Country without ſtupifying, am not in darkneſſe, but in ſhadow, which is no light, but a pallid, wateriſh and diluted one. As all ſhadowes are of one colour if you reſpect the body from which they are caſt (for our ſhadows upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden, green and flowery,) ſo all retirings into a ſhadowy life are alike from all cauſes, and alike to the barbarouſneſs and inſipid dulneſſe of the country: Onely the imployment,

ployment, and that upon which you caſt and beſtow your pleaſure, buſineſſe or books, gives it the tincture or beauty. But truly whereſoever we are, if we can but tell our ſelves truly what and where we would be, we may make any ſtate and place ſuch: For we are ſo compoſed, that if abundance, or glory ſcorch and melt us, we have an earthly cave, our bodies, to goe into by conſideration, and coole our ſelves: and if we be frozen, and contracted with lower and dark fortunes, we have within us a torch, a ſoul, lighter and warmer then any without: wee are therefore our owne umbrella's, and our owne Sunnes. Theſe Sir, are the Sallads, and Onyons of Michin, ſent to you with as wholſome affection as your other friends ſend Melons and Quelque choſes from Court and London. If I preſent you not as good dyet as they, I would yet ſay grace to theirs, and bid much good doe it you. I ſend you, with this, a letter which I ſent to the Counteſſe. It is not my uſe nor duty to doe ſo. But for your having of it, there were but two conſents, and I am ſure you have mine, and you are ſure you have hers. I alſo writ to her Ladiſhip for the verſes ſhe ſhewed in the garden, which I did not onely to extort them, nor onely to keep my promiſe of writing, for that I had done in the other letter, and perchance ſhe hath forgotten the promiſe, nor onely becauſe I think my letters juſt good enough for a Progreſſe, but becauſe I would write apace to her, whilſt it is poſſible to expreſſe that which I yet know of her, for by this growth I ſee how ſoon ſhe will be ineffable.

To the Counteſſe of Bedford.

Happieſt and worthyeſt Lady,

I Do not remember that ever I have ſeen a petition in verſe, I would not therefore be ſingular, nor add theſe to your other papers. I have yet adventured ſo near as to make a petition for verſe, it is for thoſe your Ladiſhip did me the honour to ſee in Twicknam garden, except you repent your making and having mended your judgment by thinking worſe, that is, better, becauſe juſter, of their ſubject. They muſt needs be an excellent exerciſe of your wit, which ſpeak ſo well of ſo ill. I humbly beg them of your Ladiſhip, with two ſuch promiſes, as to any other of yours compoſitions were threatnings: That I will not ſhew them, and that I will not beleeve them; And nothing ſhould be ſo uſed which comes from your braine or heart. If I ſhould confeſſe a fault in the boldneſſe of asking them, or make a fault by doing it in a longer letter, your Ladiſhip might uſe your ſtile and old faſhion of the Court towards me, and pay me with a pardon. Here therefore I humbly kiſſe your Ladiſhips fair learned hands, and wiſh you good wiſhes and ſpeedy grants.

Your Ladiſhips ſervant,

JOHN DONNE.

To

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

BEcauſe I am in a place and ſeaſon where I ſee every thing bud forth I muſt do ſo too, & vent ſome of my meditatiõs to you, the rather becauſe al other buds being yet without taſte or vertue, my letters may be like them. The pleaſantnes of the ſeaſon diſpleaſes me. Every thing refreſhes; and I wither, and I grow older, and not better. My ſtrength diminiſhes, and my load grows, & being to paſſe more & more ſtorms, I find that I have not only caſt out all my ballaſt, which nature and time gives, reaſon & diſcretiõ, & ſo am as empty & light as vanity can make me, but I have over-fraught my ſelf with vice, & ſo am riddingly ſubject to two contrary wrackes, ſinking and over-ſetting; and under the iniquity of ſuch a diſeaſe as enforces the patient when he is almoſt ſtarv'd, not only to faſt, but to purge; for I have much to take in, and much to caſt out. Sometimes I think it eaſier to diſcharge my ſelf of vice then of vanity, as one may ſooner carry the fire out of a room, then the ſmoak: And then I ſee it was a new vanity to think ſo. And when I thinke ſometimes that vanity, becauſe it is thin and ayrie, may be expelled with vertue or buſineſs, or ſubſtantiall vice; I find that I give entrance therby to new vices; Certainly as the earth & water, one ſad, the other fluid, make but one body, ſo to vice, and vanity, there is but one *centrũ morbi*. And that which latter Phyſitians ſay of our bodies, is fitter for our mindes; for that which they call deſtruction,

which

(which is a corruption and want of thoſe fundamentall parts wherof we conſiſt) is vice: And that *Collectio Stercorũ* (which is but the excrememt of that corruption) is our vanity and indiſcretion. Both theſe have but one root in me, and muſt be pulled out at once, or never. But I am ſo farre from digging to it, that I know not where it is. For it is not in mine eyes onely, but in every ſenſe, not in my concupiſcence onely, but in every power and affection. Sir I was willing to let you ſee how impotent a man you love, not to diſhearten you from doing ſo ſtill (for my vices are not infectious, nor wandring, they came not yeſterday, nor mean to goe away to day: They Inne not, but dwell in me, & ſee themſelves ſo welcome, and finde in me ſo good bad company of one another, that they will not change, eſpecially to one not apprehenſive, nor eaſily acceſſible) but I doe it that your counſell might cure me, and if you deny that, your example ſhall, for I will as much ſtrive to be like you, as I will wiſh you to continue good.

To Sir H. G.

SIR,

I Hope you are now well come to *London*, & well, and wel comforted in your fathers health & love, and well contented that we ask you how you do, & tell you how we are, which yet I cannot of my ſelf; If I knew that I were ill, I were well; For we conſiſt of three parts, a Soul, and Body, and Minde: which I cal thoſe thoughts & affections, and paſſions, which neither Soul nor body hath alone, but have beene begotten

begotten by their communication, as Muſick reſults out of our breath and a Cornet. And of all theſe the diſeaſes are cures, if they be known. Of our Souls ſickneſſes, which are ſinnes, the knowledge is to acknowledge, and that is her phyſick, in which we are not dieted by drams and ſcruples, for we cannot take too much. Of our bodies infirmities, though our knowledge be partly *ab extrinſeco*, from the opinion of the Phyſitian, and that the ſubject and matter be flexible, and various, yet their rules are certain; and if the matter be rightly applied to the rule, our knowledge thereof is alſo certain. But of the diſeaſes of the minde, there is no Criterium, no Canon, no rule; for our own taſt and apprehenſion and interpretation ſhould be the judge, and that is the diſeaſe it ſelfe. Therefore ſome times when I finde my ſelfe tranſported with jollity, & love of company, I hang leads at my heels, and reduce to my thoughts my fortunes, my years, the duties of a man, of a friend, of a husband, of a father, and all the incumbencies of a family. When ſadneſſe dejects me, either I countermine it with another ſadneſſe, or I kindle ſquibbs about me again, and flie into ſportfulneſſe and company. And I finde ever after all, that I am like an Exorciſt, which had long laboured about one, which at laſt appears to have the Mother, that I ſtill miſtake my diſeaſe. And I ſtill vex my ſelfe with this becauſe if I know it not, no body can know it. And I comfort my ſelfe becauſe I ſee diſpaſſioned men are ſubject to the like ignorances. For divers mindes out of the ſame thing often draw contrary concluſions, as Auguſtine thought devout Anthony to be therefore

full

full of the holy Ghoſt, becauſe, not being able to reade, he could ſay the whole Bible, and interpret it. And Thyræus the Jeſuite for the ſame reaſon doth think all the Anabaptiſts to be poſſeſſed. And as often out of contrary things men draw one concluſion. As, To the Roman Church, Magnificence and Splendor hath ever been an argument of Gods favour: and Poverty and affliction, to the Greek. Out of this variety of mindes it proceeds, that though all our Soules would goe to one end, Heaven, and all our bodies muſt goe to one end, the earth; yet our third part, the minde, which is our naturall Guide here, chuſes to every man a ſeverall way. Scarce any man likes what another doth, nor adviſedly, that which himſelf. But, Sir, I am beyond my purpoſe; I meant to write a letter, and I am falne into a diſcourſe, and I doe not onely take you from ſome buſineſſe, but I make you a new buſineſſe by drawing you into theſe meditations. In which yet let my openneſſe be an argument of ſuch love as I would faine expreſſe in ſome worthier faſhion.

The end of the Letters.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16. Auguſti 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poëma Satyricon.

EPISTLE.

OThers at the Porches and entries of their buildings ſet their Armes; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a minde ſo plain, and flat, and through light as mine. Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and ſtick, and doe not ſay quickly, good. I cenſure much and taxe; And this liberty coſts me more then others; by how much my own things are worſe then others. Yet I would not be ſo rebellious againſt my ſelf, as not to doe it, ſince I love it; nor ſo unjuſt to others, to doe it *ſine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they muſt pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Councell

Councell forbids not books, but Authors, damning what ever ſuch a name hath or ſhall write. None writes ſo ill, that he gives not ſomthing exemplary, to follow, or fly. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpoſe to come into any mans debt, how my ſtock will hold out I know not; perchance waſte, perchance increaſe in uſe; If I doe borrow any thing of Antiquity, beſides that I make account that I pay it to poſterity, with as much, and as good: you ſhall ſtill finde me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him onely that hath digg'd out treaſure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no ſuch Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not onely carry one ſoul from man to man, nor man to beaſt, but indifferently to plants alſo: and therefore you muſt not grudge to finde the ſame ſoul in an Emperour, in a Poſthorſe, and in a Maceron, ſince no unreadineſſe in the ſoul, but an indiſpoſition

in the Organs works this. And therefore though this ſoul could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what laſcivious banquet it was ſerv'd. And though it could not ſpeake, when it was a Spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who uſed it for poyſon to attain dignity. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own, which makes me ſo ſeriouſly deliver you by her relation all her paſſages from her firſt making when ſhe was that apple which Eve eate, to this time when ſhe is ſhe, whoſe life you ſhall finde in the end of this book.

THE

THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE.

First Song.

I.

I Sing the progreſſe of a deathleſſe ſoule,
Whom Fate which God made, but doth not controule,
Plac'd in moſt ſhapes; all times before the law
Yoak'd us, and when, and ſince, in this I ſing,
And the great world t'his aged evening,
From infant morn, through manly noon I draw,
What the cold Chaldee, or ſilver Perſian ſaw,
Greek braſſe, or Roman iron, 'is in this one;
A work to'outweare *Seths* pillars, brick and ſtone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yeeld to none.

II.

Thee, eye of Heaven, this great Soul envies not,
By thy male force, is all we have begot.
In the firſt Eaſt, thou now beginſt to ſhine,
Suck'ſt early balme, and Iland ſpices there,

And wilt anon in thy looſe-rein'd careere
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
And ſee at night thy Weſtern land of Mine,
Yet haſt thou not more Nations ſeen then ſhee,
That before thee one day began to be, (outlive thee.
And thy fraile light being quench'd, ſhall long, long

III.

NOr holy *Ianus* in whoſe ſoveraign boate
The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;
That ſwimming Colledge, and free Hoſpitall
Of all mankinde, that Cage and vivary
Of fowles, and beaſts, in whoſe wombe, Deſtiny
Us, and our lateſt nephewes did inſtall
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All)
Didſt thou in that great ſtewardſhip embark
So diverſe ſhapes into that floating park, (ſpark,
As have been moved, and inform'd by this heavenly

IV.

GReat Deſtiny the Commiſſary of God,
That haſt mark'd out a path and period
For every thing, who, where we off-ſpring tooke,
Our ways and ends, ſeeſt at one inſtant. Thou
Knot of all cauſes, thou whoſe changeleſſe brow
Ne'r ſmiles nor frownes, O vouchſafe thou to look
And ſhew my ſtory, in thy eternall book.
That (if my prayer be fit) I may underſtand
So much my ſelf, as to know with what hand,
How ſcant, or liberall this my lifes race is ſpand.

V.

TO my ſixe luſters almoſt now out-wore,
Except thy booke owe me ſo many more,
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of ſteep ambition, ſleepy poverty,
Spirit quenching ſickneſſe, dull captivity,
Diſtracting buſineſſe, and from beauties nets,
And all that cals from this, and t'others whets,
O let me not launch out, but let me ſave
Th'expence of brain and ſpirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwaſted man may have.

VI.

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
In vaine this ſea ſhall enlarge, or enrough
It ſelfe; for I will through the wave, and ſome,
And hold in ſad lone ways, a lively ſpright
Make my darke heavy Poem light, and light.
For though through many ſtraights, & lands I roam,
I launch at Paradiſe, and I ſaile towards home;
The courſe I there began, ſhall here be ſtaid,
Sailes hoiſed there, ſtroke here, and Anchors laid
In Thames, wch were at Tygris, & Euphrates waid.

VII.

FOr the great ſoule which here amongſt us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, & brow,
Wch as the Moone the ſea moves us, to heare
Whoſe ſtory, with long patience you will long;
(For 'tis the crown, and laſt ſtraine of my ſong)
This ſoule to whom *Luther* and *Mahomet* were

Prisons of flesh; this soule which oft did teare,
And mend the wracks of th'Empire, and late Rome,
And liv'd when every great change did come,
Had first in Paradise, a low, but fatall roome.

VIII.

YEt no low room, nor then the greatest, lesse,
If (as devout and sharp men fitly guesse)
That Crosse, our joy, and griefe, (where nailes did tie
That All, which always was all, every where,
Which could not sinne, and yet all sinnes did beare;
Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die;)
Stood in the selfe-same room in Calvary,
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,
For on that tree hung in securitie (free.
This soule made by the Makers will from pulling

IX.

PRince of the Orchard, faire as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born
That apple grew, which this soule did enlive
Till the then climing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankinde weeps,
Took it, and t'her whom the first man did wive
(Whom and her race, onely forbiddings drive)
He gave it, she, t'her husband, both did eate;
So perished the eaters, and the meat, (swear.
And we (for treason taints the bloud) thence die &

X

MAn all at once was there by woman slain,
And one by one we are here slain o'r again

By them. The mother poyſoned the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets,
No ſmalneſs ſcapes, no greatneſſe breaks their nets,
She thruſt us out, and by them we are led
Aſtray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
Were priſoners judges, 'twould ſeem rigorous,
She ſinn'd, we bear part of our pain is, thus (us.
To love them, whoſe fault to this painful love yoak'd

XI.

SO faſt in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare aske why we ſhould be ſo,
Would God (diſputes the curious Rebell) make
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
His creatures will croſſe his? Of every man
For one, will God (and be juſt) vengeance take?
Who ſinn'd? 'twas not forbidden to the Snake
Nor her, who was not then made; nor is 't writ
That *Adam* cropt, or knew the Apple, yet
The worm, and ſhe, and he, and we endure for it.

XII.

BUt ſnatch me heavenly Spirit; from this vain
Reckoning their vanity, leſſe is their gain
Then hazard ſtill to meditate on ill, (toyes
Though with good mind, their reaſons like thoſe
Of glaſſie bubbles, which the gameſome boyes
Stretch to ſo nice a thinneſſe through a quill,
That they themſelves break, and do themſelves ſpil.
Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercile
As wraſtlers perfects them; Not liberties (hereſies.
Of ſpeech, but ſilence; hands, not tongues, end

XIII.

XIII.

Juſt in that inſtant when the ſerpents gripe
Broke the ſleight veines, and tender conduit pipe,
Through which this ſoul frō the trees root did draw
Life, and growth to this Apple, fled away,
This looſe ſoule, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one ſcarce dares ſay, he ſaw,
'Tis ſo ſoon gone, (and better proofe the law
Of ſenſe, then faith requires) ſwiftly ſhe flew
T'a dark and foggy Plot; Her, her fates threw (anew.
There through th'earth pores, & in a Plāt hous'd her

XIV.

The plant thus abled, to it ſelfe did force
A place, where no place was; by natures courſe
As aire from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies, by this root throng'd ſo
His ſpungy confines gave him place to grow:
Juſt as in our ſtreets, when the people ſtay
To ſee the Prince and ſo fill up the way
That weeſels ſcarce could paſſe, whē ſhe comes nere
They throng, and cleave up, and a paſſage cleare,
As if for that time their round bodies flatned were.

XV.

His right Arm he thruſt out towards the Eaſt,
Weſtward his left; th'ends did themſelves digeſt
Into ten leſſer ſtrings, theſe fingers were:
And as a ſlumberer ſtretching on his bed;
This way he this, and that way ſcattered
His other legge, which feet with toes up beare;

Grew

Grew on his middle part, the firſt day, haire,
To ſhow, that in loves buſineſſe he ſhould ſtill
A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
His apples kindle; his leaves, force of conception kil.

XVI.

A Mouth but dumbe, he hath; blind eyes, deafe eares,
And to his ſhoulders dangle ſubtile hairs;
A young *Coloſſus* there he ſtands upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered,
A leafie garland weares he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits, ſo red and bright
That for them you would call your loves lips white,
So, of alone unhaunted place poſſeſt
Did this ſoules ſecond Inne, built by the gueſt
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, reſt.

XVII.

NO luſtfull woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas becauſe there was none yet but Eve:
And ſhe (with other purpoſe) kill'd it quite;
Her ſinne had now brought in infirmities,
And ſo her cradled child, the moiſt-red eyes
Had never ſhut, nor ſlept ſince it ſaw light,
Poppy ſhe knew, ſhe knew the mandrakes might;
And tore up both, and ſo coold her childs blood;
Unvertuous weeds might long unvex'd have ſtood;
But hee's ſhort liv'd, that with his death can doe
(moſt good.

XVIII.

TO an unfetter'd ſouls quick nimble haſte (pac'd:
Are falling ſtarres, and hearts thoughts, but ſlow
Thinner

Thinner then burnt aire flies this ſoule, and ſhe
Whom four new coming, and four parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runs
Thoughtleſſe of change, when her firm deſtiny
Confin'd, and enjail'd her, that ſeem'd ſo free,
Into a ſmall blew ſhell, the which a poor
Warm bird oreſpread, & ſat ſtill evermore, (dore,
Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it ſelfe a

XIX.

Out crept a ſparrow, this ſoules moving Inne,
On whoſe raw armes ſtiffe feathers now begin
As childrens teeth through gummes, to break with
His fleſh is jelly yet, and his bones threds, (pain,
All a new downy mantle overſpreads.
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late houſe, and the firſt houre ſpeaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father ſteales for him, and ſo feeds then (hen.
One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his

XX.

In this worlds youth wiſe nature did make haſt,
Things ripened ſooner, and did longer laſt;
Already this hot cock in buſh and tree,
In field and tent o'rflutters his next hen,
He aſkes her not, who did ſo taſte, nor when,
Nor if his ſiſter or his neece ſhe be,
Nor doth ſhe pule for his inconſtancy
If in her ſight he change, nor doth refuſe
The next that cals, both liberty do uſe; (freely chuſe.
Where ſtore is of both kindes, both kindes may

XXI.

XXI.

MEn, till they took laws which made freedome
Their daughters & their ſiſters did ingreſs, leſs,
Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not
So jolly, that it can move this ſoul. Is
The body ſo free of his kindneſſes,
That ſelf-preſerving it hath now forgot,
And ſlackneth ſo the ſoules, and bodies knot,
Which temperance ſtraitens; freely on his ſhe friends
He blood, and ſpirit, pith and marrow ſpends,
Ill ſteward of himſelf, himſelf in three years ends.

XXII.

ELſe might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy blood, which doth in hollow grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With fain'd cals, his nets, or enwrapping ſnare
The free inhabitants of the plyant ayre.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive
Askt not of roots, nor of cock-ſparrowes, leave:
Yet chuſeth he, though none of theſe he feares,
Pleaſantly three, then ſtraitned twenty years
To live, and to encreaſe his race himſelf outwears.

XXIII.

THis coale with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The ſoul from her too active organs fled
T'a brook; a female fiſhes ſandy Roe
With the males jelly, newly leav ned was,
For they had intertouch'd as they did paſſe,

And

And one of thoſe ſmall bodies, fitted ſo,
This ſoule inform'd, and abled it to row
It ſelfe with finny oares, which ſhe did fit,
Her ſcales ſeem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fiſh, but by no name you could call it.

XXIV.

WHen goodly, like a ſhip in her full trim,
A Swan, ſo white that you may unto him
Compare all whiteneſſe, but himſelfe to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fiſh catch'd:
It mov'd with ſtate, as if to look upon
Low things it ſcorn'd, and yet before that one
Could think he ſought it, he had ſwallowed cleare
This, and much ſuch, and unblam'd, devour'd there
All, but who too ſwift, too great, or wel armed were.

XXV.

NOw ſweome a priſon in a priſon put,
And now this Soul in double wals was ſhut,
Till melted with the Swans digeſtive fire,
She left her houſe the fiſh, and vapor'd forth;
Fate not affording bodies of more worth
For her as yet, bids her againe retire
T'another fiſh, to any new deſire
Made a new prey; For, he that can to none
Reſiſtance make, nor complaint, is ſure gone,
Weakneſſe invites, but ſilence feaſts oppreſſion.

XXVI.

PAce with the native ſtreame, this fiſh doth keep,
And journies with her towards the glaſſie deep,

But

But oft retarded, once with a hidden net (taught
Though with great windowes, (for when need firſt
Theſe tricks to catch food, then they were not
As now, with curious greedineſſe to let (wrought
None ſcape, but few, and fit for uſe to get,)
As, in this trap a ravenous Pike was tane,
Who, though himſelfe diſtreſt, would fain have ſlain
This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

HEre by her ſmallneſſe ſhe two deaths or'paſt,
Once innocence ſcap'd, & left the oppreſſor faſt;
The net through-ſwome, ſhe keeps the liquid path,
And whether ſhe leape up ſometimes to breath
And ſucke in ayre, or finde it underneath;
Or working parts like mils, or limbecks hath
To make the water thinne, and ayre like faith
Cares not, but ſafe the Place ſhe's come unto
Where freſh, with ſalt wayes meet, and what to doe
She knows not, but between both makes a boord
(or two.

XXVIII.

SO farre from hiding her gueſts, water is,
That ſhe ſhowes them in bigger quantities
Then they are. Thus her doubtfull of her way,
For game and not for hunger a ſea Pie
Spied through this traiterous ſpectacle, from high,
The ſeely fiſh where it diſputing lay,
And t'end her doubts and her, beares her awy,
Exalted ſhe's, but to the exalters good,
(As are by great ones, men which lowly ſtood,)
It's rais'd to be the Raiſers inſtrument and food.

XXX.

XXIX.

IS any kinde ſubject to rape like fiſh?
Ill unto man they neither doe, nor wiſh,
Fiſhers they kill not, nor with noiſe awake,
They doe not hunt, nor ſtrive to make a prey
Of beaſts, nor their young ſonnes to bear away;
Fowles they purſue not, nor doe undertake
To ſpoyle the neſts induſtrious birds doe make;
Yet them all theſe unkinde kindes feed upon,
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make Faſts, and Lents for their deſtruction.

XXX.

A Sudden ſtiffe land-winde in that ſelfe houre
To ſea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devoure
The fiſh; he cares not, for with eaſe he flies,
Fat gluttonies beſt oratour: at laſt
So long he hath flowen, and hath flowen ſo faſt,
That leagues o'r-paſt at ſea, now tyr'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languiſht dies:
The ſoules no longer foes, two ways did erre,
The fiſh I follow, and keep no calender
Of the other; he lives yet in ſome great officer.

XXXI.

INto an embryon fiſh, our Soule is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To ſuch vaſtneſſe, as if unmanacled
From Greece, Morea were, and that by ſome
Earthquake unrooted, looſe Morea ſwome,
Or ſeas from Africks body had ſevered

And

And torne the hopefull Promontories head;
This fiſh would ſeem theſe, and when all hopes faile,
A great ſhip overſet, or without ſaile (this whale-
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like

XXXII.

AT every ſtroke his brazen finnes doe take,
More circles in the broken ſea they make
Then cannons voyces, when the ayre they teare:
His ribbes are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark that blunts beſt ſteel, is thunder-proof,
Swimme in him ſwallow'd Dolphins without feare,
And feel no ſides as if his vaſt womb were
Some Inland ſea; and ever as he went
He ſpouted rivers up, as if he meant
To joyne our ſeas, with ſeas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

HE hunts not fiſh, but as an officer,
Stayes in his Court, at his owne net, and there
All ſuitors of all ſorts themſelves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulfe-like throate ſuckes every thing
That paſſeth neare. Fiſh chaſeth fiſh, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall;
O might not States of more equalitie
Conſiſt? and is it of neceſſitie (muſt die?
That thouſand guiltleſſe ſmals to make one great,

XXXIV.

NOw drinkes he up ſeas, and he eats up flocks,
He juſtle-lands, and he ſhakes firme rocks.

Now in a roomfull house this soule doth floate,
And like a Prince she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as Provinces.
The Sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parched, since first launch'd forth his living boat,
'Tis greatest now and to destruction
Neerest; There's no pause at perfection,
Greatnesse a period hath, but hath no station.

XXXV.

TWo little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe
Good to themselves by his death: they did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oyls, which thence outstreat,
Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speake.
How shall a Tyran wise strong projects breake,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

XXXVI.

THe flail-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish
Ongly attempt to doe, what all doe wish.
The Thresher backs him: and to beate begins;
The sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression,
And t' hide himselfe from shame and danger, down
Begins to sink; the sword-fish upward spins,
And gores him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes
So well the one, his sword the other plies,
That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyran dies, (panies.
And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all com-

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

WHo will revenge his death? or who will call
Thoſe to account, that thought and wrought
The heirs of ſlain kings we ſee 'are often ſo (his fall?
Tranſported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge and obſequies forget,
Nor will againſt ſuch men the people goe,
Becauſe he's now dead, to whom they ſhould ſhow
Love in that act. Some kings by vice being grown
So needy of ſubjects love, that of their own (ſhown,
They think they loſe, if love be to the dead Prince

XXXVIII.

THis Soule now free from priſon, and paſſion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That ſo ſmall hammers ſhould ſo ſoone downe beat
So great a caſtle. And having for her houſe
Got the ſtrait cloyſter of a wretched mouſe
(As baſeſt men, that have not what to eate,
Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great
Than they, who good repoſ'd eſtates poſſeſſe) (leſſe
This Soul, late taught that great things might by
Be ſlain, to gallant miſchief doth her ſelfe addreſſe.

XXXIX.

NAtures great maſter-peece, an Elephant,
The onely harmeleſſe great thing; the giant
Of beaſts, who thought none had, to make him wiſe,
But to be juſt, and thankfull, loth t' offend
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
Himſelfe he up-props, on himſelfe relies,

And foe to none; ſuſpects no enemies,
Still ſleeping ſtood; vext not his fantaſie
Black dreames, like an unbent bow careleſſy
His ſinewy Proboſcis did remiſſy lie.

XL.

IN which as in a gallery this mouſe
Walk'd, & ſurvey'd the roomes of this vaſt houſe,
And to the braine, the ſoules bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole town
Cleane undermin'd, the ſlaine beaſt tumbled downe,
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy ſent
To kill, not ſcape; for, onely he that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI.

NExt, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne
Till the beſt midwife, Nature, gave it help (whelp
To iſſue. It could kill, as ſoone as goe:
Abel, as white, and mild as his ſheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, then
Was the firſt type) was ſtill infeſted ſo,
With this wolfe, that it bred his loſſe and woe;
And yet his bitch, his ſentinell, attends
The flock ſo neare, ſo well warns and defends, (tends.
That the wolfe, (hopeleſſe elſe) to corrupt her in-

XLII.

HE tooke a courſe, which ſince, ſucceſsfully,
Greate men have often taken, to eſpie

The counſels, or to break the plots of foes,
To *Abels* tent he ſtealeth in the darke,
On whoſe skirts the bitch ſlept; ere ſhe could barke,
Attach'd her with ſtrait gripes, yet he call'd thoſe
Embracement of love; to loves worke he goes,
Where deeds move more then words; nor doth ſhe
Nor much reſiſt, nor needs he ſtraiten ſo ſhow,
His prey, for, were ſhe looſe, ſhe would not bark (nor goe

XLIII.

HE hath ingag'd her; his, ſhe wholly bides;
Who not her owne, none others ſecrets hides,
If to the flock he come and *Abel* there,
She faines hoarſe barkings, but ſhe biteth not,
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
At laſt a trap, of which ſome every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loſſe, and feare,
By the wolves death; and now juſt time it was
That a quick ſoule ſhould give life to that maſſe
Of blood in *Abels* bitch, and thither this did paſſe,

XLIV.

SOme have their wives, their ſiſters ſome begot,
But in the lives of Emperours you ſhall not
Reade of a luſt the which may equall this;
This wolfe begot himſelfe, and finiſhed
What he began alive, when he was dead.
Sonne to himſelfe, and father too, he is
A ridling luſt, for which Schoolemen would miſſe
A proper name. The whelp of both theſe lay
In *Abels* tent, and with ſoft Moabr,
His ſiſter, being young it us'd to ſport and play.

XLV.

HE ſoone for her too harſh, and churliſh grew,
And *Abel* (the dam dead) would uſe this new
For the field, being of two kindes thus made,
He, as his dam, from ſheep drove wolves away,
And as his Sire, he made them his own prey.
Five yeares he liv'd, and cozened with his trade,
Then hopeleſſe that his faults were hid, betraid
Himſelfe by flight, and by all followed,
From dogs, a wolfe; from wolves a dogge he fled;
And like a ſpie to both ſides falſe, he periſhed.

XLVI.

IT quickned next a toyfull Ape, and ſo
Gameſome it was, that it might freely goe
From tent to tent, and with the Children play,
His organs now ſo like theirs he doth finde,
That why he cannot laugh and ſpeake his minde,
He wonders. Much with all, moſt he doth ſtay
With *Adams* fift daughter *Siphatecia*,
Doth gaze on her, and, where ſhe paſſeth, paſſe,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the graſſe,
And wiſeſt of that kinde, the firſt true lover was.

XLVII.

HE was the firſt that more deſir'd to have
One than another; firſt that ere did crave
Love by mute ſignes, and had no power to ſpeake;
Firſt that could make love faces, or could doe
The valters ſomerſalts, or us'd to woo
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to breake

To make his Miſtris merry ; or to wreake
Her anger on himſelfe. Sinnes againſt kinde
They eaſily do, that can let feed their mind (do find.
With outward beauty, beauty they in boyes & beaſts

XLVIII.

BY this miſled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; beaſts and angels have been lov'd;
This Ape, though elſe through-vain, in this was wiſe,
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not ſhe would ſay nay ;
His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,
He gazeth on her face with teare-ſhot eyes,
And up lifts ſubtly with his ruſſet pawe
Her kidskin apron without feare or awe (lawe.
Of nature; nature hath no goale, though ſhe hath

XLIX.

FIrſt ſhe was ſilly and knew not what he meant,
That vertue, by his touches chaſt and ſpent,
Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite,
She knew not firſt, nor cares not what he doth,
And willing halfe and more, more then halfe wroth,
Shee neither puls nor puſhes, but out-right
Now cries, and now repents; when *Thelemite*
Her brother, entred, and a great ſtone threw
After the Ape, who, thus prevented flew. (new)
This houſe thus batter'd down, the ſoule poſſeſt a

L.

AND whether by this change she lose or win (in,
she coms out next, where th' Ape wold have gon
Adam and *Eve* had mingled bloods; and now
Like Chymiques equall fires, her temperate wombe
Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become,
A spungie liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit on a high hils brow,
Life-keeping moysture unto every part,
Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,
Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits doe impart.

LI.

ANother part became the Well of sense,
The tender well arm'd feeling brain, frō whence,
Those sinewy strings which doe our bodies tie,
Are ravel'd out, and fast there by one end,
Did this Soule limbs, these limbs a soule attend;
And now they joyn'd, keeping some qualitie
Of every past shape, she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enough
To be a woman, *Themech* she is now,
Sister and wife to *Cain*, *Cain* that first did plow.

LII.

WHo ere thou beest that read'st this sullen Writ
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost
Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with me, (it,
Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,
By cursed *Caines* race invented be,

And

And bleſt *Seth* vext us with Aſtronomy.
There's nothing ſimply good, nor ill alone,
Of every qualitie Compariſon,
The onely meaſure is, and judge Opinion.

The end of the Progreſſe of the Soule.

HOLY SONNETS.

La Corona.

1. DEigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and (praiſe,
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou which of good, haſt, yea art treaſurie,
All changing unchang'd, Ancient of dayes,
But doe not with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,
Reward my Muſes white ſinceritie,
But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give me,
A crowne of Glory, which doth flowre alwayes,
The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'ſt our (ends,
For at our ends begins our endleſſe reſt,
The firſt laſt end now zealouſly poſſeſt,
With a ſtrong ſober thirſt, my ſoule attends.
'Tis time that heart and voyce be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

ANNVNTIATION.

2 *Salvation to all that will is nigh,*
That all, which alwayes is all every where,
Which cannot ſin, & yet all ſins muſt beare,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuſe but die,

Loe,

Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himſelfe to lie
In priſon, in thy wombe; and though he there
Can take no ſinne, nor thou give, yet hee'l weare
Taken from thence, fleſh, which deaths force may
Ere by the ſpheares time was created thou (trie,
Waſt in his mind, who is thy Sonne, and Brother,
Whom thou conceiv'ſt conceived; yea thou art now
Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother,
Thou 'haſt light in dark, and ſhutſt in little roome,
Immenſitie cloyſter'd in thy deare wombe.

NATIVITIE.

3 *Immenſitie cloyſter'd in thy deare wombe,*
Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
There he hath made himſelfe to his intent
Weake enough, now into our world to come;
But oh, for thee, for him, hath th' Inne no roome?
Yet lay him in this ſtall, and from the Orient,
Starres, and wiſemen will travell to prevent
Th' effects of *Herods* jealous generall doome.
Seeſt thou, my Soule, with thy Faiths eye, how he
Which fils all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kiſſe him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

TEMPLE.

4 *With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe,*
Joſeph turne back; ſee where your child doth ſit,
Blowing, yea blowing out thoſe ſparks of wit,
Which himſelfe on the Doctors did beſtow;

The

The Word but lately could not ſpeake, and loe
It ſuddenly ſpeakes wonders: whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which ſhould be writ,
A ſhallow ſeeming childe ſhould deeply know?
His Godhead was not ſoule to his manhood,
Nor had time mellowed him to this ripeneſſe,
But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,
With the Sunne to begin his buſineſſe,
He in his ages morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

CRVCIFYING.

5 *By miracles exceeding power of man,*
He faith in ſome, envie in ſome begat,
For, what weake ſpirits admire, ambitious hate;
In both affections many to him ranne,
But Oh! the worſt are moſt, they will and can,
Alas, and doe, unto the immaculate,
Whoſe creature Fate is, now preſcribe a Fate,
Meaſuring ſelfe-lifes infinitie to ſpan,
Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned he
Beares his owne croſſe, with paine, yet by and by
When it beares him, he muſt beare more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And at thy death giving ſuch liberall dole,
Moiſt with one drop of thy blood, my dry ſoule.

RESVRRECTION.

6 *Moiſt with one drop of thy blood, my dry ſoule,*
Shall (though ſhe now be in extreame degree
Too ſtony hard, and yet too fleſhly) be
Freed by that drop, from being ſtarv'd, hard or ſoule,

And life by this death abled shall controll
Death, whom thy death slue nor shall to me
Feare of first or last death bring miserie,
If in thy life booke my name thou inroul,
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
Nor can by other meanes be glorified.
May then sinnes sleep & death soon from me passe,
That wak't from both, I againe risen may
Salute the last, and ever lasting day.

ASCENSION.

Salute the last, and ever lasting day.
Ioy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
Yee whose true teares, or tribulation
Have purely washt, or burnt your drossie clay;
Behold the Highest parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,
Nor doth he by ascending, show alone,
But first he, and he first enters the way.
O strong Ramm, which hast batter'd heaven for me,
Mild lamb wᶜʰ with thy blood hast mark'd the path;
Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
Oh, with thy own blood quench thy own just wrath,
And if thy holy Spirit my Muse did raise,
Deigne at my hands this crown of prayer & praise.

Holy Sonnets.

I

THou hast made me, and shall thy worke decay?
Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,

I runne to death, and death meets me as faſt,
And all my pleaſures are like yeſterday,
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way;
Deſpaire behinde, and death before doth caſt
Such terrour, and my feeble fleſh doth waſte
By ſinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can look, I riſe againe;
But our old ſubtle foe ſo tempteth me,
That not one houre my ſelfe I can ſuſtaine,
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

AS due by many titles I reſigne
My ſelfe to thee, ô God. Firſt I was made
By thee, and for thee; and when I was decay'd,
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
I am thy Sonne, made with thy ſelfe to ſhine,
Thy ſervant, whoſe paines thou haſt ſtill repaid,
Thy theep, thine Image, and till I betray'd
My ſelfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
Why doth the devill then uſurp on me?
Why doth he ſteale nay raviſh that's thy right?
Except thou riſe and for thine own work fight,
Oh I ſhall ſoone deſpaire, when I ſhall ſee
That thou lov'ſt mankinde well, yet wilt' not chuſe me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loath to loſe me.

III.

O Might thoſe ſighes and teares return againe
Into my breaſt and eyes, which I have ſpent,

That

That I might in this holy diſcontent
Mourne with ſome fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain;
In mine Idolatry what ſhowers of rain
Mine eyes did waſte? what griefs my heart did rent?
That ſufferance was my ſinne I now repent,
'Cauſe I did ſuffer I muſt ſuffer paine.
Th' hydroptique drunkard, & night-ſcouting thiefe,
The itchy Lecher, and ſelfe tickling proud
Have the remembrance of paſt joyes, for reliefe
Of comming ills. To (poore) me is allow'd
No eaſe for long, yet vehement griefe hath been
Th' effect and cauſe, the puniſhment and ſinne.

IV.

O I my black Soul now thou art ſummoned
By ſickneſſe deaths herald and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treaſon, and durſt not turne to whence he is fled,
Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
Wiſheth himſelfe delivered from priſon;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wiſheth that ſtill he might be impriſoned;
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canſt not lack;
But who ſhall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh make thy ſelfe with holy mourning black,
And red with bluſhing, as thou art with ſinne;
Or waſh thee in Chriſts blood, which hath this
That being red, it dies red ſoules to white. (might

V.

I Am a little world made cunningly
Of Elements, and an Angelike ſpright,

But

But black ſinne hath betraid to endleſſe night
My worlds both parts, and(oh) both parts muſt die.
You which beyond that heavē which was moſt high,
Have found new ſphears, and of new land can write,
Powre new ſeas in mine eyes, that ſo I might
Drowne my world with my weeping earneſtly,
Or wash it if it muſt be drown'd no more:
But oh it muſt be burnt, alas the fire
Of luſt and envie burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler, Let their flames retire,
And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale
Of thee and thy houſe, which doth in eating heale.

VI.

THis is my playes laſt ſcene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimages laſt mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this laſt pace,
My ſpans laſt inch, my minutes lateſt point,
And gluttonous death will inſtantly unjoynt
My body and ſoul, and I ſhall ſleep a ſpace,
But my 'ever-waking part ſhall ſee that face,
Whoſe feare already ſhakes my every joynt:
Then, as my ſoul, to heaven her firſt ſeat, takes flight,
And earth-borne body in the earth ſhall dwell,
So, fall my ſinnes, that all may have their right,
To where they'are bred, and would preſſe me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
For thus I leave the world, the fleſh, the devill.

VII.

AT the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and ariſe, ariſe

From

From death, you numberlesse infinities
Of soules, and to your scattered bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'rthrow,
All whom warre, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despaire law, chance hath slaine, and you whose eies
Shall behold God, and never taste Deaths woe,
But let them sleep, Lord and me mourne a space,
For, if above all these my sinnes abound,
'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

VIII.

IF faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd
As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,
And adds this even to full felicitie,
That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'rstride:
But if our mindes to these soules be descride,
By circumstances and by signes that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?
They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourne,
And stile blasphemous Conjurers to call
On Jesus name, and Pharisaicall
Dissemblers feigne devotion. Then turne
O pensive soule, to God, for he knowes best
Thy griefe, for he put it into my brest.

IX.

IF poysons minerals, and if that tree,
Whose fruit threw death on (else immortall) us,

If

If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damn'd, alas, why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, borne in me,
Make sinnes, else equall, in me more hainous?
And mercy being easie, and glorious
To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens he?
But who am I that dare dispute with thee?
O God, oh! of thine onely worthy blood,
And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drowne in it my sinnes black memory;
That thou remember them, some claime as debt,
I thinke it mercy if thou wilt forget.

X.

DEath be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be:
Much pleasure thé from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules delivery (men,
Thou art slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
And poppy, or charmes can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more, death thou shalt die.

XI.

SPit in my face you Iewes, and pierce my side,
Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie me,

For I have ſinn'd, and ſinn'd, and onely he,
Who could doe no iniquitie, hath dyed:
But by my death can not be ſatisfied
My ſinnes, which paſſe the Iewes impietie:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucifie him daily being now glorified.
O let me then his ſtrange love ſtill admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our puniſhment.
And *Iacob* came cloath'd in vile harſh attire,
But to ſupplant, and with gainefull intent:
God cloath'd himſelfe in vile mans fleſh, that ſo
He might be weake enough to ſuffer woe.

XII.

WHy are we by all creatures waited on?
Why doe the prodigall elements ſupply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler and further from corruption?
Why brook'ſt thou ignorant horſe, ſubjection?
Why doſt thou bull, and bore ſo ſeelily
Diſſemble weakneſſe, and by one mans ſtroke die,
Whoſe whole kind you might ſwallow & feed upo
Weaker I am, woe is me, and worſe than you,
You have not ſinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth theſe things ſubdue,
But their Creator, whom ſinne, nor nature tyed,
For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

XIII.

WHat if this preſent were the worlds laſt night?
Mark in my heart, ô ſoul, where thou doſt dwel,

The

The picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright,
Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fils his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveneſſe for his foes fierce ſpight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I ſaid to all my profane miſtreſſes,
Beautie, of pitie, foulneſſe onely is
A ſigne of rigour: ſo I ſay to thee,
To wicked ſpirits are horrid ſhapes aſſign'd,
This beauteous forme aſſumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

BAtter my heart, three perſon'd God; for, you
As yet but knock, breathe, ſhine, & ſeek to mend;
That I may riſe, and ſtand, o'rthrow me, 'and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an uſurpt towne, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end.
Reaſon your Viceroy in me, me ſhould defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue,
Yet dearely' I love you', and would be lov'd faine,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy,
Divorce me, untie, or breake that knot againe,
Take me to you, impriſon me, for I
Except you'enthrall me, never ſhall be free,
Nor ever chaſte, except you raviſh me.

XV.

WIlt thou love God as he thee? then digeſt,
My Soul, this wholeſome meditation,

How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy breſt,
The Father having begot a Sonne moſt bleſt,
And ſtill begetting, (for he ne'r begun)
Hath deign'd to chuſe thee by adoption,
Coheire to 'his glory, 'and Sabbaths endleſſe reſt.
And as a robb'd man, which by ſearch doth find
His ſtolne ſtuffe ſold, muſt loſe or buy 'it again:
The Sunne of glory came downe, and was ſlaine,
Us whom he 'had made, and Satan ſtole, to unbinde.
'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
But, that God ſhould be made like man, much more.

XVI.

FAther, part of his double intereſt
Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to me,
His joynture in the knottie Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his deaths conqueſt.
This Lambe, whoſe death, with life the world hath
Was from the worlds beginning ſlaine and he(bleſt,
Hath made two Wils, which with the Legacie
Of his and thy Kingdome, thy Sonnes inveſt:
Yet ſuch are theſe lawes, that men argue yet
Whether a man thoſe ſtatutes can fulfill;
None doth; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
Revive againe what law and letter kill.
Thy lawes abridgement, and thy laſt command
Is all but love; O let this laſt Will ſtand!

On the bleſſed Virgin Mary.

IN that, ô Queene of Queenes, thy birth was free
From that which others doth of grace bereave,

When

When in their mothers wombe they life receive,
God, as his ſole-borne daughter loved thee,

To match thee like thy births nobilitie,
He thee his Spirit for his ſpouſe did leave,
By whom thou didſt his onely Sonne conceive,
And ſo waſt link'd to all the Trinitie.

Ceaſe then, ô Queenes, that earthly Crownes doe
To glory in the Pompe of earthly things; (weare
If men ſuch high reſpects unto you beare,
Which daughters, wives, & mothers are of Kings,
What honour can unto that Queene be done
Who had your God for Father, Spouſe and Sonne?

The Croſſe.

SInce Chriſt embrac'd the Croſſe it ſelfe, dare I
His image, th' image of his Croſſe deny?
Would I have profit by the Sacrifice,
And dare the choſen Altar to deſpiſe?
It bore all other ſinnes, but is it fit
That it ſhould beare the ſinne of ſcorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he flie his paines, who there did die?
From me, no Pulpit, nor miſgrounded law,
Nor ſcandall taken ſhall this Croſſe withdraw,
It ſhall not, for it cannot; for, the loſſe
Of this Croſſe, were to me another Croſſe;
Better were worſe, for no affliction
No Croſſe is ſo extreme, as to have none;
Who can blot out the Croſſe, which th' inſtrument
Of God dew'd on me in the Sacrament?

Who can deny me power, and libertie
To ſtretch mine armes, and mine own Croſſe to be?
Swimme, and at every ſtroke thou art thy croſſe.
The Maſt and yard make one, where ſeas doe toſſe;
Looke downe, thou ſpieſt out croſſes in ſmall things;
Looke up, thou ſeeſt birds rais'd on croſſed wings;
All the Globes frame, and ſpheares, is nothing elſe
But the Meridians croſſing Parallels.
Materiall croſſes then, good phyſick bee,
But yet ſpirituall haye chiefe dignitie.
Theſe for extracted chymique medicine ſerve,
And cure much better, and as well preſerve;
Then are you your owne Phyſick, or need none,
When Still'd or purged by tribulation:
For when that croſſe ungrudg'd, unto you ſticks,
Then are you to your ſelfe, a Crucifixe,
As perchance carvers doe not faces make,
But that away which hid them there, doe take:
Let Croſſes, ſo, take what hid Chriſt in thee,
And be his Image, or not his, but hee.
But as oft, Alchymiſts doe Coyners prove,
So may a ſelfe-deſpiſing, get ſelfe-love.
And then, as worſt ſurfets of beſt meates be,
So is pride, iſſued from humilitie,
For 'tis no childe, but monſter; therefore Croſſe
Your joy in croſſes, elſe, 'tis double loſſe,
And croſſe thy ſenſes, elſe both they, and thou
Muſt periſh ſoone, and to deſtruction bow.
For if the' eye ſee good objects and will take
No croſſe from bad, we cannot ſcape a ſnake.
So with harſh, hard, ſowre, ſtinking, croſſe the reſt,
Make them indifferent; all, nothing beſt.

But

But moſt the eye needs croſſing, that can rom
And move: To th' others objects muſt come home,
And croſſe thy heart: for that in man alone
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Croſſe thoſe detorſions, when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends,
And as the braine through bony wals doth vent
By Sutures, which a Croſſes form preſent:
So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
Croſſe and correct concupiſcence of wit.
Be covetous of croſſes, let none fall.
Croſſe no man elſe, but croſſe thy ſelfe in all.
Then doth the croſſe of Chriſt worke faithfully
Within our hearts, when we love harmleſly
The Croſſes pictures much, and with more care
That Croſſes children, which our croſſes are.

Pſalme 137.

I.

BY Euphrates flowry ſide
We did bide,
From deare Iuda farre abſented,
Tearing the aire with our cries,
And our eyes,
With their ſtreams his ſtream augmented.

II.

When poore Sions dolefull ſtate,
Deſolate;
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,

And the Temple ſpoil'd, which we
Neare ſhould ſee,
To our mirthleſſe mindes we call'd.

III.

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unſtrung,
Up we hung
On greene willowes neere beſide us,
Where, we ſitting all forlorne;
Thus, in ſcorne,
Our proud Spoylers 'gan deride us.

IV.

Come, ſad Captives, leave your moanes,
And your groanes
Under Sions ruines burie;
Tune your harps, and ſing us layes
In the praiſe
Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

Can, ah, can we leave our moanes?
And our groanes
Under Sions ruines burie?
Can we in this Land ſing Layes
In the praiſe
Of our God, and heare be merry?

VI.

No; deare Sion, if I yet
Doe forget
Thine affliction miſerable,

Let

Let my nimble joynts become
Stiffe and numme,
To touch warbling harpe unable.

VII.

Let my tongue loſe ſinging skill,
Let it ſtill
To my parched roofe be glewed,
If in either harpe or voyce
I rejoyce,
Till thy joyes ſhall be renewed.

VIII.

Lord, curſe Edom's traiterous kinde,
Beare in minde
In our ruines how they revell'd.
Sack, kill, burne, they cry'd out ſtill,
Sack, burne, kill,
Downe with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou Babel, when the tyde
Of thy pride
Now a flowing, growes to turning;
Victor now, ſhall then be thrall,
And ſhall fall
To as low an ebbe of mourning.

X

Happy he who ſhall thee waſte,
As thou haſt
Us, without all mercy, waſted,

And

And ſhall make thee taſte and ſee
What poore we
By thy meanes have ſeen and taſted.

XI.

Happy, who, thy tender barnes
From the armes
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainſt the wals ſhall daſh their bones,
Ruthleſſe ſtones
With their braines and blood beſmearing.

Reſurrection: Imperfect.

SLeep, ſleep old Sunne, thou canſt not have repaſt
As yet, the wound thou took ſt on friday laſt;
Sleep then, and reſt: The world may beare thy ſtay,
A better Sunne roſe before thee to day,
Who, not content to 'enlighten all that dwell
On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
And made the darke fires languiſh in that vale,
As at thy preſence here, our fires grow pale.
Whoſe body having walk'd on earth, and now
Haſting to Heaven, would, that he might allow
Himſelfe unto all ſtations, and fill all,
For theſe three dayes become a minerall;
He was all gold when he lay downe, but roſe
All tincture, and doth not alone diſpoſe
Leaden and iron wils to good, but is
Of power to make even ſinfull fleſh like his.
Had one of thoſe, whoſe credulous pietie
Thought, that a Soul one might diſcerne and ſee

Goe

Goe from a body, 'at this ſepulcher been,
And, iſſuing from the ſheet, this body ſeen,
Hee would have juſtly thought this body a ſoule,
If, not of any man, yet of the whole.

Deſunt cætera.

To Sir Robert Carr.

SIR,

I Preſume you rather trie what you can doe in me, than what I can doe in verſe; you know my uttermoſt when it was beſt, and even then I did beſt when I had leaſt truth for my ſubjects. In this preſent caſe there is ſo much truth as it defeats all Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, ſmother it, and be that the ſacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have imbraced the obligation with more alacrity; But, I thanke you that you would command me that which I was loath to doe, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poore friend and
ſervant in Chriſt Ieſus

I. D.

An hymne to the Saints, and to Marqueſſe Hamylton.

WHether that ſoule wch now comes up to you
Fill any former rank, or make a new,
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it ſelfe, and *order* more

Than

Than was in heaven till now ; (for may not hee
Be ſo, if every ſeverall Angell be
A *kinde* alone) What ever order grow
Greater by him in heaven, we doe not ſo;
One of your orders growes by his acceſſe;
But, by his loſſe grow all our orders leſſe ;
The name of *Father*, *Maſter*, *Friend*, the name
Of *Subject* and of *Prince*, in one is lame ;
Faire mirth is dampt, and converſation black,
The *Houſhold* widow'd, and the *Garter* ſlack;
The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue ;
Story a theame ; and *Muſicke* lacks a ſong,
Bleſt *order* that hath him, the loſſe of him
Gangreend all *Orders* here ; all loſt a limbe :
Never made body ſuch haſt to confeſſe
What a ſoul was ; All former comelineſſe
Fled, in a minute, when the ſoule was gone,
And having loſt that beautie, would have none :
So fell our *Monaſteries*, in an inſtant growne
Not to leſſe houſes, but to heapes of ſtone ;
So ſent his body that faire forme it wore
Unto the ſpheare of formes, and doth (before
His ſoul ſhall fill up his ſepulchrall ſtone,)
Anticipate a Reſurrection ;
For, as it his fame, now his ſoul is here,
So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there;
And if, faire ſoul, not with firſt *Innocents*
Thy ſtation be, but with the *Penitents*
(And who ſhall dare to aske then when I am
Dy'd ſcarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,
Whether that colour, which is ſcarlet then,
Were black or white before in eyes of men)

When

When thou remembreſt what ſinnes thou didſt find
Amongſt thoſe many friends now left behind,
And ſeeſt ſuch ſinners as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wiſh to wiſh all there, to wiſh them cleane;
Wiſh *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen*.

The Annuntiation and Paſſion.

TAmely fraile fleſh, abſtaine to day;
My ſoul eates twice, Chriſt hither and away,
She ſees him man, ſo like God made in this,
That of them both a circle embleme is,
Whoſe firſt and laſt concurre; this doubtfull day
Of feaſt or faſt, Chriſt came, and went away.
She ſees him nothing twice at once, who 'is all;
She ſees a Cedar plant it ſelfe, and fall.
Her Maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead;
She ſees at once, the Virgin mother ſtay
Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha.
Sad and rejoye'd ſhee's ſeene at once, and ſeen
At almoſt fiftie, and at ſcarce fifteen,
At once a ſonne is promis'd her, and gone,
Gabriel gives Chriſt to her, He her to *Iohn*;
Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,
At once Receiver and the Legacie;
All this and all between, this day hath ſhowne,
Th' Abridgement of Chriſts ſtory, which makes one
(As in plaine Maps, the furtheſt Weſt is Eaſt)
Of the' Angels *Ave*, and *Conſummatum eſt*.
How well the Church, Gods Court of Faculties,
Deales in, ſometimes, and ſeldome joyning theſe.

As

As by the ſelf-fix'd Pole we never doe
Direct our courſe, but the next ſtarre thereto,
Which ſhowes where th' other is, and which we ſay
(Becauſe it ſtrayes not farre) doth never ſtray:
So God by his Church, neareſt to him, we know,
And ſtand firme, if we by her motion goe;
His Spirit, and his fiery Pillar doth
Leade, and his Church, as cloud: to one end both.
This Church by letting thoſe feaſts joyn, hath ſhown
Death and conception in mankinde are one.
Or 'twas in him the ſame humility,
That he would be a man and leave to be:
Or as creation he hath made, as God.
With the laſt judgement, but one period,
His imitating Spouſe would joyne in one
Manhoods extremes: he ſhall come, he is gone:
Or as though one blood drop which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have ſerv'd, he yet ſhed all;
So though the leaſt of his paines, deeds, or words,
Would buſie a life, ſhe all this day affords.
This treaſure then, in groſſe, my ſoul up-lay,
And in my life retaile it every day.

Good Friday, 1613. riding Weſtward.

LEt mans Soul be a Spheare, and then, in this
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other Spheares, by being growne
Subject to forraigne motion, loſe their owne,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
Pleaſure or buſineſſe, ſo, our ſoules admit
For their firſt mover, and and are whirld by it.

Hence

Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West,
This day, when my ſoules forme bends to th' East,
There I ſhould ſee a Sunne by riſing ſet,
And by that ſetting endleſſe day beget.
But that Chriſt on his Croſſe, did riſe and fall,
Sinne had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I' almoſt be glad, I doe not ſee
That ſpectacle of two much weight for me.
Who ſees Gods face, that is ſelf-life, muſt die;
What a death were it then to ſee God die?
It made his owne Lieutenant Nature ſhrink,
It made his footſtoole crack, and the Sunne wink.
Could I behold thoſe hands which ſpan the Poles,
And tune al ſphears at once, pierc'd with thoſe holes?
Could I behold that endleſſe height which is
Zenith to us and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The ſeat of all our ſoules, if not of his,
Made durt of duſt, or that fleſh which was worne
By God, for his apparell, ragg'd, and torne?
If on theſe things I durſt not looke, durſt I
On his diſtreſſed mother caſt mine eye,
Who was Gods partner here, and furniſh'd thus
Halfe of that ſacrifice which ranſom'd us?
Though theſe things as I ride be from mine eye,
They 'are preſent yet unto my memory,
For that lookes towards them; and thou lookſt to-
O Saviour, as thou hang'ſt upō the tree; (wards me,
I turne my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O thinke me worth thine anger, puniſh me,
Burne off my ruſt, and my deformity,

Reſtore

Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou maist know me, and I'll turne my face.

THE LITANIE.

I.

The FATHER.

FAther of Heaven, and him, by whom
It, and us for it, and all elſe, for us
Thou madeſt and govern'ſt ever, come
And re-create me, now growne ruinous:
My heart is by dejection clay,
And by ſelfe-murder, red.
From this red earth, ô Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new faſhioned
I may riſe up from death, before I am dead.

II.

The SONNE.

O Sonne of God, who ſeeing two things,
Sinne, and Death crept in, which were never made;
By bearing one tryedſt with what ſtings
The other could thine heritage invade;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified againe,
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be by applying ſo thy paine,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy paſſion ſlaine.

III.

III.

The HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghoſt, whoſe temple I
Am, but of mud wals, and condenſed duſt,
And being ſacrilegiouſly
Halfe waſted with youths fires, of pride and luſt,
Muſt with new ſtormes be weather beate;
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devoute ſad teares intend; and let
(Though this glaſſe Lanthorne, fleſh, do ſuffer maime,)
Fire, Sacrifice, Prieſt, Altar be the ſame.

IV.

The TRINITY.

O Bleſſed glorious Trinity,
Bones to philoſophy, but milke to faith,
Which, as wiſe ſerpents diverſly
Moſt ſlipperineſſe, yet moſt entanglings hath,
As you diſtinguiſh'd undiſtinct
By power, love, knowledge be,
Give me ſuch ſelfe different inſtinct,
Of theſe let all me elemented be,
Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbred three.

V.

The Virgin MARY.

For that faire bleſſed Mother-maid,
Whoſe fleſh redeem'd us, That the Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradiſe, and made
One claime for innocence, and diſſeiz'd ſinne,

Whose wombe was a strange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,
Our zealous thankes we poure, as her deeds were
Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vaine, who hath such titles unto you.

VI.

The Angels.

And since this life our nonage is,
And we in Wardship to thine Angels be,
Native in heavens Palaces,
Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne,
Yeelds faire diversitie,
Yet never knowes what course that light doth run:
So let me study that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, though blinde in how they see.

VII.

The Patriarchs.

And let thy Patriarchs Desire
(Those great Grandfathers of thy church, which saw
More in the cloud, than we in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more, than us grace and law,
And now in heaven still pray, that we
May use our new helps right,)
Be satisfy'd and fructifie in me.
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor Faith by reason added, lose her sight.

VIII.

The Prophets.

Thy Eagle-sighted Prophets too,
(Which were thy Churches Organs, and did sound
That harmony which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Those heavenly Poets which did see
Thy will, and it expresse
In rythmique feet) in common pray for me,
That I by them excuse not my excesse
In seeking secrets, or Poetiqueness.

IX.

The Apostles.

And thy illustrious Zodiack
Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
(From whom whosoever doe not take
Their light, to dark deep pits, thrown down do fall)
As through their prayers thou hast let me know
That their bookes are divine;
May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe
Th' old broad way in applying; O decline
Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X.

The Martyrs.

And since thou so desirously
Did'st long to die, that long before thou couldst,
And long since thou no more couldst die,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body wouldst

In *Abel* die, and ever ſince
In thine; let their blood come
To beg for us, a diſcreet patience
Of death, or of worſe life: for oh, to ſome
Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdome.

XI.

The Confeſſors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A Virgin Squadron of white Confeſſors,
Whoſe bloods betroth'd, not married were;
Tender'd, not taken by thoſe Raviſhers:
They know, and pray, that we may know;
In every Chriſtian
Hourely tempeſtuous preſecutions grow,
Tentations martyr us alive; A man
Is to himſelfe a Dioclefian.

XII.

The Virgins.

The cold white ſnowy Nunnery,
Which, as thy Mother, their high Abbeſſe, ſent
Their bodies back againe to thee,
As thou hadſt lent them, cleane and innocent,
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
That or thy Church or I
Should keep as they, our firſt integritie;
Divorce thou ſinne in us, or bid it die,
And call chaſte widowhead Virgin tie.

XIII.

XIII.

The Doctors.

The ſacred Academ above
Of Doctors, whoſe paines have unclaſp'd, and taught
Both bookes of life to us (for love
To know the Scriptures tels us, we are wrote
In thy other booke) pray for us there,
That what they have miſdone
Or miſ-ſaid, we to that may not adhere,
Their zeale may be our ſinne. Lord let us runne
Mean wayes, and call them ſtars, but not the Sunne.

XIV.

And whil'ſt this univerſall Quire,
That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be loſt, which coſt thee deare,
Prayes ceaſſeſly, and thou hearken too
(Since to be gracious
Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)
Heare this prayer Lord, ô Lord deliver us
From truſting in thoſe prayers, though powr'd out (thus.

XV

From being anxious, or ſecure,
Dead clouds of ſadneſſe, or light ſquibs of mirth,
From thinking, that great courts immure
All or no happineſſe, or that this earth
Is onely for our priſon fram'd,
Or that thou art covetous
To them whom thou loveſt or that they are maim'd

Frō reaching this worlds ſweets, who ſeek thee thus,
With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger, to be good,
From owing thee yeſterdayes teares to day,
From truſting ſo much to thy blood,
That in that hope, we wound our ſoul away,
From bribing thee with Almes, to excuſe
Some ſinne more burdenous,
From light affecting, in religion, newes,
From thinking us all ſoul, neglecting thus
Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivence, or ſlack company,
From meaſuring ill by vitious,
Neglecting to choake ſinnes ſpawne, Vanitie,
From indiſcreet humilitie
Which might be ſcandalous,
And caſt reproach on Chriſtianitie;
From being ſpies, or to ſpies pervious,
From thirſt, or ſcorne of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us through thy deſcent
Into the Virgin, whoſe wombe was a place
Of middle kind, and thou being ſent
To' ungracious us, ſtaid ſt at her full of grace;
And through thy poor birth, where firſt thou
Glorified ſt Poverty,

And

And yet ſoone after riches didſt allow,
By accepting Kings gifts in th' Epiphanie,
Deliver, and make us, to both waycs free.

XIX.

And through that bitter agony,
Which ſtill is th' agony of pious wits,
Diſputing what diſtorted thee,
And interrupted evenneſſe, with fits;
And through thy free confeſſion,
Though thereby they were then
Made blinde, ſo that thou might'ſt from them have (gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when
We may not, and we may blinde unjuſt men.

XX.

Through thy ſubmitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy robes to ſpoyle, thy fame to ſcorne,
All wayes, which rage, or Iuſtice knowes,
And by wᶜʰ thou couldſt ſhew that thou waſt borne,
And through thy gallant humbleneſſe
Which thou in death didſt ſhow,
Dying before thy ſoul they could expreſſe,
Deliver us from death, by dying ſo,
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe,

XXI.

When ſenſes, which thy ſouldiers are,
We arme againſt thee, and they fight for ſinne;
When want, ſent but to tame, doth warre,
And worke deſpaire a breach to enter in:
When plenty, Gods Image, and ſeale,

Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it ſhould reveale:
When we are mov'd to ſeem religious
Onely to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

XXII.

In Churches when th' infirmitie
Of him which ſpeakes, diminiſhes the Word,
When Magiſtrates do miſ-apply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghoſtly ſword,
When plague, which is thine Angel, raignes,
Or warres, thy Champions, ſway,
When Hereſie, thy ſecond deluge, gaines;
In th' houre of death, the'Eve of laſt judgement day
Deliver us from the ſiniſter way.

XXIII

Heare us, O heare us *Lord*; to thee
A ſinner is more muſique when he prayes,
Then ſpheares, or Angels praiſes be,
In Panegyrique Allelujaes;
Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord,
We know not what to ſay.
Thine eare to our ſighes, teares, thoughts gives voyce (and word.
O thou, who Satan heard'ſt in *Jobs* ſick day,
Heare thy ſelfe now, for thou in us doſt pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenneſſe
This intermitting aguiſh Pietie,
That ſnatching cramps of wickedneſſe
And Apoplexies of faſt ſinne, may die;

That

That Muſick of thy promiſes,
Not threats in Thunder may
Awaken us to our juſt offices;
What in thy booke, thou doſt, or creatures ſay,
That we may heare, Lord heare us when we pray.

XXV.

That our eares ſickneſſe me may cure,
And rectifie thoſe Labyrinths aright,
That we by hearkning, not procure
Our praiſe, nor others diſpraiſe ſo invite,
That we get not a ſlipperineſſe
And ſenſleſly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeaſt at Kings exceſſe,
To'admit the like of majeſtie divine,
That we may lock our eares, Lord open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the Magiſtrate,
Which to give us, and make us phyſick, doth
Our vices often aggravate,
That preachers taxing ſinne, before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men
Which will, if we ſtarve, dine,
When they doe moſt accuſe us, may ſee then
Us to amendment heare them; thee decline;
That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambaſſadour,
From thine alleageance we never tempt,
That beauty, paradiſes flower
For Phyſick made, from poyſon be exempt,

That

That wit, borne apt, high good to doe,
By dwelling lazily
On Natures nothing be not nothing too,
That our affections kill us not, nor die,
Heare us, weake ecchoes, ô thou eare, and crie.

XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou
By taking our blood, oweſt it us againe,
Gaine to thy ſelfe and us allow;
And let not both us and thy ſelfe be ſlaine;
O Lambe of God, which took'ſt our ſinne
Which could not ſtick to thee,
O let it not returne to us againe,
But Patient and Phyſitian being free,
As ſin is nothing, let it no where be.

Upon the tranſlation of the Pſalmes by Sir Philip Sydney, *and the Counteſſe of Pembroke his Sister.*

ETernall God, (for whom who ever dare
Seeke new expreſſions, do the Circle ſquear,
And thruſt into ſtrait corners of poore wit
Thee, who art cornerleſſe and infinite)
I would but bleſſe thy Name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fixe we our prayſes therefore on this one,
That as thy bleſſed Spirit fell upon
Theſe Pſalmes firſt Author in a cloven tongue,
(For 'twas a double power by which he ſung
The higheſt matter in the nobleſt forme;)
So thou haſt cleft that Spirit, to performe

That

That worke againe, and ſhed it, here, upon
Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;
A brother and a Siſter, made by thee
The Organ, where thou art the Harmony,
Two that make one *Iohn Baptiſts* holy voyce;
And who that Pſalme, *Now let the Iles rejoyce*,
Have both tranſlated, and apply'd it too,
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They ſhew us Ilanders our joy, our King,
They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to ſing.
Make all this All, 3 Quires, heaven, earth, & ſphears;
The firſt, Heaven, hath a ſong, but no man hears;
The ſphears have Muſick, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than ſung;
But our third Quire, to which the firſt gives eare,
(For, Angels learne by what the Church does heare)
This Quire hath all. The Organiſt is he
Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we:
The ſongs are theſe, which heavens high holy Muſe
Whiſper'd to *David*, *David* to the Iewes:
And *Davids* Succeſſors in holy zeale,
In formes of joy and art do re-reveale
To us ſo ſweetly and ſincerely too,
That I muſt not rejoyce as I would doe
When I behold that theſe Pſalmes are become
So well attyr'd abroad, ſo ill at home,
So well in Chambers, in thy Church ſo ill,
As I can ſcarce call that reform'd untill
This be reform'd; Would a whole State preſent
A leſſer gift than ſome one man hath ſent?
And ſhall our Church, unto our Spouſe and King
More hoarſe, more harſh than any other, ſing

For

For *that* we pray, we praiſe thy name for *this*,
Which, by thy *Moſes* and this *Miriam*, is
Already done; and as thoſe Pſalmes we call
(Though ſome have other Authors) *Davids* all:
So though ſome have, ſome may ſome Pſalmes
We thy Sydnean Pſalmes ſhall celebrate, (tranſlate,
And, till we come th' Extemporall ſong to ſing,
(Learn'd the firſt hower, that we ſee the King,
Who hath tranſlated thoſe tranſlators) may
Theſe their ſweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuning, that when hence we part
We may fall in with them, and ſing our part.

Ode.

1. VEngeance will ſit above our faults; but till
She there do ſit,
We ſee her not, nor *them*. Thus, blinde, yet ſtill
We leade her way; and thus, whil'ſt we do ill,
We ſuffer it.

2. Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age, and care;
In number, th'errours of the laſt place, are
The greateſt ſtill.

3. Yet we, that ſhould the ill we now begin
As ſoone repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not, our faults are not ſeen,
But paſt us, neither felt, but onely in
The puniſhment.

4. But we know our ſelvs leaſt; Mere outward ſhews
Our mindes ſo ſtore,

That

That our ſoules, no more than our eyes diſcloſe
But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes
Himſelfe, knowes more. *I. D.*

To Mr Tilman *after he had taken Orders.*

THou, whoſe diviner ſoule hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
Making Lay-ſcornings of the Miniſtry,
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bringſt thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected ſince the vintage? Doſt thou finde
New thoughts and ſtirrings in thee? and as Steel
Toucht with a Loadſtone, doſt new motions feel?
Or, as a ſhip after much paine and care,
For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware,
Haſt thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine
Of noble goods, and with leſſe time and paine?
Thou art the ſame materials, as before,
Onely the ſtamp is changed; but no more.
And as new-crowned Kings alter the face,
But not the monies ſubſtance; ſo hath grace
Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,
To Chriſts new ſtamp, at this thy Coronation;
Or, as we paint Angels with wings, becauſe
They beare Gods meſſage and proclaime his lawes,
Since thou muſt doe the like, and ſo muſt move,
Art thou new feather'd with cœleſtiall love?
Deare, tell me where thy purchaſe lies, and ſhew
What thy advantage is above, below;
But if thy gainings do ſurmount expreſſion,
Why doth the fooliſh world ſcorne that profeſſion,
Whoſe

Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
That Gentry should joyne families with it?
As if their day were onely to be spent
In dressing, Mistressing and complement;
Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust!
For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,
Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.
Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
But goe thou on, and pity their neglect.
What function is so noble as to be
Embassed our to God, and destinie?
To open life, to give kingdomes to more
Than Kings give dignities; to keep heavens doore?
Maries prerogative was to beare Christ, so
'Tis preachers to convey him; for they do
As Angels out of clouds, from pulpits speake;
And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake.
If then th' Astronomers, whereas they spie
A new-found Starre, their Opticke magnifie,
How brave are those, who with their Engine, can
Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?
These are thy titles and prehe minences,
In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences,
And so the heavens which beget all things here,
And the earth our mother, which these things doth beare,
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

A Hymne to Christ, at the Authors last going into Germany.

IN what torne ship soever I embarke,
What ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;

What

What ſea ſoever ſwallow me, that flood
Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;
Though thou with clouds of anger doe diſguiſe
Thy face, yet through that maske I know thoſe eyes,
Which though they turne away ſometimes,
They never will deſpiſe.

I ſacrifice this Iland unto thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my ſins and thee.
As the trees ſap doth ſeeke the root below
In winter, in my winter now I goe,
Where none but thee, th' Eternall root
Of true love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion doſt controule
The amorouſneſſe of an harmonious Soule,
But thou wouldſt have that love thy ſelfe: as thou
Art jealous, Lord, ſo I am jealous now,
Thou lov'ſt not, till from loving more, thou free
My ſoule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:
Oh, if thou car'ſt not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'ſt not me.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom thoſe fainter beames of love did fall;
Marry thoſe loves, which in youth ſcattered be
On Face, Wit, Hopes (falſe miſtreſſes) to thee.
Churches are beſt for Prayer, that have leaſt light:
To ſee God onely, I goe out of ſight:
And to ſcape ſtormy dayes, I chuſe
An everlaſting night.

On

On the Sacrament.

HE was the Word that ſpake it,
He tooke the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I doe beleeve and take it.

The Lamentations of Ieremy, *for the moſt part according to* Tremellius.

CHAP. I.

1. HOw ſits this citie, late moſt populous,
Thus ſolitary, and like a widow thus?
Ampleſt of Nations, Queen of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is.

2. Still in the night ſhe weeps, and her teares fall
Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiouſly
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie.

3. Unto great bondage, and afflictions,
Iuda is captive led; thoſe Nations
With whom ſhe dwells, no place of reſt afford,
In ſtraights ſhe meets her Perſecutors ſword.

4. Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her wayes
Mourne, becauſe none come to her ſolemne dayes.
Her Prieſts doe groane, her maids are comfortleſſe,
And ſhee's unto her ſelfe a bitterneſſe.

5. Her

5. Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,
Becauſe when her tranſgreſſions did increaſe,
The Lord ſtrooke her with ſadneſſe: Th' enemie
Doth drive her children to captivitie.

6. From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,
Like Harts which ſeeke for Paſture, and find none
Her princes are fled and now before the foe
Which ſtill purſues them, without ſtrength they goe

7. Now in their days of Teares, Ieruſalem
(Her men ſlaine by the foe, none ſuccouring them)
Remembers what of old ſhe eſteemed moſt,
Whiles her foes laugh at her, for what ſhe hath loſt.

8. Ieruſalem hath ſinn'd, therefore is ſhe
Remov'd, as women in uncleanneſſe be;
Who honour'd, ſcorne her, for her foulneſſe they
Have ſeen; her ſelfe doth groane, and turne away.

9. Her foulneſſe in her skirts was ſeen, yet ſhe
Remembred not her end; miraculouſly
Therefore ſhe fell, none comforting: Behold
O Lord my affliction, for the foe growes bold.

10. Upon all things where her delight hath been,
The foe hath ſtretch'd his hand, for ſhe hath ſeen
Heathen, whom thou commandſt, ſhould not do ſo,
Into her holy Sanctuary goe.

11. And all her people groane and ſeeke for bread;
And they have given, onely to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleaſure lay:
How cheape I am growne, O Lord, behold, & weigh.

12. All this concernes not you, who passe by me,
O see, and marke if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Iehova hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath?

13. That fire, which by himselfe is governed
He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spred
A net before my feet, and me o'rthrowne,
And made me languish all the day alone.

14. His hands hath of my sinnes framed a yoke
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength: The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath troden in my sight
My strong men, he did company accite
To breake my young men, he the winepresse hath
Trod upon Iuda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things doe I weep, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; For he which should be nigh
To comfort me, is now departed farre;
The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are.

17. There's none, though *Sion* doe stretch out her hand,
To comfort her, it is the Lords command
That *Jacobs* foes girt him, *Jerusalem*
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will;
O heare all people, and my sorrow see,
My maids, my young men in captivitie.

19. I

19. I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the Citie, for, they sought for meat (get,
Which should refresh their soules, and none could

20. Because I am in straights, *Jehova* see
My heart o'turn'd, my bowels muddy be,
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within doth wast.

21. Of all which here I mourne, none comforts me,
My foes have heard my griefe, and glad they be,
That thou hast done it; But thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22. Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee,
Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,
For all my sinnes: The sighes which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

1. HOw over Sions daughter hath God hung
His wraths thick cloud? and from heaven hath (flung
To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath
Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath?

2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All *Jacobs* dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strength of *Juda*, and prophan'd
The Princes of the Kingdome, and the Land.

3. In heat of wrath the horne of Israel hee
Hath cleane cut off, and left the enemy

Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemie he bent his bow,
His right-hand was in posture of a foe,
To kill what *Sions* daughter did desire,
Gainst whom his wrath, he powred forth, like fire.

5. For like an enemy *Jehova* is,
Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
To *Juda's* daughters lamentations.

6. Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe
The place where was his congregation,
And *Sions* feasts and Sabbaths are forgot;
Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.

7. The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests
His Sanctuary, and in the foes hands rests
His Palace, and the wals, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And level *Sions* walls unto the ground,
He drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturne
The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne.

9. The gates are sunke into the ground, and he
Hath broke the barre; their King and Princes be
Amongst the Heathen, without law, nor there
Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare.

10. There *Sions Elders* on the ground are plac'd,
And silence keep; Dust on their heads they cast,

In

In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The Virgins towards ground, their heads doe throw.

11. My bowels are growne muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the grounds, for misery,
That sucking children in the streets doe die.

12. When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
Shall we have bread, and drinke, they fainted there,
And in the street like wounded persons lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.

13. *Daughter Jerusalem*, Oh what may be
A witnesse, or comparison for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the sea, what help can be?

14. For thee vain foolish things thy Prophets sought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturne thy bondage: but for thee
False burthens, and false causes they would see.

15. The passengers do clap their hands, and hisse,
And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this
That city, which so many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?

16. Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,
And gnash their teeth, and say, Devour we this,
For this is certainely the day which we
Expected, and which now we finde, and see.

17. The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word of old determined;

He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

18. But now, their hearts unto the Lord do call,
Therefore, O wals of *Sion*, let teares fall
Downe like a river day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19. Arise, cry in the night, powre out thy sinnes,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, for children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord, consider unto whom
Thou hast done this; what shall the women come,
To eate their children of a spanne; shall thy
Prophet and Priest be slaine in Sanctuary?

21. On ground in streets the young and old do lie,
My virgins and young men by sword do die;
Then in the day of thy wrath thou hast slaine,
Nothing did thee from killing them containe.

22. As to a solemne feast, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'st about me, when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remaine or scape, for those which I
Brought up, did perish by mine enemie.

CHAP. III.

1. I Am the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of Gods wrath having been.
2. He hath led me to darknesse, not to light,
3. And against me all day, his hand doth fight.

4. He

4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and
5. Built up against me; and hath girt me in (skin,
With hemlock, and with labour; 6. and set me
In darke, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He hath hedg'd me left I scape, and added more
To my steele fetters, heavier than before.
8. Whē I cry out he outshuts my prayer: 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, & turn'd my path.

10. And like a Lion hid in secretie,
Or Beare which lyes in waite, he was to me,
11. He stops my way, teares me, made desolate,
12. And he makes me the marke he shooteth at,

13. He made the children of his Quiver passe
Into my reines. 14. I with my people was
All the day long, a song and mockery.
15. He hath fill'd me with bitternesse, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath
My teeth with stones, & covered me with dust. (burst
17. And thus my soule farre off from peace was set,
And my prosperitie I did forget,

18. My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
19. But when my mournings I do thinke upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20. My Soule is humbled in remembring this;
21. My heart considers, therefore, hope there is,
22. 'Tis Gods great mercy we are not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions doe not die;

23. For every morning they renewed be,
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelitie.
24. The Lord is, saith my Soule, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
And to the Soule that seekes him earnestly.
26. It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lords salvation unto the end.

27. 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;
28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbeare,
Because he hath borne it. 29. And his mouth he laies
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stayes.

30. He gives his cheekes to who so ever will
Strike him, and so he is reproched still.
31. For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,
32. But when he hath struck with sadnesse, he doth

Compassion, as his mercy is infinite;
33. Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,
34. That underfoot the prisoners stamped be;
35. That a mans right the Iudge himselfe doth see

To be wrung from him. 36. That he subverted is
In his just cause, the Lord allowes not this.
37. Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
But that which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds;
39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
40. Turne we to God, by trying out our wayes;
41. To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.

42. We

42. We have rebell'd, and falne away from thee;
Thou pardon'ſt not; 43. Uſeſt no clemency;
Purſueſt us, kill'ſt us, covereſt us with wrath, (hath
44. Cover'ſt thy ſelfe with clouds, that our prayer
No power to paſſe. 45. And thou haſt made us fall
As refuſe, and off-ſcouring to them all.
46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Feare and a ſnare
With ruine, and with waſte upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye orflow
For ruine of my peoples daughters ſo;
49. Mine eye doth drop downe teares inceſſantly,
50. Untill the Lord looke down from heaven to ſee.

51. And for my city daughters ſake, mine eye
Doth breake mine heart, 52. Cauſeleſſe mine enemy
Like a bird chas'd me. 55. In a dungeon
They have ſhut my life, and caſt me on a ſtone.

54. Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
Deſtroy'd; 55. I called, Lord, upon thy name
Out of the pit. 56. And thou my voyce didſt heare;
Oh from my ſigh, and crie, ſtop not thine eare.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'ſt neare
Unto me, and ſaidſt unto me, Doe not feare.
58. Thou Lord my ſoules cauſe handled haſt, & thou
Reſcueſt my life. 59. O Lord doe thou judge now.

(have wrought;
Thou heardſt my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all they
61, How they reproch'd thou haſt heard, and what
(they thought,
62. What

62. What their lips uttered, whilst against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.
63. I am their song, whether they rise or sit.
64. Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
65. Sorrow of heart, thy curse. 66. And with thy might
Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

Chap. IV.

1. HOW is the gold become so dimme? How is
ureſt and fineſt gold thus chang'd to this?
The ſtones which were ſtones of the Sanctuary,
Scattered in corners of each ſtreet do lie.

2. The precious Sonnes of Sion, which ſhould be
Valued as pureſt Gold, how do we ſee
Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, ſtand,
Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.

3. Even the Sea-calfes draw their breaſts, and give
Suck to their young; my peoples daughters live,
By reaſon of the foes great crueltie,
As do the Owles in the vaſt wilderneſſe.

4. And when the ſucking child doth ſtrive to draw,
His tongue for thirſt cleaves to his upper jaw,
And when for bread the little children crie,
There is no man that doth them ſatisfie.

5. They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the ſtreets forlorne have periſhed,
And they which ever were in ſcarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghils which they loath'd.

6. The

6. The daughters of my people have ſinned more
Then did the towne of Sodome ſome before;
Which being at once deſtroy'd there did remaine
No hands amongſt them to vexe them againe.

7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was then the ſnow, and milke was not ſo white
As carbuncles did their pure bodies ſhine,
And all their poliſh'dneſſe was Saphirine.

8. They are darker now than blacknes none can know
Them by the face, as through the ſtreet they goe;
For now their skinne doth cleave unto their bone,
And withered, is like to drie wood growne.

9. Better by ſword than famine 'tis to die;
And better through-pierc'd, than through penury.

10. Women by nature pitifull, have eate
Their children (dreſt with their own hand) for meate.

11. *Iehovah* here fully accompliſh'd hath
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
To eate, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which
In the inhabitable world beleeve,
That any adverſarie, any foe
Into *Ieruſalem* ſhould enter ſo.

13. For the Prieſts ſins, and Prophets, which have
Blood in the ſtreets and the juſt murthered:

14 Which when thoſe men whom they made blind,
Thorough the ſtreets, defiled by the way, (did ſtray
With blood, the which impoſſible it was
Their garment ſhould ſcape touching, as they paſſe,

15. Would

15. Would cry aloud, Depart defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not, and then
They fled, and straid, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell
16. For this they are scattered by Iehova's face (there
Who never will regard them more) No grace
Unto the old men shall their foe afford, (sword:
Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the
17. And we as yet for all these miseries
Desiring our vaine help, consume our eyes:
And such a nation as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have,
18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we feare
To goe; our end is now approched neare.
Our dayes, accomplisht are, 'tis this the last day,
Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
19. Which follow us, o'r mountaines tops they flie
At us, and for us in the desert lie.
20. The annointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, he
Of whom we said, under his shadow, we
Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit which these men digged, fell.
21. Rejoyce ô *Edoms daughter*, joyfull be
Thou that inhabit'st *Vz*, for unto thee
This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkennesse
Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.
22. And then thy sinnes, ô *Sion*, shall be spent;
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment:
Thy sinnes ô *Edoms daughter*, he will see,
And for them, pay thee with captivity.

CHAP.

Chap. V.

1. REmember, ô Lord, what is falne on us;
See and marke how we are reproached thus.
2. For unto ſtrangers our poſſeſſion
Is turn'd, our houſes unto Aliens gone.

3. Our mothers are become as widowes, we
As Orphans all, and without Fathers be;
4. Waters which are our owne, we drinke and pay,
And upon our owne wood a price they lay.

5. Our perſecutors on our necks do ſit,
They make us travaile and not intermit.
6. We ſtretch our hands unto th' Egyptians
To get us bread; and to the Aſſyrians.

7. Our Fathers did theſe ſinnes, and are no more,
But we do beare the ſinnes they did before.
8. They are but ſervants, which doe rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat;
For in the wilderneſſe the ſword did waite.
10. The tempeſts of this famine we liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne.

11. In *Iuda's* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and ſo women in *Sion* us'd.
12. The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.
14. Elders the gates, youth did their ſongs forbeare,
Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.

15. Now

15. Now is the crowne falne from our head; & woe
Be unto us, because we have sinned so.
16. For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimnesse is.
17. Because mount *Sion* desolate doth lie,
And foxes, there doe goe at libertie:
18. But thou ô Lord art ever, and thy throne
From generation, to generation.
19. Why shouldst thou forget us eternally?
Or leave us thus long in this miserie?
20. Restore us Lord to thee; that so we may
Returne, and as of old, renew our day.
21. For oughtest thou, ô Lord, despise us thus,
22. And to be utterly inrag'd at us?

On himselfe.

MY Fortune and my choice this custome break,
When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones
Though no stone tel thee what I was, yet thou speak:
In my graves inside seek what thou art now:
Yet thou art not yet so good, till death us lay
To ripe and mellow here, we are stuborne Clay.
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
Us to be glasse; here to grow gold we lie;
Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pamper'd is,
Our soules become wormeaten carcases;
So we our selves miraculously destroy,
Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy.
Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.

Heare

Heare this, and mend thy ſelfe, and thou mendſt me,
By making me being dead, do good for thee,
And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now
A laſt-ſick houre to ſyllables allow.

Hymne to God my God, in my ſickneſſe.

SInce I am comming to that Holy roome,
Where, with the Quire of Saints for evermore,
I ſhall be made thy Muſique, As I come
I tune the Inſtrument here at the dore,
And what I muſt do then, thinke here before.

Whilſt my Phyſitians by their love are growne
Coſmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be ſhowne
That this is my South Weſt diſcoverie
Per fretum febris, by theſe ſtraights to die.

I joy, that in theſe ſtraights, I ſee my Weſt;
For, though thoſe currants yeeld returne to none,
What ſhall my Weſt hurt me? As Weſt and Eaſt
In all flat Maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the Reſurrection.

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are
The Eaſterne riches? Is *Jeruſalem*?
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibraltare*,
All ſtraights, and none but ſtraights are wayes to them,
Whether where *Iaphet* dwelt, or *Cham* or *Sem*.

We thinke that *Paradiſe* and *Calvarie*,
Chriſts Croſſe, and *Adams* tree, ſtood in one place;
Looke Lord and finde both *Adams* met in me;
As the firſt *Adams* ſweat ſurrounds my face,
May the laſt *Adams* blood my ſoule embrace.

So

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive me Lord,
By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;
And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
Be this my Text, my sermon to mine owne,
Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

A Hymne to God the Father.

I.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I runne,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne
Others to sinne, and made my sinnes their doore?
Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shun
A yeare or two, but wallowed in, a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

III.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy Sonne
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done That, thou hast done,
I feare no more.

The end of the Divine Poems.

TO

TO THE MEMORY OF MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND Dr DONNE.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'ſt flights, that is, like Thee,
Or t'have had too much merit, is not ſafe;
For, ſuch exceſſes finde no Epitaph.
At common graves we have poetique eyes,
Can melt themſelves in eaſie Elegies,
Each quill can drop his tributary verſe,
And pin it, like the Hatchments to the Hearſe:
But at Thine, Poem, or Inſcription,
(Rich ſoul of wit, and language) we have none.
Indeed a ſilence does that tombe befit,
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd invention juſtly doth forbeare
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; Whoſe Prerogative
Maintain'd and cloath'd her ſo, as none alive
Muſt now preſume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowre eſtate.
Or elſe that awfull fire, which once did burne
In thy cleare Braine, now falne into thy Vrne
Lives there, to fright rude Empiricks from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
Who ever writes of thee, and in a ſtile
Unworthy ſuch a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious Duſt, and wake a learned Spirit
Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.

For, all a low pitcht fancie can deviſe,
Will prove, at beſt, but Hallow'd Injuries.
Thou like the dying Swan, didſt lately ſing — His laſt Sermon at Court.
Thy mournfull Dirge, in audience of the King,
When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath
Preſented ſo to life, *that peece of death*,
That it was fear'd and propheſi'd by all,
Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy Funerall.
O! hadſt thou in an Elegiack Knell
Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beat
The ſolemne meaſure of thy griev'd Retreat;
Thou might'ſt the Poets ſervice now have miſt
As well as then thou didſt prevent the Prieſt;
And never to the world beholding be
So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.
I doe not like the office. Nor is't fit
Thou, who didſt lend our Age ſuch ſummes of wit,
Should'ſt now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine,
That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was Thine:
Rather ſtill leave us in thy debt; And know
(Exalted Soule) more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy Hearſe, what we can never pay,
Then, with embaſed Coyne thoſe Rites, deſray.
Commit we then Thee to thy ſelfe: Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame
Leave Thee Executour; Since, but thine owne,
No pen could do Thee Iuſtice, nor Bayes crowne
Thy vaſt deſert: Save that, we nothing can
Depute, to be thy Aſhes Guardian.
So Iewellers no Art, or Metall truſt
To form the Diamond, but the Diamonds duſt.

H. K.

In

In obitum venerabilis viri *Johannis Donne*, sacræ Theologiæ Doctoris, Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Divi *Pauli*, nuper Decani; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende Vir) observantiæ ergo Hæc ego.

Conquerar? ignavóque sequar tua funera planctu?
Sed lachrymæ clausistis iter: nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre piæ: ignoscite manes
Defuncti, & tacito finite indulgere dolori.
Sed scelus est lacuisse: cadant in mœsta lituræ
Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis
Cœpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuâ non dignum laude Poetam.
O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset:
Inque meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus
Musa, repentinos tua nosceret urna furores.
Sed frustra, heu frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit, summóque sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi & culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verùm hâc nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen
Scribimus (ô soli qui te dilexit) habendum.
Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
Clausit? & immerito merguntur funere virtus,
Et pietas? & quæ poterant fecisse beatum,
Cætera: sed nec te poterant servare beatum.
Quò mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis
Nocturnis juvat? & totidem olfecisse lucernas?
Decolor & longos studiis deperdere Soles
Vt prius aggredior, longamque accessere famam.
Omnia sed frustra: mihi dum, cunctisque minatur
Exitium, crudele & inexorabile fatum.
Nam post te sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi restat
Vt moriar, tenues fugiátque obscurus in auras
Spiritus: ô doctis saltem si cognitus umbris,
Illic te (venerande,) iterum (venerande) videbo,
Et dulces audire sonos, & verba diserti

Orfi, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces.
Quis serus infernæ tacuisset Ianitor aulæ
Auditis: Nullúsque minus strepuisset: Arion
Cederet, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus.
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Voce feros potuit: quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infestus non motus, ut illo
Hortante, & blando victus sermone fleret?
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat;
Singula sic decuere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi & stupui quoties orator in Æde
Paulina stetit, & mira gravitate levantes
Corda, oculosque viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attentos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa prius, nodum intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes; tacitique arrectis auribus astant.
Mutatis mox ille modo, formaque loquendi
Tristia pertractat fatumque & flebile mortis
Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,
Forsitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum stillat rorem; æberis illo
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affectúsque ciere suos, & ponere notæ
Vocis ad arbitrium, divinæ oracula mentis.
Dum narrat, rostríque potens dominatur in altis.
Quò feror? audaci & forsan pietate nocenti
In nimia ignoscas vati; qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, & tanto excellentior unus
Omnibus; inferior quanto est, & pessimus, impar
Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista Poeta.
Et quò nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poetæ
Desinite: en fati rectus, sibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmisit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Ultima volventem & cygnea voce loquentem)

Nuper

Nuper eum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aulâ.
Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc aſtitit illi
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus eſca, pio malint niſi parcere quidni
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim: ſacróſque artus violare Prophetæ,
Bellua non auſa eſt quanquam jejuna, ſitimque
Optaret nimis humano ſatiare cruore.
At non hæc de te ſperabimus; omnia carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forſan metrico pede ſerpet ab inde:
Veſcere, & exhauſto ſatia te ſanguine, tam nos
Aſſumus; & poſt te cupiet quis vivere? Poſt te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam poſt te vivere mors eſt.
Et tamen ingratus ignavi ducimus auras;
Suſtinet & tibi lingua Vale, vale dicere: parce
Non feſtinanti æternum requieſcere turbæ.
Ipſa ſatis properas quæ neſcit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque accurrere cernimus.
Quin nuſus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te
Qua Deus & qua dura volet natura ſequemur.
Depoſitum interea lapides ſervate fideles.
Fœlices illâ quîs Ædis parte locari
Quâ jacet iſte datur. Forſan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietque viro plenus teſtantia luctus
Verba: et carminibus quæ Donni ſuggeret illi
Spiritus, inſolitos teſtari voce calores
Incipiet (non ſic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat)
Mole ſub hâc tegitur quicquid mortale relictum eſt
De tanto mortale viro. Quâ pr fuit Ædi huic,
Formoſi pectoris paſtor, formoſior ipſe,
Ita igitur, dignóſque illum celebrate loquelis,
Et quæ demuntur vitæ date tempora famæ.

Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum tuarum cultor religioſiſſimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

On the death of Dr DONNE.

I Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,
Yet dare not help the world, to ring thy knell
In tunefull *Elegies*; there's not language knowne
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy owne;
The *Epitaphs* thou writ'st have so bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is no phanſie left
Enough to weep thee; what henceforth we ſee
Of Art or Nature, muſt reſult from thee.
There may perchance ſome buſie gathering friend
Steale from thy owne workes and that varied, lend,
Which thou beſtow'ſt on others, to thy Hearſe,
And ſo thou ſhalt live ſtill in thy owne verſe;
He that ſhall venture farther, may commit
A pitied errour, ſhew his zeale, not wit.
Fate hath done mankinde wrong; vertue may aime
Reward of conſcience, never can, of fame,
Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give
Faith to the world, command it to beleeve.
He then muſt write, that would define thy parts:
Here lies the beſt Divinitie, all the Arts.

Edw. Hyde.

On Doctor Donne, *by Doctor* C. B *of* O.

HEe that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And doe it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd ſo,
He muſt have wit to ſpare and to hurle downe:

Enough

Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne.
He muſt have learning plenty; both the Lawes,
Civill, and Common, to judge any cauſe;
Divinitie great ſtore, above the reſt;
Not of the laſt Edition, but the beſt.
He muſt have language, travaile, all the Arts;
Iudgement to uſe; or elſe he wants thy parts.
He muſt have friends the higheſt, able to do;
Such as *Mæcenas*, and *Auguſtus* too;
He muſt have ſuch a ſickneſſe, ſuch a death;
Or elſe his vaine deſcriptions come beneath.
Who then ſhall write an Epitah for thee,
He muſt be dead firſt, let it alone for me.

An Elegie upon the incomparable Dr Donne.

ALL is not well when ſuch a one as I
Dare peepe abroad, and write an *Elegie*;
When ſmaller *Starres* appeare, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed: were it not night,
And the world witleſſe now that *Donne* is dead,
You ſooner ſhould have broke, then ſeen my head.
Dead did I ſay? forgive this *Inſurie*
I do him and his worths *Infinitie*,
To ſay he is but dead; I dare avetre
It better may be term'd, a *Maſſacre*,
Then *Sleep* or *Death*: See how the *Muſes* mourn
Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Vrne*
Threaten the World with this *Calamitie*,
They ſhall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*.
Language lies ſpeechleſſe; and *Divinitie*
Loſt ſuch a *Trump* as even to *Extaſie*

Could charme the Soul, and had an *Influence*
To teach best *judgements*, and please dullest *Sense*,
The *Court*, the *Church*, the *Vniversitie*,
Lost *Chaplain*, *Deane* and *Doctor*, all these, Three.
It was his *Merit*, that his *Funerall*
Could cause a losse so *great* and *generall*.

If there be any Spirit can answer give
Of such as hence depart to such as live:
Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to dust, and feele the lawes of Fate?
Me thinkes, *Corruption*, *Wormes*, what else is foule,
Should spare the *Temple* of so faire a *Soule*.
I could beleeve they doe, but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow:
Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,
And as his *Numbers*, so his *Reliques* prize.

If that Philosopher, which did avow
The world to be but Motes, were living now,
He would affirme that th' *Atomes* of his mould
Were they in severall bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,
Of *Linguists*, *Poets*, with these severall *lines*
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill againe the worlds *Circumference*.
I could beleeve this too; and yet my faith
Not want a *President*. The *Phœnix* hath
(And such was He) a power to animate
Her ashes, and her selfe perpetuate.
But, busie Soul, thou dost not well to pry
Into these Secrets; *Griefe*, and *Jealousie*,
The more they know, the further still advance,

And

And find no way ſo ſafe as *Ignorance.*
Let this ſuffice thee, that his *Soul* which flew
A pitch of all admir'd, knowne but of few,
(Save thoſe of purer mould) is now tranſlated
From Earth to Heaven, and there *Conſtellated.*
For, if each *Prieſt* of God ſhine as a *Starre,*
His *Glory* is as his *Gifts,* 'boye others farre.

Hen. Valentine.

An Elegie upon Dr Donne.

OUr *Donne* is dead, England ſhould mourne, may
We had a man where language choſe to ſtay (ſay
And ſhew her graceſull power. I would not praiſe
That and his vaſt wit (which in theſe vaine dayes
Make many proud) but, as they ſerv'd to unlock
That Cabinet his mind; where ſuch a ſtock
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or ſhould) this generall cauſe of diſcontent.
And I rejoyce I am not ſo ſevere,
But (as I write a line) to weep a teare
For his deceaſe; ſuch ſad extremities
May make ſuch men as I write Elegies.
And wonder not, for when a generall loſſe
Fals on a Nation, and they ſlight the croſſe,
God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them
From ſtupefaction; witneſſe my mild pen,
Not us'd to upbraide the world, though now it muſt
Freely and boldly, for the cauſe is juſt.
Dull age, Oh I would ſpare thee, but th' art worſe,
Thou art not onely dull, but haſt a curſe
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldſt thou
Part with *miraculous Donne,* and make no vow

For

For thee, and thine, ſucceſſively to pay
A ſad remembrance to his dying day?
Did his youth ſcatter *Poetry*, wherein
Was all Philoſophy? was every ſinne,
Character'd in his *Satyrs*? Made ſo foule
That ſome have fear'd their ſhapes, and kept their ſoule
Safer by reading verſe; did he give *dayes*
Paſt marble monuments, to thoſe, whoſe praiſe
He would perpetuate? Did he (I feare
The dull will doubt) theſe at his twentieth yeare?
But, more matur'd: Did his full ſoule conceive,
And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
A * *Crowne of ſacred ſonnets*, fit to adorne * *La co-*
A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be worne *rona.*
On that bleſt head of *Mary Magdalen*,
After ſhe wip'd Chriſts feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for ſuch penitents as ſhe
And he to uſe) leave us a *Litany*,
Which all devout men love, and ſure, it ſhall,
As times grow better, grow more claſſicall?
Did he write *Hymnes*, for piety, for wit,
Equall to thoſe, great, grave *Prudentius* writ?
Spake he, all *Languages*? knew he, all *Lawes*?
The grounds and uſe of *Phyſick*; but becauſe
'Twas mercenary, wav'd it? Went to ſee
The bleſſed place of *Chriſts nativitie*?
Did he returne and preach him? preach him ſo
As ſince S. *Paul* none did, none could? Thoſe know,
(Such as were bleſt to heare him) this is truth.
Did he confirme thy aged? convert thy youth?
Did he theſe wonders? And is this deare loſſe
Mourn'd by ſo few? (few for ſo great a croſſe.)

But

But ſure the ſilent are ambitious all
To be *Cloſe Mourners* at his Funerall;
If not; in common pity they forbeare
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or, knowing, griefe conceiv'd, conceal'd conſumes
Man irreparably, (as poyſon'd fumes
Doe walke the braine) make ſilence a ſafe way
To inlarge the Soule from theſe wals, mud, and clay
(Materials of this body) to remaine
With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiſcuous paine
Leſſens the joy we have, for, with *him*, all
Are ſatisfy'd with *joyes eſſentiall*.
Dwell on this joy my thoughts; oh, doe not call
Griefe back, by thinking of his Funerall:
Forget he lov'd me; Waſte not my ſad yeares;
(Which haſt to *Davids* ſeventy,) fil'd with feares
And ſorrow for his death;) forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good mens hearts;
And, (for my firſt is dayly payd for ſinne)
Forget to pay my ſecond ſigh for him:
Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget
I am his *Convert*. Oh my frailty! let
My fleſh be no more heard, it will obtrude
This lethargy: ſo ſhould my gratitude,
My ſtreames of gratitude ſhould ſo be broke:
Which can no more be, than *Donnes* vertues ſpoke
By any but himſelfe; for which cauſe, I,
Write no *Encomium*, but this *Elegie*.
Which, as a free-will-offring, I here give
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve,
I want abilities, fit to ſet forth
A monument, great as *Donnes* matchleſſe worth.

I. W. *Elegie*

Elegie on D. D.

NOw, by one yeare, time and our frailty have
Leſſened our firſt confuſion, ſince the Grave
Clos'd thy deare Aſhes, and the teares which flow
In theſe, have no ſprings, but of ſolid woe:
Or they are drops which cold amazement froze
At thy deceaſe, and will not thaw in Proſe:
All ſtreames of verſe which ſhall lament that day,
Doe truely to the Ocean tribute pay;
But they have loſt their ſaltneſſe, which the eye
In recompence of wit, ſtrives to ſupply:
Paſſions exceſſe for thee we need not feare,
Since firſt by thee our paſſions hallowed were;
Thou mad'ſt our ſorrowes, which before had bin
Onely for the Succeſſe, ſorrowes for ſin,
We owe thee all thoſe teares, now thou art dead,
Which we ſhed not, which for our ſelves we ſhed.
Nor didſt thou onely conſecrate our teares,
Give a religious tincture to our feares;
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didſt from gladneſſe ſeparate offence:
All mindes at once ſuckt grace from thee, as where
(The curſe revok'd) the nations had one eare.
Pious diſſector, they one houre did treat
The thouſand mazes of the hearts deceit:
Thou didſt purſue our lov'd and ſubtle ſinne,
Through all the foldings we had wrapt it in;
And in thine owne large mind finding the way
By which our ſelves we from our ſelves convey,
Didſt in us, narrow models, know the ſame

Angels,

Angels, though darker, in our meaner frame;
How ſhort of praiſe is this? My Muſe alas,
Climes weakely to that truth which none can paſſe,
He that writes beſt, may onely hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive,
But none of thee, and with me muſt confeſſe,
That fancie findes ſome check, from an exceſſe
Of merit moſt, of nothing; it hath ſpun,
And truth, as reaſons task and theame, doth ſhun.
She makes a fairer flight in emptineſſe,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppreſſe.
Reaſon againe denies her ſcales, becauſe
Hers are but ſcales, ſhe judges by the lawes
Of weake compariſon, thy vertue ſlights
Her feeble Beame, and her unequall Weights.
What prodigie of wit and pietie
Hath ſhe elſe knowne, by which to meaſure thee?
Great ſoul: we can no more the worthineſſe
Of what you were, then what you are, expreſſe.

Sidney Godolphin.

On Dr. Iohn Donne, *late Deane of S.* Pauls, *London.*

LOng ſince this taske of teares from you was due,
Long ſince, ô Poets, he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight
On divine wings, and ſoar'd out of your ſight.
Preachers, 'tis you muſt weep; The wit he taught
You do enjoy; the Rebels which he brought
From ancient diſcord, Giant faculties,
And now no more religions enemies;
Honeſt to knowing, unto vertuous ſweet,

Witty

Witty to good, and learned to discreet,
He reconcil'd, and bid the Vsurper goe;
Dulneſſe to vice, religion ought to ſlow;
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not baniſh, but tranſplanted it,
Taught it his place and uſe, and brought it home
To Pietie, which it doth beſt become;
He ſhew'd us how for ſinnes we ought to ſigh,
And how to ſing Chriſts Epithalamy:
The Altars had his fires, and there he ſpoke
Incenſe of loves, and ſanctis holy ſmoake:
Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the faſhion gain'd,
The firſt effects ſprung in the giddy minde
Of flathy youth, and thirſt of women-kinde,
By colours lead, and drawne to a purſuit,
Now once againe by beauty of the fruit,
As if their longings too muſt ſet us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleaſure ſuch a dreſſe,
Have you knowne crimes ſo ſhap'd? or loveſineſſe
Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
Had not reproofe a beauty paſſing ſinne?
Corrupted nature ſorrow'd when ſhe ſtood
So neare the danger of becomming good,
And wiſh'd our ſo inconſtant eares exempt
From piety that had ſuch power to tempt:
Did not his ſacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? The law, taught to ſmile,
Penſion'd our vanitie, and man grew well
Through the ſame frailtie by the which he fell.
O the ſick ſtate of man! health doth not pleaſe

Our

Our tasts, but in the shape of the disease.
Thristlesse is charitie, coward patience,
Iustice is cruell, mercy want of sense.
What meanes our Nature to barre vertue place,
If she doe come in her owne cloaths and face?
Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know,
Sense the soules servant, doth it keep us so
As we might starve for good, unlesse it first
Doe leave a pawne of relish in the gust?
Or have we to salvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us must our affections move
To th' good we flie by those sweets which we love,
Must seeke our palats, and with their delight
To gaine our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
These traines he knew, and laying nets to save,
Temptingly sugred all the health he gave.
But, where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the World, now the loud organ may
Appeare, the better voyce is fled to have
A thousand times the sweetnesse which it gave:
I cannot say how many thousand spirits
The single happinesse this soule inherits,
Damnes in the other world, soules whom no crosse
O'th sense afflicts, but onely of the losse.
Whom ignorance would halfe save, all whose paine
Is not in what they feel, but others gaine,
Self-executing wretched spirits, who
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too.
But those high joyes which his wits youngest flame,
Would hurt to chuse, shall not we hurt to name?
Verse statues, are all robbers, all we make

Of

Of monument, thus doth not give but take,
As Sails which Seamen to a forewind fit,
By a reſiſtance goe along with it,
So pens grow while they leſſen fame ſo left;
A weak aſſiſtance is a kinde of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his teares upon,
Muſt weep here if he have ambition.

I. Chudleigh.

An Elegie upon the death of the Deane of Pauls, Dr. Iohn Donne, *by M.* Tho: Carie.

CAn we not force from widowed Poetry,
Now thou art dead (Great *Donne*) one Elegie
To crowne thy Hearſe? Why yet dare we not truſt
Though with unkneaded dowe-bak'd proſe thy duſt,
Such as the unciſor'd Churchman from the flowre
Of fading Rhetorique, ſhort-liv'd as his houre,
Dry as the ſand that meaſures it, ſhould lay
Upon thy Aſhes on the funerall day?
Have we no voyce, no tune? Did'ſt thou diſpenſe
Through all our language, both the words & ſenſe?
'Tis a ſad truth; The Pulpit may her plain
And ſober Chriſtian precepts ſtill retain,
Doctrines it may, and holeſome uſes frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures; But the flame
Of thy brave Soul, that ſhot ſuch heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darkneſſe bright,
Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
Did through the eye the melting heart diſtill,
And the deep knowledge of darke truths ſo teach,
As ſenſe might judge what phanſie could not reach,

Muſt

Muſt be deſir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fils with ſpirit and heate the Delphique quire,
Which kindled firſt by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quencht now in thy death;
The Muſes garden with Pedantique weeds
Or'ſpred, was purg'd by thee; The lazie ſeeds
Of ſervill imitation throwne away;
And freſh invention planted, Thou didſt pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
Licentious thefts, that make Poetique rage
A Mimique fury, when our ſoules muſt be
Poſſeſt, or with Anacreons Extaſie,
Or Pindars, not their owne; The ſubtle cheat
Of the Exchanges, and the jugling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatſoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke or Latine tongue,
Thou hadſt redeem'd, and open'd us a Mine
Of rich and pregnant phanſie, drawne a line
Of maſculine expreſſion which had good
Old Orpheus ſeene, Or all the ancient brood
Our ſuperſtitious fooles admire, and hold
Their lead more precious, than thy burniſh'd Gold,
Thou hadſt been their Exchequer, and no more
They each in others duſt, had rak'd for Ore.
Thou ſhall yeeld no precedence, but of time,
And the blinde Fate of language, whoſe tun'd chime
More charmes the outward ſenſe; yet thou maiſt claime
From ſo great diſadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit,
Our ſtubborne language bends, made onely fit
With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
Thy Giant phanſie, which had prov'd to ſtout

For their ſoft melting Phraſes, As in time
They had the ſtart, ſo did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare;
And left the rifled fields, beſides the feare
To touch their Harveſt, yet from thoſe bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy onely hands
(And that thy ſmalleſt worke) have gleaned more
Than all thoſe times, and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy ſtrict lawes will be
Too hard for libertines in Poetry.
They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddeſſes, which in thy juſt raigne
Were baniſh'd nobler Poems, now, with theſe
The ſilenc'd tales to'th'Metamorphoſes
Shall ſtuffe their lines, and ſwell the windy page,
Till Verſe refin'd by thee, in this laſt Age,
Turne ballad rhyme; Or thoſe old Idols be
Ador'd againe, with new Apoſtaſie.
Oh, pardon me, that break with untun'd verſe
The reverend ſilence that attends thy herſe,
Whoſe awfull ſolemne murmures were to thee
More than theſe faint lines, A loud Elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whoſe influence
Growne feeble, in theſe panting numbers lies
Gaſping ſhort-winded Accents, and ſo dies:
So doth the ſwiftly turning wheele not ſtand
In th'inſtant we withdraw the moving hand,
But ſome ſmall time maintaines a faint weak courſe
By vertue of the firſt impulſive force:
And ſo whil'ſt I caſt on thy funerall pile
Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,

And

And ſpit diſdaine, till the devouring flaſhes
Suck all the moyſture up, then turne to aſhes.
I will not draw the envie to engroſſe
All thy perfections, or weep all our loſſe;
Thoſe are too numerous for an Elegie,
And this too great, to be expreſt by me.
Though every pen ſhould ſhare a diſtinct part,
Yet art thou theme enough to trie all Art.
Let others carve the reſt, it ſhall ſuffice
I on thy Tombe this Epitaph inciſe.

Here lies a King, that rul'd as he thought fit
The univerſall Monarchy of wit;
Here lie two Flamens, and both thoſe, the beſt,
Apollo's firſt, at laſt, the true Gods Prieſt.

An Elegie on Dr Donne: *By Sir* Lucius Cary.

POets attend, the Elegie I ſing
Both of a doubly named Prieſt and King:
In ſtead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your verſe,
For you muſt be chiefe mourners at his Hearſe,
A Tombe your Muſe muſt to his Fame ſupply,
No other Monuments can never die;
And as he was a twofold Prieſt; in youth,
Apollo's; afterwards the voyce of Truth,
Gods Conduit pipe for grace, who choſe him for
His extraordinary Embaſſador:
So let his Liegiers with the Poets joyne,
Both having ſhares, both muſt in griefe combine:
Whil'ſt *Johnſon* forceth with his Elegie
Teares from a griefe-unknowing Scythians eye,
(Like *Moſes* at whoſe ſtroke the waters guſht
From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent ruſht.)

Let Lawd his Funerall Sermon preach, and ſhow
Thoſe vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,
Nor leave that piercing Theme, till it appeares
To be Goodfriday, by the Churches Teares.
Yet make not griefe too long oppreſſe our Powers,
Leſt that his funerall Sermon ſhould prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life diſpenſe,
Preacher and Orator diſcharg'd both parts,
With pleaſure for our ſenſe, health for our hearts,
And the firſt ſuch (Though a long ſtudied Art
Tell us our ſoule is all in every part,)
None was ſo marble, but whil'ſt him he heares,
His Soule ſo long dwelt onely in his eares,
And from thence (with the fierceneſſe of a flood
Bearing downe vice) victual'd with that bleſt food
Their hearts; His ſeed in none could faile to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them ſo:
No Druggiſt of the Soul, beſtow'd on all
So Catholikely a curing Cordiall.
Nor onely in the Pulpit dwelt his ſtore,
His words work'd much, but his example more,
That preach'd on worky dayes His Poetry
It ſelfe was oftentimes Divinitie,
Thoſe Anthemes (almoſt ſecond Pſalmes) he writ
To make us know the Croſſe, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name
We ſhould not need warmth from an under flame.)
Creates a fire in us ſo neare extreame
That we would die for, and upon this theame.
Next, his ſo pious Litanie, which none can
But count Divine, except a Puritan,
And that but for the name, nor this, nor thoſe

Wan

Want any thing of Sermons, but the Proſe,
Experience makes us ſee, that many a one
Owes to his Countrey his Religion;
And in another, would as ſtrongly grow,
Had but his nurſe and mother taught him ſo:
Not he the ballaſt on his judgement hung;
Nor did his preconceit doe either wrong;
He labour'd to exclude what ever ſinne
By time or careleſneſſe had entred in;
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat, but yet was loath
A too hot zeale ſhould force him, burne them both;
Nor would allow of that ſo ignorant gall,
Which to ſave blotting often would blot all;
Nor did thoſe barbarous opinions owne,
To thinke the Organs ſinne, and faction, none.
Nor was there expectation to gaine grace
From forth his Sermons onely, but his face;
So primitive a looke, ſuch gravitie
With humbleneſſe, and both with Pietie;
So mild was *Moſes* countenance, when he pray'd
For them whoſe Sataniſme his power gainſaid;
And ſuch his gravitie, when all Gods band
Receiv'd his word (through him) at ſecond hand,
Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
Then ever Argive Helens could of love.
Now to conclude, I muſt my reaſon bring,
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
That Kingdome the Philoſophers beleev'd
To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
By feare of loſſe (that being ſuch a Prey
No ſtronger then ones ſelfe can force away)
The Kingdome of ones ſelfe, this he enjoy'd,

And his authoritie ſo well imploy'd,
That never any could before become
So great a Monarch in ſo ſmalla roome;
He conquer'd rebell paſſions, rul'd them ſo,
As under-ſpheares by the firſt Mover goe;
Baniſht ſo farre their working, that we can
But know he had ſome, for we knew him man.
Then let his laſt excuſe his firſt extreams: (dreams.
His age ſaw viſions, though his youth dream'd

On Dr Donnes *death: by M.* Mayne *of Chriſt-Church in Oxford.*

WHo ſhall preſume to mourne thee, *Donne*, unleſſe
He could his teares in thy expreſſions dreſſe,
And teach his griefe, that reverence of thy Hearſe,
To weep lines learned, as thy Anniverſe,
A Poem of that worth, whoſe every teare
Deſerves the title of a ſeverall yeare;
Indeed ſo farre above it's Reader, good,
That wee are thought wits, when 'tis underſtood,
There that bleſt maid to die, who now ſhould grieve
After thy ſorrow, 'twere her loſſe to live;
And her faire vertues in anothers line,
Would faintly drawn, which are made ſaints in thine
Hadſt thou been ſhallower, and not writ ſo high,
Or left ſome new way for our penne, or eye,
To ſhed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe
Had not been ſpeechleſſe, or our Muſes dumbe;
But now we dare not write, but muſt conceale
Thy Epitaph, leſt we be thought to ſteale;
For, who hath read thee, and diſcernes thy worth,

That

That will not ſay, thy careleſſe houres brought forth
Fancies beyond our ſtudies, and thy play
Was happier, then our ſerious time of day?
So learned was thy chance; thy haſte had wit,
And matter from thy penne flow'd raſhly fit,
What was thy recreation turnes our braine,
Our rack and paleneſſe, is thy weakeſt ſtraine.
And when we moſt come neare thee, 'tis our bliſſe
To imitate thee, where thou doſt amiſſe.
Here light your Muſe, you that doe onely thinke,
And write, and are juſt Poets, as you drinke,
In whoſe weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
Iuſt as your reckonings riſe, that we may know
In your whole carriage of your worke, that here
This flaſh you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,
This is to tapp your Muſe, which running long
Writes flat, and takes our eare not halfe ſo ſtrong;
Poore ſuburb wits, who, if you want your cup,
Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up,
Could you but reach this hight, you ſhould not need
To make, each meale, a project ere you feed,
Nor walke in reliques, coathes ſo old and bare,
As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,
Nor ſhould your love, in verſe, call Miſtris, thoſe,
Who are mine hoſteſſe, or your whores in proſe;
From this Muſe learne to Court, whoſe power could
A Cloyſtred coldneſſe, or a Veſtall love, (move
And would convey ſuch errants to their eare,
That Ladies knew no odds to grant and heare.
But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praiſe
Is written onely for thy younger dayes.
I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,

Then ſhould I praiſe thee, through the Tongues and Art
And have that deep Divinitie, to know,
What myſteries did from thy preaching flow,
Who with thy words could charme thy audience,
That at thy Sermons, eare was all our ſenſe;
Yet have I ſeene thee in the Pulpit ſtand,
Where we might take notes from thy look, & hand;
And from thy ſpeaking action beare away
More Sermon, then ſome teachers uſe to ſay.
Such was thy carriage, and thy geſture ſuch,
As could divide the heart, and conſcience touch.
Thy motion did confute, and we might ſee
An errour vanquiſh'd by delivery,
Not like our Sonnes of Zeale, who to reforme
Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit ſtorme,
And beat the Cuſhion into worſe eſtate,
Then if they did conclude it reprobate,
Who can out-pray the glaſſe, then lay about
Till all predeſtination be runne out.
And from the point ſuch tedious uſes draw,
Their repetitions would make Goſpell, Law.
No, In ſuch temper would thy Sermons flow,
So well did Doctrine, and thy language ſhow,
And had that holy feare, as, hearing thee,
The Court would mend, and a good Chriſtian be.
And Ladies though unhanſome, out of grace,
Would heare thee in their unbought lookes & face.
More I could write, but let this crowne thine Vrne;
We cannot hope the like, till thou returne.

Upon

Upon Mr. I. Donne, *and his Poems.*

WHo dares ſay thou art dead when he doth ſee
(Unburied yet) this living part of thee?
This part to thy being gives freſh flame,
And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preſerve thy name.
Thy fleſh (whoſe chanels left their crimſon hew
And Whey-like ranne at laſt (in a pale blew)
May ſhew thee mortall, a dead Palſie may
Seiſe on't, and quickly turne it into clay;
Which like the Indian earth, ſhall riſe refin'd:
But this great Spirit thou haſt left behind,
This Soule of Verſe, in it's firſt pure eſtate)
Shall live for all the world to imitate,
But not come neare; for in thy phanſies flight,
Thou doſt not ſtoope unto the vulgar ſight,
But hovering highly in the ayre of Wit,
Hold'ſt ſuch a pitch, that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the Spring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T'adorn Earths face, thou ſweetly didſt contrive
To beauties elements, and thence derive
Unſpotted Lillies white; which thou diſt ſet
Hand in hand with the vein-like Violet,
Making them ſoft, and warme, and by thy power,
Couldſt give both life and ſenſe unto a flower.
The Cheries thou haſt made to ſpeake, will bee
Sweeter unto the taſte, than from the tree,

And

And (ſpight of winter ſtormes) amidſt the ſnow
Thou oft haſt made the bluſhing Roſe to grow.
The Sea nymphs, that the watry cavernes keep,
Have ſent their Pearles and Rubies from the deep
To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew
More luſtre to them, then where firſt they grew.
All minerals (that earths full wombe doth hold
Promiſcuouſly) thou couldſt convert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures ſo refine,
That it was much more pure than in the Mine.
The lights that guild the night, if thou didſt ſay,
They looke like eyes, thoſe did out-ſhine the day;
For there would be more vertue iu ſuch ſpels,
Than in Meridians or croſſe Parallels:
What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
It was thy theam for Beauty; Thou didſt ſee,
Woman was this faire worlds Epitome.
Thy nimble *Satyrs* too, and every ſtraine
(With nervy ſtrength) that iſſued from thy braine,
Will loſe the glory of their own cleare bayes,
If they admit of any others praiſe.
But thy diviner Poems (whoſe cleare fire
Purges all droſſe away) ſhall by a Quire
Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be ſet
(Where fleſh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)
There pureſt Spirits ſing ſuch ſacred Layes,
In Panegyrique Hallelujaes.

Arth. Wilſon.

Epitaph

Epitaph upon Dr Donne, *by* Endy. Porter.

THis decent Vrne a ſad inſcription weares,
Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the ſpheres;
And the dumbe ſtone with ſilence ſeems to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Expreſt, A cauſe to make all joy to ceaſe,
And never let our ſorrowes more take eaſe:
For now it is impoſſible to finde
One fraught with vertues, to inrich a minde.
But why ſhould death, with a promiſcuous hand
At one rude ſtroke impoveriſh a land?
Thou ſtrict Attorney unto ſtricter Fate,
Didſt thou confiſcate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts? Or didſt thou throw thy dart,
With envious hand, at ſome plebeian heart;
And he with pious vertue ſtept between
To ſave that ſtroke, and ſo was kill'd unſeen
By thee? O 'twas his goodneſſe ſo to do,
Which humane kindneſſe never reacht unto.
Thus the hard lawes of death were ſatisfi'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends and dy'd.
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whoſe ſpeech ſhall ſend repentant ſighes, & teares?
Or tell me, if a purer Virgin die,
Who ſhall hereafter write her Elegie?
Poets be ſilent, let your numbers ſleep,
For he is gone that did all fancie keep;
Time hath no Soul, but his exalted verſe;
Which with amazements, we may now rehearſe,

In

In memory of Dr Donne, *by* Mr R. B.

Donne dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I
Ne'r yet ſo much deſir'd to heare a lie,
'Tis too too true, for ſo we find it ſtill,
Good newes are often falſe, but ſeldome, ill:
But muſt poore fame tell us his fatall day,
And ſhall we know his death the common way?
Me thinkes ſome Comet bright ſhould have foretold
The death of ſuch a man, for though of old
'Tis held, that Comets Princes deaths foretell,
Why ſhould not his have needed one as well?
Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongſt whó he reign'd
High as a Prince, and as great ſtate maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his ſigne, for we have ſeen
A dearth, the like to which hath never been,
Treading on harveſts heeles, which doth preſage,
The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
Shall find, now he is gone; for though there be
Much graine in ſhew, none brought it forth as he;
Or men are miſets, or if true want raiſes (praiſes.
The dearth, than more that dearth *Donnes* plenty
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And poeſie, (paſt raviſhing of ſenſe)
He had a magazine, wherein ſuch ſtore
Was laid up, as might hundreds ſerve of poore.
But he is gone, ó how will his deſire
Torture all thoſe that warm'd them by his fire?
Me thinkes I ſee him in the Pulpit ſtanding,
Not eares or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding.

Where

Where we that heard him, to our ſelves did faine
Golden Chryſoſtome was alive againe;
And never were we weary'd, till we ſaw
His houre (and but an houre) to end did draw.
How did he ſhame the doctrine-men, and uſe,
With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abuſe
Of their tir'd patience, and indure th'expence
Of time, ô ſpent in hearkning to non-ſenſe,
With markes alſo enough whereby to know,
The ſpeaker is a zealous dunce, or ſo.
'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poore power,
They humm'd againſt him; and with face moſt ſowre
Call'd him a ſtrong lin'd man, a Macaroon,
And no way fit to ſpeake to clouted ſhoone,
As fine words [truly] as you would deſire,
But [verily,] but a bad edifier.
Thus did theſe beetles ſlight in him that good,
They could not ſee, and much leſſe, underſtood.
But we may ſay, when we compare the ſtuffe
Both brought; He was a candle, they the ſnuffe.
Well Wiſdome's of her children juſtifi'd,
Let therefore theſe poore fellowes ſtand aſide;
Nor, though of learning he deſerv'd ſo highly,
Would I his booke ſhould ſave him; rather ſlily
I ſhould adviſe his Clergie not to pray,
Though of the learneſt ſort me thinkes that they
Of the ſame trade are Iudges not ſo fit,
There's no ſuch emulation as of wit;
Of ſuch, the Envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more than th'others ignorance.
It was his Fate (I know't) to be envy'd
As much by Clerkes, as lay-men magnifi'd;

And

And why? but'cauſe he came late in the day,
And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, leſt ſome ſhould ſay, that I
Am ſtraid to Satyre, meaning Elegie.
No, no, had *Donne* need to be judg'd or try'd,
A Iury I would ſummon on his ſide,
That had no ſides, nor factions; paſt the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from Paſſion, ſuch
As not to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,
Theſe would I bring though called from the dead:
Southhãpton, Hambletõ, Pembrook, Dorſets Earles,
Huntington, Bedfords Counteſſes (the Pearles
Once of each ſexe,) If theſe ſuffice not, I
Ten *Decem tales* have of ſtanders by:
All which, for *Donne*, would ſuch a verdict give,
As can belong to none, that now doth live.
But what doe I? A diminution 'tis
To ſpeake of him in verſe, ſo ſhort of his,
Whereof he was the maſter; All indeed
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an oaten Reed:
O that you had but one 'mongſt all your brothers
Could write for him, as he hath done for others?
(Poets I ſpeake to) When I ſee't, I'le ſay,
My eye-ſight betters, as my eares decay;
Meane time a quarrell I ſhall ever have
Againſt theſe doughty keepers from the grave,
Who uſe, it ſeemes, their old Authoritie,
When (verſes men immortall make) they crie:
Which had it been a Recipe true try'd,
Probatum eſſet, DONNE had never dy'd.
For me, if e'r I had leaſt ſparke at all
Of that which they Poetique fire do call,

Here

Here I confeſſe it fetched from his hearth,
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This onely a poor flaſh, a lightning is
Before my Muſes death, as after his.
Farewell (faire ſoule) and deigne receive from me
This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom (while living) as by voice and penne
I learned more than from a thouſand men:
So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,
And now beleeve that miracles are ceas'd.

Epitaph.

HEre lies deane Donne; Enough; Thoſe words
Shew him as fully, as if all the ſtone (alone
His Church of *Pauls* containes, were through in-
Or al the walkers there, to ſpeak him, brib'd. (ſcrib'd,
None can miſtake him, for one ſuch as He
Donne, Deane, or Man, more none ſhall ever ſee.
Not man? No, though unto a Sun each eye
Were turn'd, the whole earth ſo to over-ſpie.
A bold brave word; Yet ſuch brave Spirits as knew
His Spirit, will ſay, it is leſſe bold than true.

The End.